Ch. Room

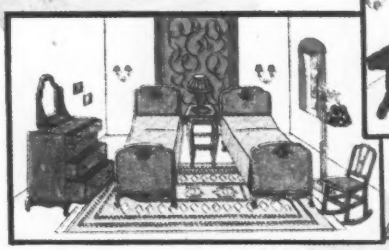
CHILD LIFE

NEW

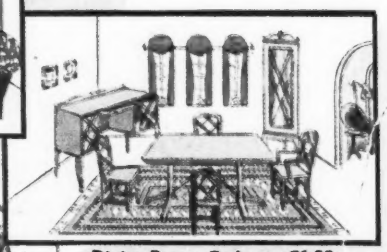
TOOTSIETOY

FURNITURE AND MANSION

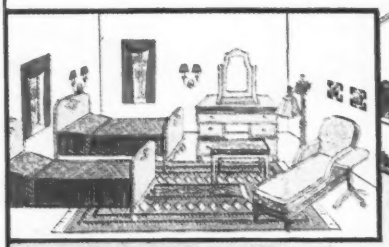
Living Room
7 pieces, $1.00



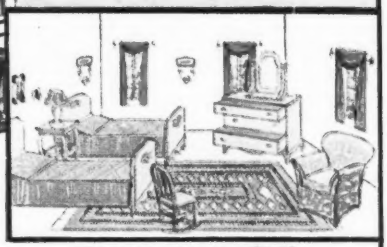
Guest Room, 7 pieces, $1.00



Dining Room, 7 pieces, $1.00

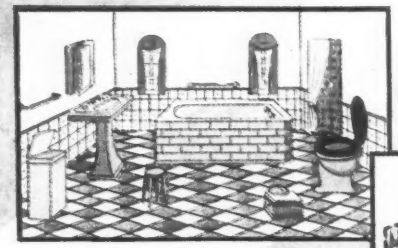


Boudoir, 7 pieces, $1.00

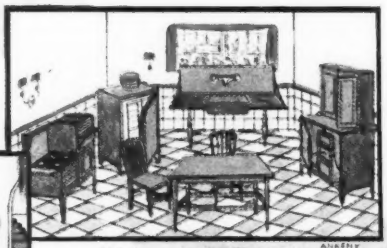


Bedroom, 7 pieces, $1.00

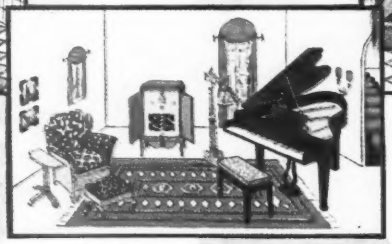
The new Tootsietoy 5 room Mansion is made expressly for the new Tootsietoy Furniture . . a washable, sturdily built, Spanish type house—comes knocked down, and anyone can assemble it. Dimensions are 20" high, 27" long, 18" wide. Unfurnished $5.00. Furnished $10.00.



Bathroom, 8 pieces, $1.00



Kitchen, 7 pieces, $1.00



Music Room, 7 pieces, $1.00

Tootsietoy furniture is made of metal and each piece is an accurately scaled model of the latest furniture. Modern designs, modern color schemes, latest arrangement of moving parts — such as moving drawers and doors—lifting of piano top and opening keyboard are a few Tootsietoy features.

Tootsietoys make wonderful Christmas Gifts for your little daughter, niece or friend. They offer year 'round play and children never grow tired of playing "House" with real looking Tootsietoys — all good dealers have Tootsietoys—order early. If your dealer can't supply you order direct.

DOWST MANUFACTURING CO.

4537 FULTON STREET «» CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Now You Can TRY this Ideal Gift - *Membership in this* Boys' and Girls' Book Club

One Month only $1.00

Every Month the Junior Guild Editors Select Four Books, a New Book for Boys and Girls 6, 7, 8; Boys and Girls, 9, 10, 11; Boys 12 to 16, Girls 12 to 16.

Your Boy or Girl Receives:

(1) The December book for his or her age group

(2) A beautiful Club Pin

(3) The December issue of the Club Magazine, YOUNG WINGS

(4) A package of attractive Book Plates.

TO DEMONSTRATE the many advantages of Junior Guild Membership for your son or daughter and to give him or her the fun of belonging to this great Boys' and Girls' Book Club, a very special offer is made. For a limited time only, your boy or girl can enjoy full membership for a whole month for only $1.00.

This unusual offer is made at this time so you can satisfy yourself that a full year's Membership in the Junior Literary Guild is the finest gift that you can give your boy or girl for Christmas.

What a bargain in wholesome and instructive entertainment! Thousands of parents will pay at least twice as much for the book alone, in the stores. And in addition to the book there is a handsome gold and enamel Club Pin, an interesting Club Magazine and a whole supply of attractive book plates.

The book will be one your boy or girl will thoroughly enjoy, one you will be glad to have him or her read and own. It will be the outstanding new book which has been chosen for young readers of his or her age by the distinguished Junior Guild Editors from all the new juvenile books being published. It will show you the high caliber of the books which your son or daughter will receive, one each month, and the convenience and saving on money for you, if you make him or her a full-year member.

Accept this Offer Today

Fill in and mail the coupon with only $1.00. By return mail will come a splendid new book, the Club Pin, the Club Magazine and the Book Plates. Act at once so you will have time to decide whether to give a full year's Membership for Christmas.

The JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Canadian Representative: **McAINSH & CO., Ltd., 60 Front Street, West, Toronto**

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 73-C.L., New York, N. Y.

I accept your offer of a month's trial membership for $1. You will send my son or daughter the December book chosen by the Editors for his or her age group, the December issue of the Club Magazine, a Club Pin and a package of book plates.

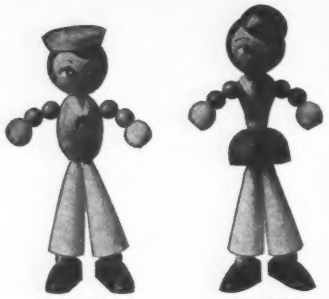
Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Boy's or Girl's Name ..... *Age* .....

PICKERING PLAY PETS



No. 210
Sailor Sam
7½" over all

No. 224
Military Mike
7½" over all

These beautifully hand decorated, bright colored, lacquered dolls which are made of hard wood and assembled flexibly with strong elastic are amazingly clever and will stand on their own feet. Packed in individual boxes, will not chip or break and can be easily washed. Send $.75 for one or $1.25 for two, prepaid.

Illustrated toy sheet on request

J. W. PICKERING & COMPANY
Established in 1899
LEOMINSTER MASSACHUSETTS

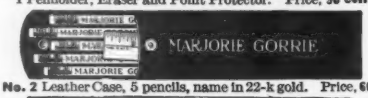
THE advertisers on these gift pages and all other advertising pages in this issue, have agreed to help Santa Claus by filling orders promptly.

Do not hesitate to order by mail from any advertiser in CHILD LIFE for only reliable firms are permitted to use our advertising columns.

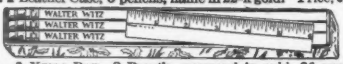
Exceptional Xmas Gifts

For BOYS and GIRLS with Full Names Engraved in 22-k gold as illustrated. "FREE" Pencil Sharpener and 6" Ruler with each case.

No. 1 Leather Case with Coin Pocket: 4 pencils (asst. colors). 1 Penholder, Eraser and Point Protector. Price, **90 cents**

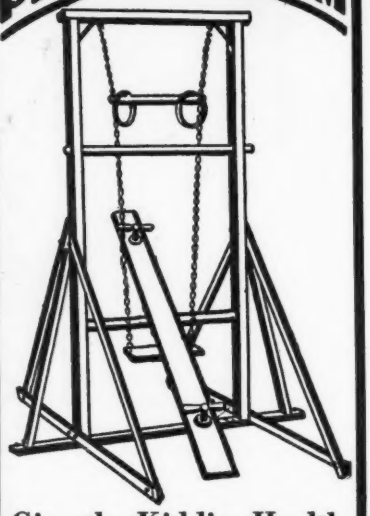


No. 2 Leather Case, 5 pencils, name in 22-k gold. Price, **60c**



No. 3 Xmas Box, 3 Pencils, engraved in gold, **25 cents**
No. 6 Xmas Box, 6 Pencils, engraved in gold, **45 cents**
No. 12 Xmas Box, 12 Pencils, engraved in gold, **70 cents**
Send Money Order or Check. Postage Paid.
ADVERTISING PENCIL CO. Walbrook 6, Baltimore, Md.

PLAYMATE GYM



Give the Kiddies Health Happiness and Safe Play this Christmas

Here is a sensible gift for the children. Put it outside in summer, in the cellar or attic in winter—a year round health and happiness recreation that keeps the kiddies constantly interested. Strongly constructed of best lumber and hardware and beautifully finished. Strong enough for Dad to use. Provides see-saw, swing, horizontal bar, trapeze and flying-rings—all in one toy. It is 7 ft. high, floor space 4 ft. by 7 ft. Can be set up alongside the Christmas Tree in 15 minutes. What a Happy Christmas this can make for the kiddies. Endorsed by Health Authorities.

SPECIAL PRICE Completely Packed **$9.95**

Kiddie Gym Teeter Totter

A perfect toy for smaller children. Strongly made; beautifully finished. The exercise keeps them in good physical condition.

only **$3.95**

Immediate Shipment on Christmas Orders.

Use this Coupon—Mail Early

THE KIDDIE GYM CO. PM-12-30
55 W. 42nd Street, New York City
Please ship at once:
Playmate Gym for $9.95 ☐; Teeter Totter for $3.95 ☐. Enclosed find $.....
Ship by Exp. ☐. Frt. ☐.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Toy Time Treasures

XMAS-TIME means toy-time for children. A good solution to the toy gift problem is found in these three splendid games which are attractive and amusing.

Children will love to string the brightly colored beads in our **Glass Bead Set.**

The Educational **Toy Play Money** and **Toy Cash Register** for "playing store" are always fascinating to boys and girls.

With the **Glass Mosaic Game** older members of the family can join in the fun, too.

In Toy Departments everywhere. Ask for these Games at your dealers. If not obtainable, we will gladly fill your order Post Paid

AMERICAN TOY WORKS
7 Chatham Square, New York, N. Y.
Please send me postpaid
....**Toy Play Money** and **Toy Cash Register** at $1.00
....**Glass Mosaic Set** at .50
....**Colored Glass Beads** at .50
Enclosed is $.....for above order.
Name.....
City.....
State.....

DEAR KIDDIE,

Every good store that sells games should have Madmar Picture Puzzles.

You will want Madmar Puzzles because they are more interesting.

If you do not see Madmar Puzzles in your favorite store, write Santa Claus to bring you some.

With best wishes,

The Puzzle Man

In care of
Madmar Quality Co.
Utica, N. Y.

P. S. Be sure to ask for *Madmar* Puzzles because they are different.

Hello Everybody!

Dial SANta 1-9-3-O and hear his merry sleigh-bells jingle-with this really-truly Plaphone. It is a Gong Bell Toy-a wonderful value, beautifully finished. The dial turns and rings both ways. Look for Gong Bell Toys at the stores. Safe, durable, realistic and most for your money. If you don't find our Plaphone (they are selling so rapidly) mail us one dollar and it will come to you post paid.

$1.00 POST PAID IF NOT AT YOUR DEALER

No. 675

THE GONG BELL MFG. CO.
10 Walnut Ave., East Hampton, Conn.

SKI SKATES, $1.25

A practical gift for real winter fun

SANTA could bring no finer gift. No present more promising of hours of tireless fun. No safer—saner—more wholesome pleasure than Peters' Snow Skates (adjustable to any age) or Jr. Ski & Pole sets provide.

No need of ice. No danger of drowning. Used wherever there is even a light snow.

Loads of fun for the bouncing youngster or the full bloomed youth. Built for hard use and healthful exercise. In no sense a toy.

If your dealer can not supply you, send us his name with your remittance. Either set will be sent you prepaid promptly on receipt of price.

SKI and POLE SET, $1.25

F. D PETERS & CO.
21-51 Foster St., Gloversville, New York

SKI SKATES & SKI SETS

ADE-O-MATIC EXTRACTOR

For Lemons, Oranges & Grapefruit. Made of Porcelain China in choice of five beautiful colors—*green, yellow, rose, blue and black.* Instantly cleaned.

AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Endorsed by Health and Medical authorities for children and convalescents. Automatically operated by slight downward pressure, causing head to revolve, removing every drop of juice—*without pulp, rind or oil. GUARANTEED.*

From your dealer or Direct, postpaid $3.95

The ADE-O-MATIC COMPANY
Wrigley Tower
41 & Avalon Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif.

BALSAM BABY

Health Giving Cuddle Doll

FILLED WITH FRESH PINE NEEDLES

17 Inches High

Unbreakable Easily Cleaned

The Balsam Baby is the newest fashion for youngsters who demand smart toys. This adorable doll has the healthful fragrance of green forests because of the fresh pine-needle filling. Unbreakable and easy to clean, Balsam Baby is also a healthful toy for children of all ages. Your order will receive prompt attention. Use coupon below.

GRE POIR, Inc.
7 W. 38th St., New York City, N. Y.

Please send me.....Balsam Baby at $2.00 each. I understand that every doll is filled with fresh pine needles.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....State.....

Selley MODEL AIRPLANES

to Build and Fly

Advanced Glider $2.15

For boys from 8 to 18. Ten beautiful models, easiest to build, guaranteed to fly. Complete construction kits. Ask your dealer, or send direct. Illustrated catalogue 5c. Postpaid.

Lark, 18' Featherweight R. O. G.	$0.95
Gull, 30' Tractor Contest Model	1.65
38' Primary Glider	1.15
42' Advanced Glider	2.15
Curtiss Ace, 28'	4.25
Junkers Bremen, 36'	6.25
Bellanca Columbia, 39'	6.75
Spirit of St. Louis, 39'	7.25
Stinson Biplane, 38'	7.75

Add 15c West of Mississippi and Canada

SELLEY MFG. CO., Inc.
1377-C Gates Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y.

DELIGHTFUL XMAS GIFTS

NAME *stamped in Gilt letters on Pencils and Case*—**FREE.** *Quality Lead Pencils, made by Eberhard Faber, in all Sets*

No. 1—Six Pencils (assorted polishes) in genuine Leather Coin Pocket Case with NAME engraved on each pencil and Case **75 cents.**

No. H—Three Pencils (fancy polishes) Name Engraved-Xmas box **25 cents.**

No. 6—Box of Six Pencils—**45 cents;** No. 12—Box of Twelve—**65 cents.**

Order by No. Print out Names. Send Check or Money Order. Prices include Parcel Post. For Guaranteed Delivery add 10 cents.

BALLARD PENCIL CO. Dept. C, 250 W. 54 St. New York, N. Y.

The Ideal Gift For Every Girl

Meet Big and Little Sister

"Just like Mothers"

I am 40 inches high, 22½ inches wide. I come in all white, green with ivory trim, or ivory with green trim. I am made just like large cabinets for mothers. I have a porcelain work top and my roll top easily works up and down. I will make any little girl happier than she can be with any other plaything.

I am 30 inches high, 16 inches wide. I come in plain green, blue, or yellow. Just like my big sister, I am made to last a long time, only I am a little smaller for the little girls who are proud to do things mother does. Any little girl who owns me will be envied by all her playmates.

PLAYROOM EQUIPMENT CO., Inc.
1428 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

☐ Send me arge cabinet. I enclose $15.00
☐ Green ivory trim ☐ Ivory green trim
☐ White

☐ Send me small cabinet. I enclose $10.00
☐ Green ☐ Blue ☐ Yellow

If west of Rockies add $3.00 for the added express. If you prefer we will ship C. O. D.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

☐ SEND DOLL HOUSE CATALOG.

ASK FOR SCHOENHUT

Toys that Teach and Inspire the Children as well as amuse

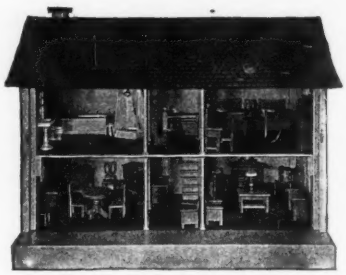
SCHOENHUT TOY PIANOS

SCHOENHUT TOY PIANOS, UKULELES, XYLOPHONES and other musical toys are scientifically designed and skillfully constructed to provide the child with an instrument that instructs as well as entertains. The SCHOENHUT TOY PIANO provides a sound beginning for children's musical education. Even the smallest model piano has a key-board spaced to conform with that of a standard piano. Every note is accurately tuned and will never get out of tune during its entire life. Thousands of tiny tots are today training their hands and their ears to music with the aid of THE SCHOENHUT TOY PIANO. There are 40 different models from which to choose—Baby Grand and Upright ranging from five keys to three full octaves with half notes. Priced within reach of all from 50c to $25.00 each. Regardless of the size you select, be sure that the name SCHOENHUT appears on the front of the piano you purchase. Any other name designates that you are being offered an imitation.

SCHOENHUT'S DOLL HOUSES and BUNGALOWS, American Style, are sturdily built and attractively painted. They are made in a wide range of styles and prices.

SCHOENHUT'S DOLL HOUSES

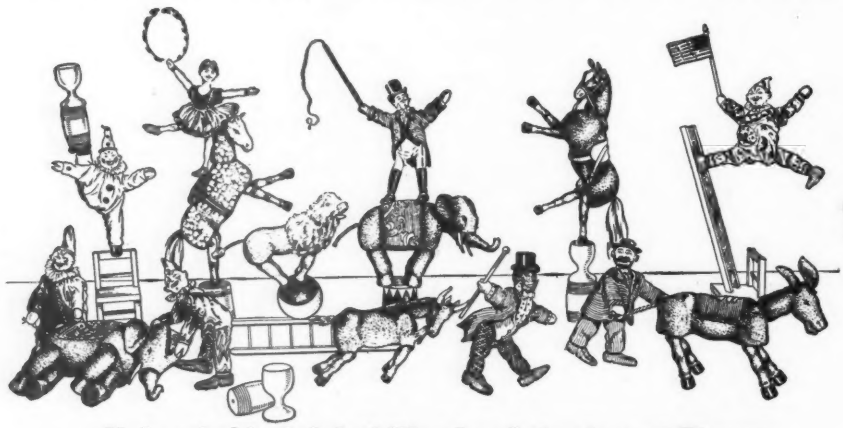
THE house for the dolly represents the paramount of happiness and enjoyment in the life of every little girl. SCHOENHUT DOLL HOUSES are skillfully designed, artistically decorated outside and inside. Embossed roofs represent tile. They are built with one or two stories and may be purchased with complete garden, shrubbery, trees and garage, a truly beautiful addition to the nursery. Look for the name SCHOENHUT on each house. It is your guarantee of quality.



SCHOENHUT'S DOLL HOUSE FURNITURE is just the right size. Artistically made from clean, hard wood. This furniture is better than the average quality. Five different sets for various rooms.

SCHOENHUT'S HUMPTY-DUMPTY CIRCUS TOYS

THE TOY WONDER



10,001 NEW TRICKS

Unbreakable Jointed Wooden Animals and Figures

All the familiar figures of the sawdust ring, from Clown to Elephant, are represented in SCHOENHUT'S HUMPTY DUMPTY CIRCUS. These figures are so cleverly jointed that they can be made to perform a variety of tricks too numerous to mention. As a constant source of entertainment throughout the year, there is nothing to compare favorably with this marvelous collection of jointed figures. The sets cost from $1.00 to $35.00 depending on the number of figures. Many of our patrons have adopted the practice of adding to their original purchase from year to year so that now their children are enjoying a complete assortment of SCHOENHUT'S HUMPTY DUMPTY CIRCUS TOYS.

Get your dealer to show you the new large Tent, with Side Show effect

LOOK FOR THE NAME "SCHOENHUT"

TOYS

SOLD EVERYWHERE
MADE IN U.S.A. SINCE 1872
LOOK FOR THE NAME SCHOENHUT APPEARING ON EVERY TOY OR LABEL

Toys by SCHOENHUT are skillfully designed and securely constructed

SCHOENHUT'S SKI JUMPER

A toy of unusual merit. The track is 27 inches long, down which the man skis and then gracefully jumps over the goal.

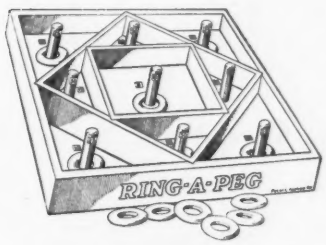
SCHOENHUT'S AUTO-BUILDER

A novel construction toy—so skillfully designed that the same materials may be fitted together to construct 5 distinct auto models. The toy can be set up as one model, taken apart and set up as another.

Other models can be had,—SCHOENHUT'S Train-to-build, Build-a-village, a Dirigible-Builder, and Aeroplane-Builder.

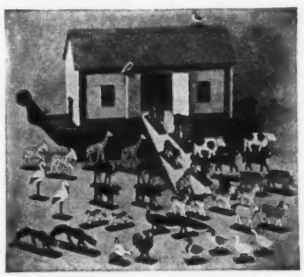
SCHOENHUT'S BOWLING ALLEY

A new toy that provides both parents and their children with endless pleasure. A unique bowling alley on which the game may be played almost scientifically correct.



SCHOENHUT'S RING-A-PEG GAME

A game of skill which will provide many hours of amusement for every member of the family. Can be played by two or more. Children never tire of SCHOENHUT'S RING-A-PEG GAME.

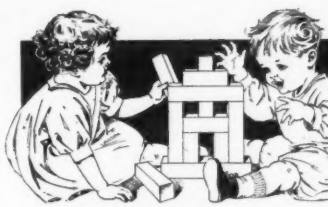


SCHOENHUT'S NOAH'S ARKS

are made of wood, artistically designed and hand painted. The animals are of wood, embossed on both sides and painted in colors true to nature. The most attractive and complete Ark ever offered.

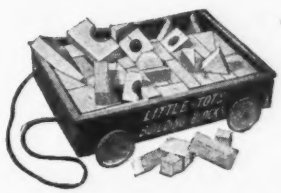
SCHOENHUT'S RACING YACHTS

Perfect sailing boats—either before the wind or on the tack. Accurately designed after a famous cup defender. Each yacht is named after a prominent planet of the solar system. They range in size from 11 to 36 inches long, are beautifully painted, carry just the correct amount of sail and have weighted keels so they cannot capsize. Look for the *star trade mark* on the *bow*.



SCHOENHUT'S COLORED PLAY BLOCKS

are especially designed to amuse very young children. Painted with primary colors—red, blue and yellow (fast colors). Large enough to be easily stacked and of various lengths—packed in strong attractive boxes.



SCHOENHUT'S LITTLE TOTS BUILDING BLOCKS

Skillfully designed blocks from which the child may construct almost any type of building. Six sizes ranging in price from $1.00 to $10.00.

SCHOENHUT'S COMMUNITY STORE BUILDER

A most attractive construction toy. Eight different realistic miniature stores as seen in every community —each one colored in appropriate design. These eight stores can readily be illuminated with a set of electric Christmas tree lights. The roof of each store has a partly made hole through which the lamp can be inserted. The store fronts are perforated to allow the light to penetrate, giving a very effective illumination of the show windows.

SCHOENHUT'S HOLLYWOOD HOME-BUILDER

A most attractive wooden construction toy with which the child can build six individual and distinctive suburban homes. All parts are painted in harmonizing colors and so accurately made that they fit together perfectly. These houses also provide a most attractive addition to the Christmas tree garden.

FREE ***Only one to a family. Upon request we will gladly send our new Humpty Dumpty Circus book completely illustrated in color. Address The A. Schoenhut Company, 2313 E. Hagert St., Philadelphia, Pa.***

APPEARING ON EVERY TOY OR LABEL

FLEXIBLE FLYER

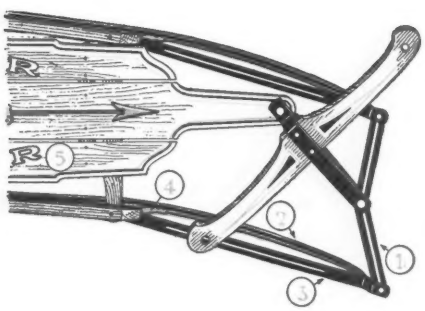
The Sled with the Eagle on it

Children! Tell Daddy you want this new Flexible Flyer

The greatest sled ever built is now easier to steer than ever!

ANY boy or girl would be proud to own the same sled that Admiral Byrd took with him on his South Pole trip. And especially now since the Flexible Flyer has been built with the new steering feature.

This feature (new this year), that you can get only on the Flexible Flyer, actually makes the sled twice as easy to steer. Now you can make sharp turns that you never could make before. Now you can cut in and out among the slow pokes on the hill, steer around objects quickly and safely, and go faster and farther than ever before.



The New Flexible Flyer is a winner. It's the gift you'll want above all others. See it at the nearest dealers. Then let Mother and Daddy know that a Flexible Flyer will make this the greatest Christmas you ever had. And be sure it is a real Flexible Flyer with the Eagle trademark on it.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc., *Dept.* 35, Philadelphia

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE FLEXIBLE FLYER

1. *Easy Steering*—An improved design provides a shorter steering radius than any other sled. It makes the Flexible Flyer easier to steer than ever.

2. *Spring Runners*—Made of highest quality spring steel which allows maximum bending without permanent set.

3. *Steel Front*—The front parts of the sled are of highest quality steel. This reduces breakage and increases the safety of the sled.

4. *Strong Seat Supports*—made of extra heavy gauge steel. Designed in a special web-shape to give greatest strength. Pressure-riveted to the runners.

5. *White Ash Seat*—Seat and all wood parts are second-growth, straight-grained white ash—the best obtainable. Selected for strength and beauty.

IF IT PASSES YOU ON THE HILL—IT'S A FLEXIBLE FLYER

Volume IX
Number XII

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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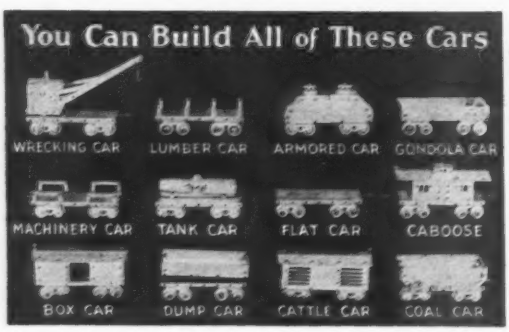

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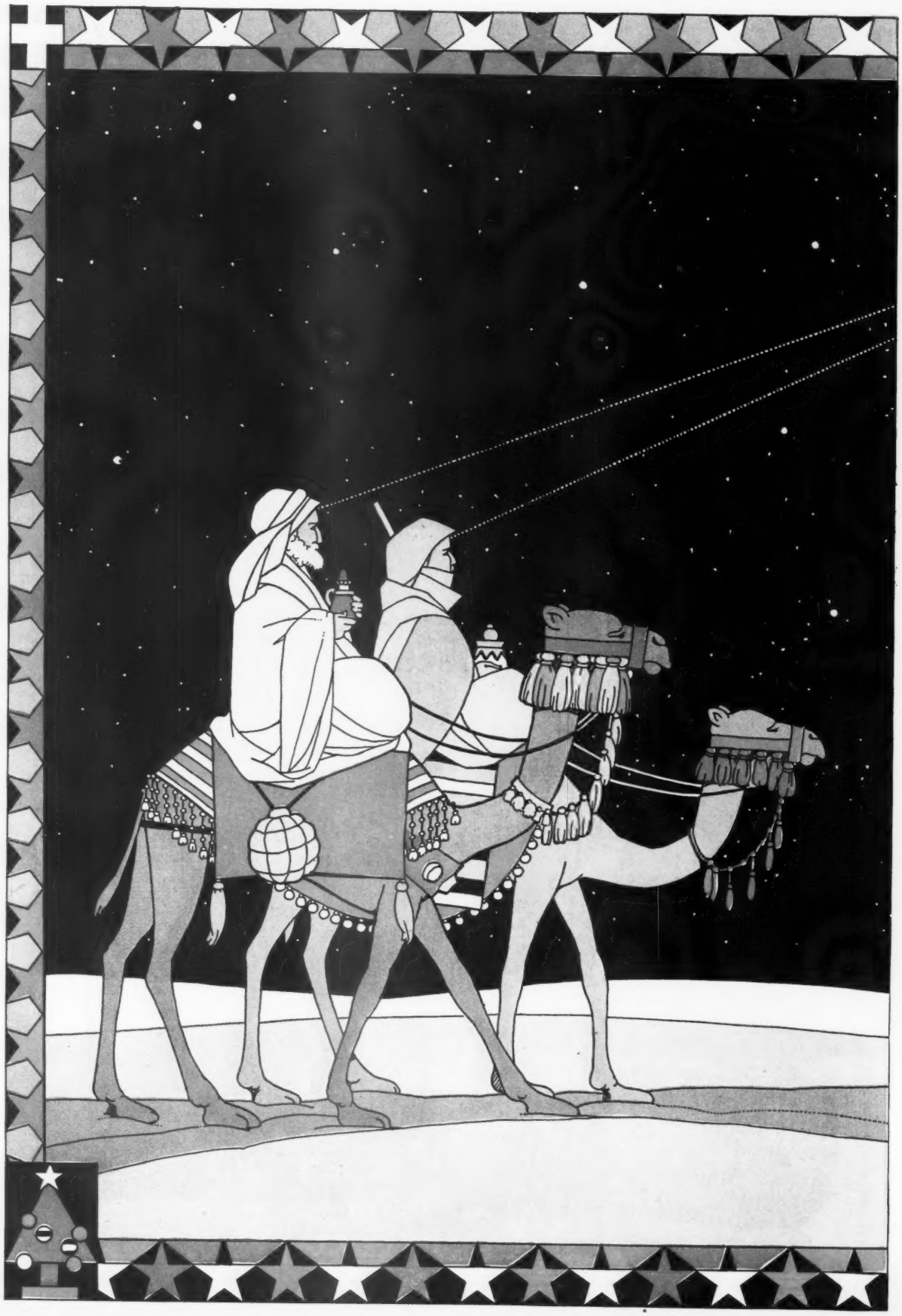
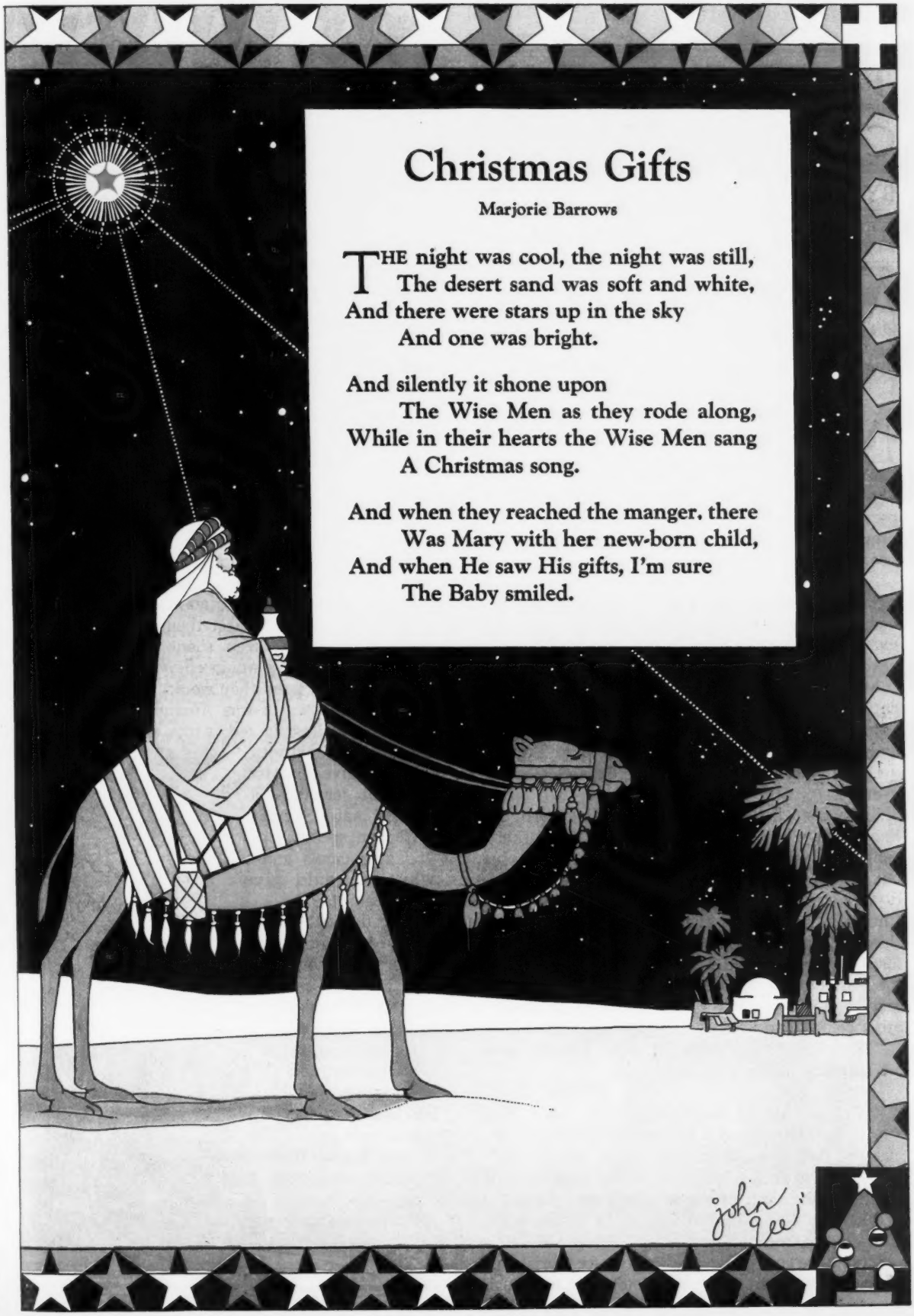
The Angel-Message

"FEAR not,"—
And shepherds left their sleeping herds
And knelt to hear those wondrous words
Sung by the angel host that night
When all the earth was seeking light.
And then a splendid star appeared
To give more light to those who feared,
For faithful shepherds were afraid,
And even wise men were dismayed.
But they knelt down and listened long
To hear the rest of that great song.
And when they heard about their King
The Wise Men started out to bring
Their treasures to the Babe whose birth
Had brought the Gift of Gifts to earth,
To make the whole world's joy increase
By losing fear in heavenly peace.

Rose Waldo
Editor





Christmas Gifts

Marjorie Barrows

THE night was cool, the night was still,
The desert sand was soft and white,
And there were stars up in the sky
And one was bright.

And silently it shone upon
The Wise Men as they rode along,
While in their hearts the Wise Men sang
A Christmas song.

And when they reached the manger, there
Was Mary with her new-born child,
And when He saw His gifts, I'm sure
The Baby smiled.

A TRADE-ABOUT CHRISTMAS

BY

FRANCES CAVANAH

Author of "*The Treasure of Belden Place*," "*Children of America*," etc.

MRS. STERLING was warming herself before the fireplace after a long cold drive from Frederick where she had gone to take a basket of delicacies to the soldiers in the hospital. She was very tired, but when Sarah rushed into the parlor, her cheeks pale and streaked with tears, she drew the child down beside her on the sofa and heard her story.

"Oh, Mother! I added a postscript to my last letter to Father, and told him he'd better come home for Christmas or I wouldn't love him any more. And now he's on the march and maybe I'll never see him again and—"

Mrs. Sterling shook her head sadly, for she had not known before of the impetuous postscript. Sarah, choked by sobs, handed her the letter she had just received from her father, Captain Sterling, a Union officer during the trying days of the Civil War.

"My dear little girl," Mrs. Sterling read. "I know you will be brave, when I tell you that I cannot be with you for the holidays. Remember, our disappointment is as nothing, compared to the disappointment of a great army that must spend Christmas away from their own firesides. Try to think of that, Sarah, and make a happy Christmas for some soldier besides your father. I shall be on the march for several weeks with no definite address, and cannot receive a box from you. But some other soldier can.

"With love to my little girl, who, I know, loves me as much as she ever did,

Father."

"Why not do as Father suggests?" said Mrs. Sterling. "If we send a box to the Sanitary Commission, they'll see that some soldier gets it."

"I'd like to pack a box," Sarah answered, growing quieter in the circle of her mother's arm, "but I'd like it even better if we could see a soldier enjoy his Christmas face to face."

"I wish we could have a few guests for Christmas, but right now there aren't any soldiers near enough to come. Still—" Mrs. Sterling's eyes danced merrily, as though she had just learned an exciting secret. "I think I'll have to have a talk with Miss Jenny."

Miss Jenny was the girls' beloved young teacher, and it was she who had organized the Children's Aid Society among them, to knit and work for the soldiers. When they met the following Saturday afternoon, she had an announcement.

"I'm afraid the soldiers over in Frederick Hospital are going to have a dreary time this Christmas, unless the people of Frederick County come to the rescue. They're feeling very discouraged, for though most of them are better they're not able to go home or to rejoin their regiments."

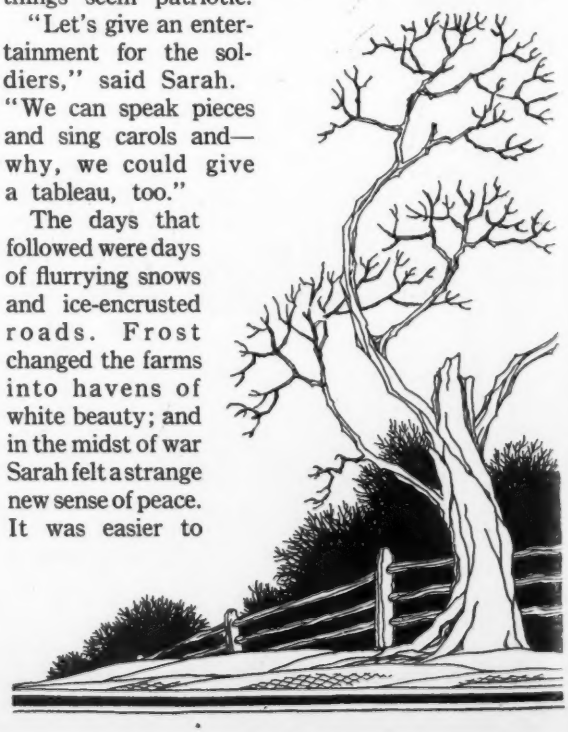
"We girls are part of the people of Frederick County," said Sarah. "Can't we do something?"

"That's exactly what your mother thought. The ladies of the town are serving the men a Christmas dinner, but they'd appreciate some homemade cookies, especially if you girls delivered them yourselves on Christmas afternoon. Then they're sadly in need of reading matter, and I know many of our neighbors have magazines and books they'll gladly give, if we will just collect them."

The girls could keep silent no longer. Ellen thought the soldiers would enjoy a Christmas tree, and Sarah suggested they would prefer gingerbread men to cookies. It was Amanda's idea that the girls should dress in red, white and blue to make things seem patriotic.

"Let's give an entertainment for the soldiers," said Sarah. "We can speak pieces and sing carols and—why, we could give a tableau, too."

The days that followed were days of flurrying snows and ice-encrusted roads. Frost changed the farms into havens of white beauty; and in the midst of war Sarah felt a strange new sense of peace. It was easier to



feel hopeful in the serene world she saw from every window; and she entered whole-heartedly into the plans for Christmas. She sat before the fireplace in the kitchen and turned the turkey on the spit, until it was a deep, rich brown. She cooked cranberries and sealed them in glass jars, and she wrapped up other jars of jellies and preserves. These she put into the box they were sending to the Sanitary Commission, to be sent by them to a soldier in the field. Running to her workbasket she brought back the socks she had just finished; she stuffed them with nuts and apples and a pair of mittens, and in the farthest corner of the toe she slipped a note, wishing the unknown recipient of the gift a merry Christmas.

The box, once packed and sent away, Sarah turned all her thoughts to planning for the soldiers in Frederick. She hitched old Robin to the sleigh to canvass her neighbors and brought back home a goodly supply of magazines and books. She practiced Christmas carols as she knitted and rehearsed the piece she would speak at the entertainment.

"Why can't we have a moving tableau?" asked Sarah at their last meeting before Christmas.

"Silly," said Amanda, "it wouldn't be a tableau if you moved."

"Well, then, a moving *picture*."

"Humph! Who ever heard of a moving picture?"

Sarah grew very red trying to explain. "What I mean is this. When I recite 'Lady Clare,' why couldn't the rest of you dress up like Lady Clare, Lord Ronald, and old Alice the nurse, and act it out? Only, of course, you wouldn't say anything—I'd do all the talking."

"That's called a pantomime," said Miss Jenny kindly. "It would make a nice feature for our exercises the last day of school, but we haven't time to make any special costumes now."

Sarah swallowed her disappointment bravely. All morning the plan had been growing in her little head, until even her brown pigtails bristled with eagerness. She could just see Ellen, with her fair hair falling over her shoulders, playing the part of Lady Clare. She would wear a long white trailing robe and afterwards throw a cape over it for a russet gown. Amanda's costume as Lord Ronald might be more difficult, but Harriet would make a lovable old nurse with very little fixing. So enthusiastic did she become over her plans for the last day of school that she almost forgot the program they were to give in a few days. Conundrum, one of the small darkies on the farm, drove over after her in the carriage, and in him she found a willing audience.

"Don't you see how it would be, Conundrum? When I say,

'I trow they did not part in scorn,
Lovers long betrothed were they,'

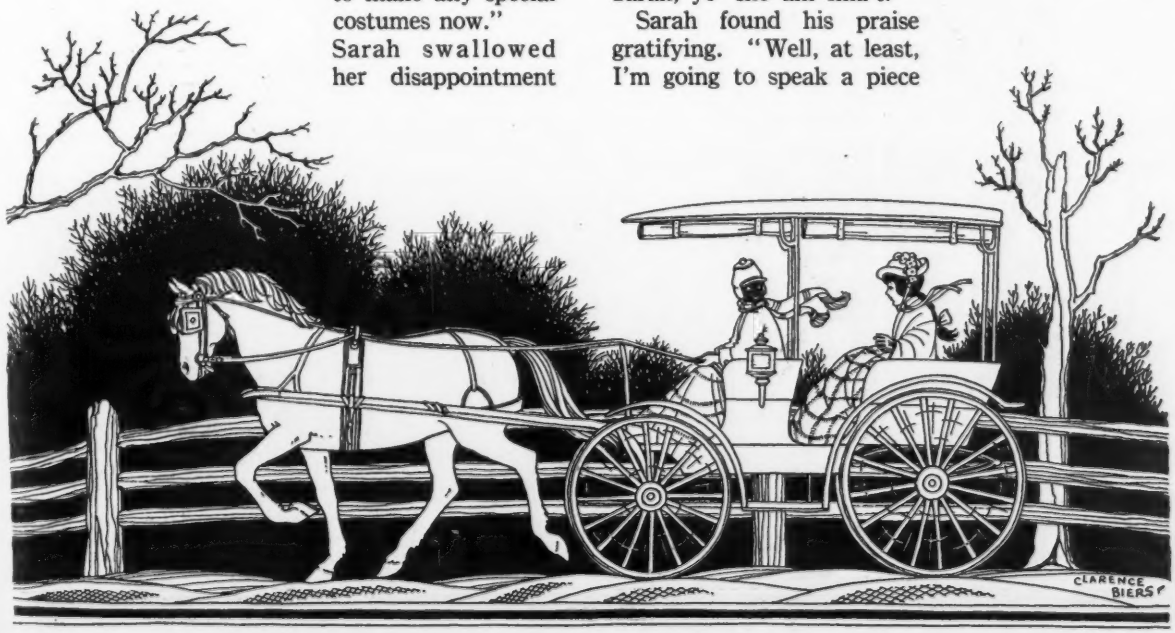
Ellen will look up at Amanda so trustingly, and she'll be a little wistful, too, because she can hardly wait for the morrow to come."

"Lak dis?" said Conundrum, making a pillow for his black little cheek on his very black little hands.

"Well, something like that," Sarah admitted, trying not to laugh. "Then when Alice the nurse tells Lady Clare that she is not really the Earl's daughter but her own child, Ellen will stand up very straight and act dramatic when I say, 'Falsely, falsely, have ye done.' The nurse will cry then, and Lady Clare will repent and kiss her, because the nurse is really her mother, and Alice will lay her hand upon her head and bless her ere she goes. Then when Lady Clare meets Lord Ronald—"

The narrative continued, Sarah, in spite of an abundance of wraps, giving an animated impersonation of the three characters. Conundrum imitated every move she made. "Laws-a-mighty, Miss Sarah, yo' sho am sma't."

Sarah found his praise gratifying. "Well, at least, I'm going to speak a piece



for the soldiers and then maybe the last day of school I can say it again and the girls can act it out. Some day, Conundrum I'm going to find a piece that you can act for me."

"Ah wish *Ah* could see the sojers," he answered wistfully.

Christmas Eve was a busy day for Miss Jenny and her pupils. Each worked in her own home and Sarah had a whole regiment of gingerbread men before she finished her share of the baking. She was still lingering over their early Christmas dinner the next day, when the sound of sleighbells rang through the frosty air.

"Oh, I didn't expect them to come so soon. Where are my things?"

"Don't get so excited, child!" reproved her mother gently, as she helped her with her wraps. "Here is your basket."

Sarah picked up the basket, in which she had packed a quantity of magazines and books, and, staggering under their weight, she sped down the front walk to the bobsled where Miss Jenny and her pupils waited.

"My stars, if that child didn't forget her gingerbread men!" exclaimed Mrs. Sterling when she walked into the kitchen. "I supposed that she had packed everything in the one basket."

Sarah did not discover her error until she was a good ten miles away.

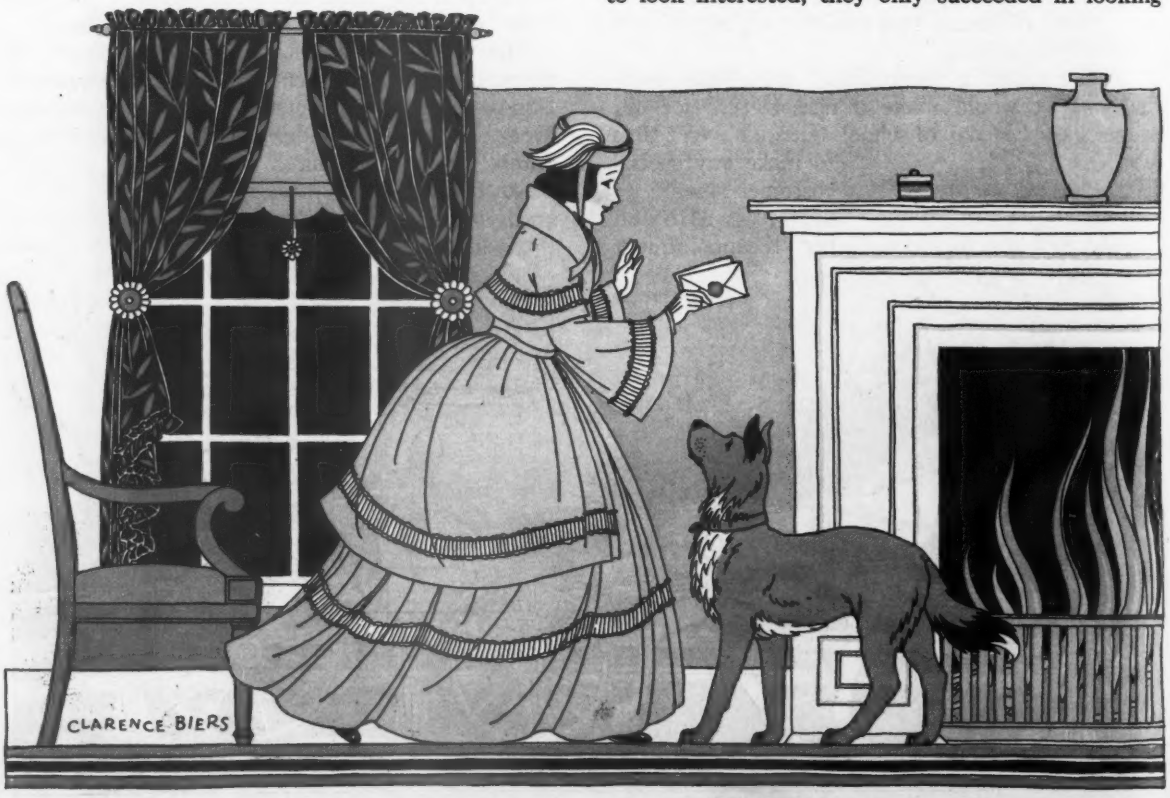
"We can't possibly turn back," said Miss Jenny. "But never mind, dear. The other girls have brought cookies, and there will be enough to go around."

Sarah, though, was not so easily consoled. She said nothing aloud but she thought wistfully of how jolly the gingerbread men would look hanging on the Christmas tree. She was almost sure she had packed them on top the magazines and books.

The sleigh drew up before two large stone buildings, erected back in the time of Washington. Long wooden barracks had been added, as the number of patients increased, and in one of these, the girls found a goodly number of men assembled to hear their entertainment. They cheered lustily when the girls opened their program with "The Star Spangled Banner," and followed this with several popular songs.

The tableaux did not meet with such a gratifying response. Ellen, holding the American flag, looked very lovely as Miss Columbia, and Harriet, busy with her knitting, was "The Girl I Left Behind Me." There was only a sputter of polite applause, and Sarah thought a little uneasily of the piece she was to speak.

Amanda, conscious of the lagging interest, put all the eloquence at her command into "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck." For all her effort, though, it was a failure, and though the men tried to look interested, they only succeeded in looking



bored. Sarah was glad that "Lady Clare" at least had a happy ending.

Still, it was not an easy experience, when it came her turn to stand up before them and read in their faces the look which so plainly said, "Mehercule! Must we go through another one?"

Bravely she began:

"It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare."

The men sat up eagerly. They leaned forward, and interest was written on their faces. More confidently, Sarah began the second stanza:

"I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lovers long betrothed were they;
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day.

"'He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,'
And that is well,' said Lady Clare."

The soldiers' eyes gleamed with something more than interest now. There was a chuckle in the back of the room, and two or three of the men were openly grinning. Sarah grew very red and struggled on.

"In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, 'Who was this that went from thee?'
'It was my cousin,' said Lady Clare,
'To-morrow he weds with me.'

"'O God be thanked!' said Alice the nurse,
'That all comes round so just and fair.
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

Sarah had hoped that her audience would be impressed by this important statement; but she had not expected it to shout with mirth. The slowly smouldering laughter had at last burst out; the men were giving way to it now with reckless abandon. Sarah looked at her schoolmates and saw that they were laughing, too. Even Miss Jenny found it hard to keep a straight face. She smiled at Sarah encouragingly and motioned for her to go on. It was one of the hardest things that Sarah ever did, but she obeyed.

What had happened was that Conundrum had opened the door behind her and had entered, carrying the forgotten basket. He was wrapped in his mammy's huge plaid shawl, and only his thin little black face protruded from the folds. He was pinched with cold, but his wish to see the soldiers was gratified after a long drive along the icy roads with only Teaser, the dog, for company. The grateful little darky grinned his own peculiar grin that belonged to Conundrum and to no one else, and it was this that caused the first quickening of interest on the part of the audience.

Conundrum set down his basket and blew upon his hands. Then began the slow process of unwinding the voluminous shawl, and he emerged just about the time that Sarah reached her third stanza. Suddenly he became aware that it was his own beloved little mistress who was reciting and that she was saying "Lady Clare." He knew all the gestures—Miss Sarah had shown him and, moreover, she had been wishing for someone to act it out. She had reached the line, "He loves me for my own true worth," when, almost unconscious of what he was doing, Conundrum laid his hand over his heart just as Sarah had done. In his attempt to look as soulful as she had, he rolled his eyes to heaven.

There was a muffled chuckle in the back of the room, but it was all the encouragement that Conundrum needed. He was quick to sense the appreciation of his audience, and as Sarah recited he acted

[Continued on page 666]

The Ivory Bishop

By Edna Becker

THE warm summer sunshine shone down brightly into the castle court. Over in the corner by the gate a group of children were shouting and laughing over a game of blind-man's buff, but Denis, the signeur's son, was not playing alone, although the other children had begged him to join in the game. He sat by himself; he didn't feel like playing. It wasn't any fun to play without Hugh. Nothing was any fun since Hugh had gone away.

Hugh was Denis' elder brother, who only a few days before had gone to the castle of the Count of Perseigne to begin his knightly training. Never had a more lonely little boy roamed around a castle than had Denis after his brother's departure.

Denis soon tired of watching the game, and decided to go out to the bailey and get his horse which was stabled there. Perhaps a ride would make him feel better. But scarcely had he crossed the drawbridge over the moat which separated the bailey from the court before he changed his mind. Riding alone would be poor sport. What fun he and Hugh had had cantering up and down the lists together!

He wandered around the bailey for a time, watched the master armourer replace a broken kink in a shirt of linked mail, and finally ended up at the mews, as the hawk-house was called, to see how his hawk was faring. Denis' father, Sire Francois, Count of St. Berbon, had fifteen fine hawks. Among them were saker hawks, gerfalcons, merlins, and little sparrow hawks. Denis had a sparrow hawk all his own, and how proud he was of him. He loved to ride with his hawk sitting hooded on his wrist, and had taken him along to church twice in this manner. Many people took their birds with them wherever they went.

As he stood outside the mews, he could hear the shrill cries of the birds caged inside. Maitre Georges, the head falconer, who was his especial friend, was not there, having gone out to hunt hawks' nests in the forest and along the cliff on which the castle stood.

Denis sat down on a stone coping to wait for him. He had not been there very long before he heard horses' hoofs thunder across the outer bridge, and in another moment, Maitre Georges and Philip, an under falconer, rode into the bailey. When they had dismounted, Denis saw that Philip carried a bag.

"Did you get any baby hawks?" he called, running

toward them, glad to have someone to talk to.

Maitre Georges was always on the lookout for hawks' nests, since young birds were in constant demand. Nothing made him happier than to find a nest of fine young birds that he could train for the hunt. He taught them to recognize certain whistles and calls and to obey them instantly.

In his younger days he had climbed many a high tree, and scaled many a perilous crag after hawks' nests. Although he could not climb any more himself, he always directed these excursions, for no one knew quite as well as he where to look for hawks' nests. However, they did not hunt young birds as much as they used to, for Maitre Georges was learning to raise young birds successfully in captivity.

"We found no hawks, little Denis," said Maitre Georges, "but we brought something for you. Only look in the bag."

Cautiously, Denis opened the bag and looked in. His eyes sparkled.

"A young magpie."

"Yes," said Maitre Georges, "and only see, he is almost full-fledged. Philip climbed and got him for you. He will keep you company, now that Hugh is gone. We will keep him in the mews with the other birds until he has become accustomed to his new life. I will help you train him, and we shall have good fun, for magpies are clever birds, and can learn many things."

Denis found Ebony, as he decided to call his new pet, a very good playfellow. It was fun to feed and care for him, and to teach him tricks. Ebony grew so fast that soon he was full-fledged. He was jet black, and his sleek plumage glistened gold and green and purple when he turned in the sunlight. It was not long before he knew his little master. To Denis' great delight, he would eat out of his hand, and perch on his shoulder and talk "magpie" to him.

When fall came, Sire Francois said that Denis might bring Ebony into the palace for the winter. It was customary to keep a number of birds and small animals inside. These "chamber animals," as they were called, were prized highly and tended with the greatest of care. Maitre Georges made a perch for Ebony, and the smith forged a light chain for him which Denis could easily put on and take off.

Denis was happy with his pet, and spent many hours playing with him, for he loved him dearly. Ebony proved to be such a clever bird that soon he

was a favorite with everyone in the castle. Denis had taught him many tricks which he would perform with great delight before an audience. He endeared himself to such an extent that as a result he was scarcely ever chained to his perch except at night. He ranged around the great hall most of the time at his own pleasure.

But like all magpies, he was a collector. He gathered together bits of food, or any small objects which took his fancy. Every now and then, someone would find one of Ebony's caches. He put things in such queer places, too. One might find one's Sunday shoes filled with scraps of meat, or bits of bread tucked away in one's hood. He loved especially the bright-colored embroidery yarns that the ladies of the castle used. But after he had made away with a ball of precious gold thread, Lady Beatrice, Denis' mother, took good care that he got only clippings after that. Denis found the ball several days later packed neatly into a crack in the wall, together with some bright-colored ends of yarn, which brought Ebony back into good standing once more.

Every once in a while, Ebony would take some small object which somebody wanted very much, and as a result fall into disfavor. At such times, Sire Francois would order Denis to keep Ebony chained to his perch, but as soon as his father's anger wore off, he would let him go free again. In spite of occasional lapses in his good behavior, Ebony was nearly always chattering around the great hall somewhere.

Winter had come in earnest by this time. It was bitterly cold outside, and it kept several servitors at work all the time to keep the fires roaring in the huge fireplaces. Even at that the hall was none too warm, except just in front of the fire.

Sometimes when the fires had burned low, they played some lively games to keep warm—all of them: Sire Francois, Lady Beatrice and her ladies, Denis, and any knights or other visitors who happened to be there. Sometimes one might even see a dignified bishop of the church running around playing the undignified game of "hot cockles." In this game, the blindfolded player knelt, placing his head on the knee of another player, and held his hands out behind him. Then one of the other players struck his hands, and he must guess who it was that hit him. Of course, the fun of the game was in dealing smart blows. Usually they played more dignified games such as chess, backgammon, or tables as it was also called, and checkers with square checkermen.

Lady Beatrice and her damsels spent most of their time cutting out garments, sewing them up, and often decorating them with rich embroidery. Since almost every garment worn at the castle was made there, sewing naturally took up a great deal of time.

Thus they occupied themselves through the day, and when night fell they went to bed, for the hall was so large and the lights so poor that it was impossible to light it so that one could see to do anything. True, they often sat around in the firelight, and listened to the tales and verses of visiting jongleurs, or minstrels, as others called them. But at best, they went to bed early in the wintertime. At dawn, they rose again, but, even so, when days were short, they spent almost half their time in bed. How glad everyone was when spring came so that they could get out-of-doors again!

On an afternoon of one of these short winter days, Sire Francois and a visiting knight decided to play a game of chess. Sire Francois ordered his best ivory and ebony chessmen brought to him. After waiting longer than he thought necessary, he went himself to find out why his orders were not carried out. At the other end of the hall where the chessmen were kept, he saw a number of people standing around and looking at each other in such a strange way that he wondered what had happened.

"What is the matter?" he inquired rather sharply, for he was annoyed. "Why do you not bring my chessmen?"

There was silence for a moment; then one of the maids stepped forward, and said, "Sire, one of the pieces is missing."

Her master frowned. He prized this particular set of chessmen, for it had been brought to him by his brother when he returned from a crusade. "Which piece is gone?" he finally said.

"The white bishop, Sire."

"And how, pray, was the piece lost? Have I not told you to use the greatest care with this set of chessmen?"

For a long moment, nobody answered. Then Denis, who had been standing twisting one corner

of his bliaut miserably, swallowed hard, and came over to his father. "I did it, Father. I asked if I might take the set to you, and I dropped the box. Only a few pieces rolled out, though—just the white bishop and a few pawns. But—" he paused. It was very hard to go on. "But Ebony was with me, and he quickly took the piece and flew away with it. Before I could follow him to see where he went, he was out of sight."

Denis shifted unhappily from one foot to the other. His father was a stern man, and he dreaded the punishment he knew was coming. But since he knew it was worse not to speak the truth, he gritted his teeth and waited.

"That magpie again! He has been a pest around this place all winter and his measure is about full. Either you find that piece or let that thieving bird fly." Sire Francois picked up another set of chessmen, and strode away.

Find the piece or let Ebony fly! Denis was heartsick. Finding the piece was next to impossible. Ebony might have hidden it in any number of places. What should he do?

Just then Ebony flew up on his shoulder and chattered into his ear. Denis took his pet in his arms and sat down by the fireplace. In spite of all he could do, tears filled his eyes. A big round one ran down his cheek, fell on Ebony's back, and rolled away like a little silver ball. Denis stroked Ebony's sleek plumage. Why, he couldn't let his own bird fly. He just couldn't. He *had* to find that piece. "Where did you put it, Ebony? Can't you tell me?"

Ebony cocked his head, and said a long sentence in magpie.

"Oh, Ebony!" Denis sighed in despair.

For the next two days, Denis searched in every crack and cranny of the hall, but could not find the ivory bishop. The days were growing longer, and the weather milder. Denis knew if he did not find the piece soon, he would have to let Ebony fly.

The third day, when he was about to give up, he sat down on his stool by the fireplace with Ebony to think. Suddenly the bird hopped out of his arms and picked up a scrap of meat lying on the hearth. He flew with it to the top of Sire Francois' high canopied chair, where he sat to receive homage from his vassals and to render justice.

Ebony put the morsel down and flew back. Denis was watching him when, all of a sudden, it popped into his head that perhaps the ivory bishop was up there. He watched Ebony for a time, but he was too sly to make another trip so soon.

Was the chessman up there? How Denis longed to know! He examined the chair closely. Although it was a massive thing, it did not stand firmly. Its canopy was so large and heavy that it was top-heavy, but Denis was too small to realize that. What he saw was that the wooden beam beside the chair was deeply carved, so deeply, in fact, that it offered a toe hold. He studied the situation a moment, and decided that he would climb up on top of the canopy and find out whether the chess piece were there, or not. That such an undertaking was full of danger did not enter his head. Neither did it occur to him to ask someone to help him, or even to hold the chair steady while he climbed. He felt that recovering the piece was his own responsibility, and did not even want any one to know what he was about to do.

He sat on his stool and waited for a time when few people were in the hall before he began his ascent. He looked at the chair. It was huge, and the canopy high above was wide and slightly sloping. Pretty soon he would start. The hall was now nearly empty, and no one was paying any attention to him.

Cautiously he began to climb. He stood up on the wide arm of the chair, and by grasping the back, and finding an occasional hold on the deep carving on the wooden beam beside the chair, he made perilous progress. How the old chair creaked! Someone would surely hear him, and order him down.

Up, up he went, clinging like a fly to carved scroll and flower. Now he was almost at the top—could reach the canopy. In another moment, he was on top. How dusty it was up there! Now to look for the piece. It was a good thing Ebony took the white bishop; he could never have seen the black one up there. Indeed, he didn't see anything of the white one. [*Continued on page 682*]

DORIS and the TROLLS

By Richard Atwater
Author of "*Rickety Rhymes*," etc

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Doris and Peggy just can't play quietly, their scampering kitten Mitzi keeps playing such tricks on them. "She must be a troll cat, she is so naughty," says Doris. "What are trolls, Doris?" asks Peggy. So this is the story Doris tells Peggy about the trolls who live under a bridge. Following Mitzi down a fireplace, Doris and Peggy fall down an ash chute into a dark place where two trolls with firefly lanterns and a fairy, Razelda (who wears a Ting Tang necklace and is under a spell to serve the trolls until she regains a lost pair of scissors), come to take the children to Troll Town. On magic troller skates they come to a bridge, where the tricky trolls push Doris and Peggy off; and down they fall in the moonlight. What they thought were bubbles in a river turn out to be the balloon-paved streets of Troll Town. When Doris and Peggy quit bouncing on the balloons, a troll policeman warns them to get cleaned up (it seems they got pretty dirty when they fell down the fireplace), so Doris turns on a street faucet which brings out the troll fire department to give the children a surprising bath with their fire hose. Then Doris and Peggy jump up into the windy window of a troll house, climb up a bookcase into a theater, and meet King Brex and Queen Wigweed, who make the children their prisoners.

Chapter V

The Troll Town Time-Table

DON'T worry, Peggy," said Doris. "We may be prisoners of the trolls, but I am bigger than any troll and I will see they don't hurt you."

"We'll fight the trolls, won't we, Doris?" said Peggy.

Doris looked all over to see if any troll soldiers were coming to take them to prison, but nothing seemed to happen about it. Brex and Wigweed went on eating and drinking their dinner in their high-chairs under the trees as if they had forgotten there were any strange children there. So Doris looked around curiously at this queer room, which seemed to be a sort of kitchen in a forest. There was a big stump of a tree that must be a stove; a teakettle on it was steaming merrily, and there was a big door underneath that must be an oven door, and the stove had a lot of handles made of toadstools or some other kind of fungus.

"Cooks," said the troll king suddenly.

"Where?" said Doris.

"Cooks!" cried the troll queen. "Pastry cooks!"

And from behind a tree came two trolls in white aprons and white cooks' hats, with their long noses held proudly high in the air. And each of them carried a steaming pie.

"Why, it's Crumpsill and Mildrop," said Doris, who was quite pleased at recognizing them in their new costumes.

"I suppose those are blackbird pies," said Peggy, "full of four and twenty blackbirds."

"Blackbirds? What blackbirds?" asked King Brex, leaning out of his high-chair to see the black-

birds. So he lost his balance and fell out, and his gold crown fell off, and the king picked himself up from the ground and Doris and Peggy picked up the two pieces his crown had broken into, and handed them to the king, who looked at the two pieces of crown as if he didn't know what to make of them.

"I know that song," said Mildrop. And holding his steaming pie carefully in front of him, he sang:

"Sing a song of nonsense,
And blackbirds sailing by.
Old King Troll was a merry old soul,
And he called for his pastry pie."

"That isn't right," said Peggy.

"It goes like this," said Crumspill, holding his steaming pie carefully in front of him as he sang:

"The queen was in the kitchen,
In her chair so high,
The king fell down and broke his crown
And said, 'What a good troll am I!'"

"Oh, you've both got it all mixed up," said Doris. And she tried to tell them how the song should really go, but now she was all mixed up, too, so she couldn't say it right.

"The point is," said Brex, "that my crown is broken."

"If your hair were as long as mine," said Queen Wigweed, "your crown wouldn't have fallen off. You noticed mine didn't fall off."

Brex looked up angrily at his queen. "In my opinion," he said, "your hair is entirely too long, even for a troll."

"In my opinion," said the queen, "you look funny with your crown broken." And she laughed so hard she choked on her dinner.

"Maybe we can fix it," said Doris to the king. "My daddy could fix it with glue."

"I don't think we have any glue," said Brex regretfully. He looked at Crumspill and Mildrop as if they ought to have glue instead of the two pies. "Still, we have got pastry," said the king. "Would that do?"

"What's in the pies?" said Doris.

Mildrop put his thumb in the pie he was carrying, and Crumspill put his thumb in his pie, and they both put their thumbs to their mouths and tasted them.

"Paste," said the troll cooks.

"I thought so," said the king. "What else would pastry be made of, if not of paste?" And he looked at Doris triumphantly, though she thought he looked silly dressed in that big white bib of his.

"I'll tell you," said Doris. "Let the troll cooks take off their cook hats and fill them with the paste out of the pastry pies, and then we will put the two pieces of crown in the two hats full of paste, and then we will take them out and stick them together, and maybe it will work."

"A wonderful idea," said Brex, and so that is what they did. It was pretty sticky work, but finally the crown was pasted together, and the cooks wiped off the extra paste from the crown with their long hair, and Brex put the crown carefully back on his head, and the cooks put their cook hats back on their heads and went away in the forest.

"Ha ha," said the king suddenly.

"What are you laughing at now?" said the queen.

"I was laughing," said Brex, "because Mildrop and Crumspill forgot to take the paste out of their cooks' hats before they put them back on their heads. They will never get those hats off now."

And even Doris and Peggy thought this was a good joke on the cooks.

"All the same—" began Wigweed as she went on eating.

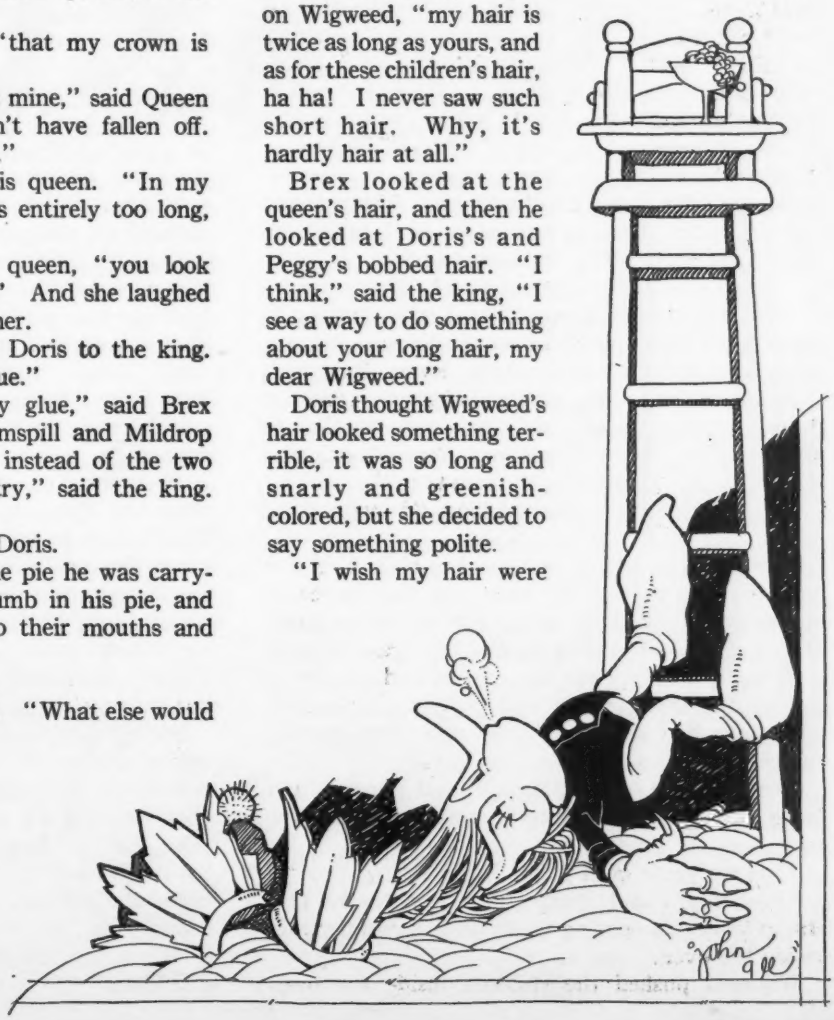
"My goodness," thought Doris, "I never saw so much spinach in my life as that queen is eating."

"All the same," went on Wigweed, "my hair is twice as long as yours, and as for these children's hair, ha ha! I never saw such short hair. Why, it's hardly hair at all."

Brex looked at the queen's hair, and then he looked at Doris's and Peggy's bobbed hair. "I think," said the king, "I see a way to do something about your long hair, my dear Wigweed."

Doris thought Wigweed's hair looked something terrible, it was so long and snarly and greenish-colored, but she decided to say something polite.

"I wish my hair were



really longer," she said to Wigweed. "Especially because it is so blonde and golden. What's the use of having blonde hair if it isn't long?"

"Green hair is the best," said Wigweed, running her long fingernails proudly through her tangled tresses. She seemed to be pleased at Doris's remark, though, for she said, "I suppose you children would like some dinner, too. Why don't you set the table for yourselves?"

"What table?" said Doris.

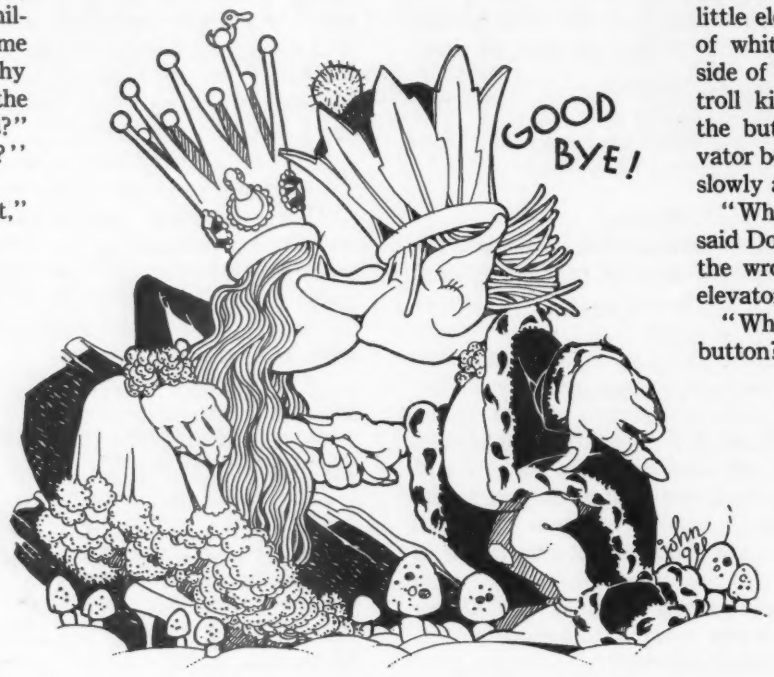
"Under your feet," said the queen.

Doris looked down, and all she could find was a folded piece of paper with rows of numbers on it.

"Why, it's a time-table," said Doris.

"I said it was a table," said Wigweed.

"But how can I set a time-table?" said Doris. "Why, I can hardly read it. The numbers are all upside down or something so I can't read them, and what funny stations it says."



"What does it say, Doris?" said Peggy.

"It says, 'Troll Town Time-Table Railroad,'" said Doris as she puzzled over the letters. "Look, it says, 'Trains to Goofy Hills Every Fourth of July,' and 'Trains stop at Catty Corners Station on Rainy Fridays,' and 'Take the Train to Cuckoo City at Two Minutes to Two, Two O'clock and Two Trains on Tuesday at Two-two.'"

"If it's that late," said the king, "I ought to go to the office."

So the queen got down from her high-chair and took the king's bib off his neck, and now you could see he wore a red velvet suit. And the queen found Brex's green overcoat with the big brass buttons and put it on him over his red suit and she kissed the king good-by, which was quite a job because they both had such long noses that kept getting in each other's way.

Then "Come on, children," said Brex, "and bring the time-table along so we won't miss the train."

"Are we going on a train?" said Peggy.

"Probably," said Brex, going over to the tree stump stove and opening the oven door and popping inside the oven.

Wigweed pushed the children inside the oven after the king and shut the oven door behind them.

Chapter VI

Up the Oven Elevator to the Cloud Train

Once they were inside the oven, Doris and Peggy saw it was really a cute little elevator, with a row of white buttons on one side of the elevator. The troll king pushed one of the buttons and the elevator began to go up, very slowly and gently.

"What would happen," said Doris, "if you pushed the wrong button on the elevator?"

"Which is the wrong button?" said Brex, pulling a little newspaper out of his overcoat pocket and starting to read it.

"I'll find out," said Peggy, and she pushed all the elevator buttons at once with her two hands.

"Don't, Peggy," cried Doris; but it was too late. Instead of rising slowly and gently, the elevator began to shake all over, and to jump up faster and faster, until through the glass door of the oven-elevator they could see it was going up through the roof of the house and still faster up into the air over Troll Town. There were the streets of the town far below them, getting smaller and smaller all the time as the elevator went up higher and higher.

Brex went on reading his newspaper as if this were the thing that always happened, so Doris tried not to be too scared when they kept on going up in the air, until they reached a big white cloud in the sky, and there the elevator stopped with a sudden jerk.

"Change cars," said the king, putting his newspaper back into his overcoat pocket and stepping out of the elevator onto the cloud.

Seeing the cloud seemed to hold Brex up quite safely, Doris took Peggy by the hand and helped her out on the cloud, which was soft but firm under their feet and felt something like walking in a sand pile. Behind them the elevator went down again by itself, and they could see it drop down and inside the chimney of the troll king's house and so out of sight.

"Hurry up, the train can't go till you sit down," said Brex.

Doris looked down at the cloud they were standing on, and, sure enough, it was a sort of railroad car with thick fleecy soft white seats in two rows, just as on a regular train. So they all sat down, and when they sat down the car bumped a little; and Doris saw a whole train of cloud cars like theirs had come up through the sky and bumped onto their car. And then there was a chuff-chuff-chuff sound like an engine, and away they were riding through the sky in their cloud train.

"How do they make the clouds go like a train?" said Doris.

"You've heard of training a dog, haven't you?" said Brex.

"I think so," said Doris.

"Well," said Brex, "if you can train a dog, you can certainly train a cloud, or even two or three clouds. And speaking of trains, have your tickets ready, for here comes the conductor."

Doris didn't quite understand what he meant, but she forgot to wonder about it when she saw who the conductor was that came scampering in their cloud car from the cloud car just ahead. For it was their little gray-and-white kitten, Mitzi, all dressed up in a cute little conductor's suit of blue and with a little blue conductor's cap perched between her furry gray ears.

"Why, Mitzi," cried Doris, "what a cute conductor you make! But how did you get here and where have you been?"

"There's my nice Mitzi kitty," cried Peggy. "Did she go to London, Doris?"

"You're thinking of that song, Peggy," said Doris, laughing.

"I know that song," said Brex. "Only it isn't London. It goes like this:

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to Troll Town to visit the queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
Climbed in her bed and went to sleep there.
When I woke up I saw rising a train
And to-night at the party I'll see Tom again."

"That isn't the way I say it," said Peggy.

"It's the way I say it," said Brex, very proudly. "Anyway the point is that the conductor wants to punch your tickets."

Sure enough, Mitzi had a little ticket punch in one of her white paws.

"I haven't any ticket, Mitzi," said Doris, "but here's my time-table. Will that be all right?"

"Maybe," said the kitten, and she punched a hole out of the time-table for Doris, and another one for Peggy, and another one for Brex. Then she put the time-table in one pocket of her conductor's suit and the punch in the other pocket of her suit, and then she climbed upon the seat beside them and looked at Doris and Peggy and began purring to show how glad she was to see the children again.

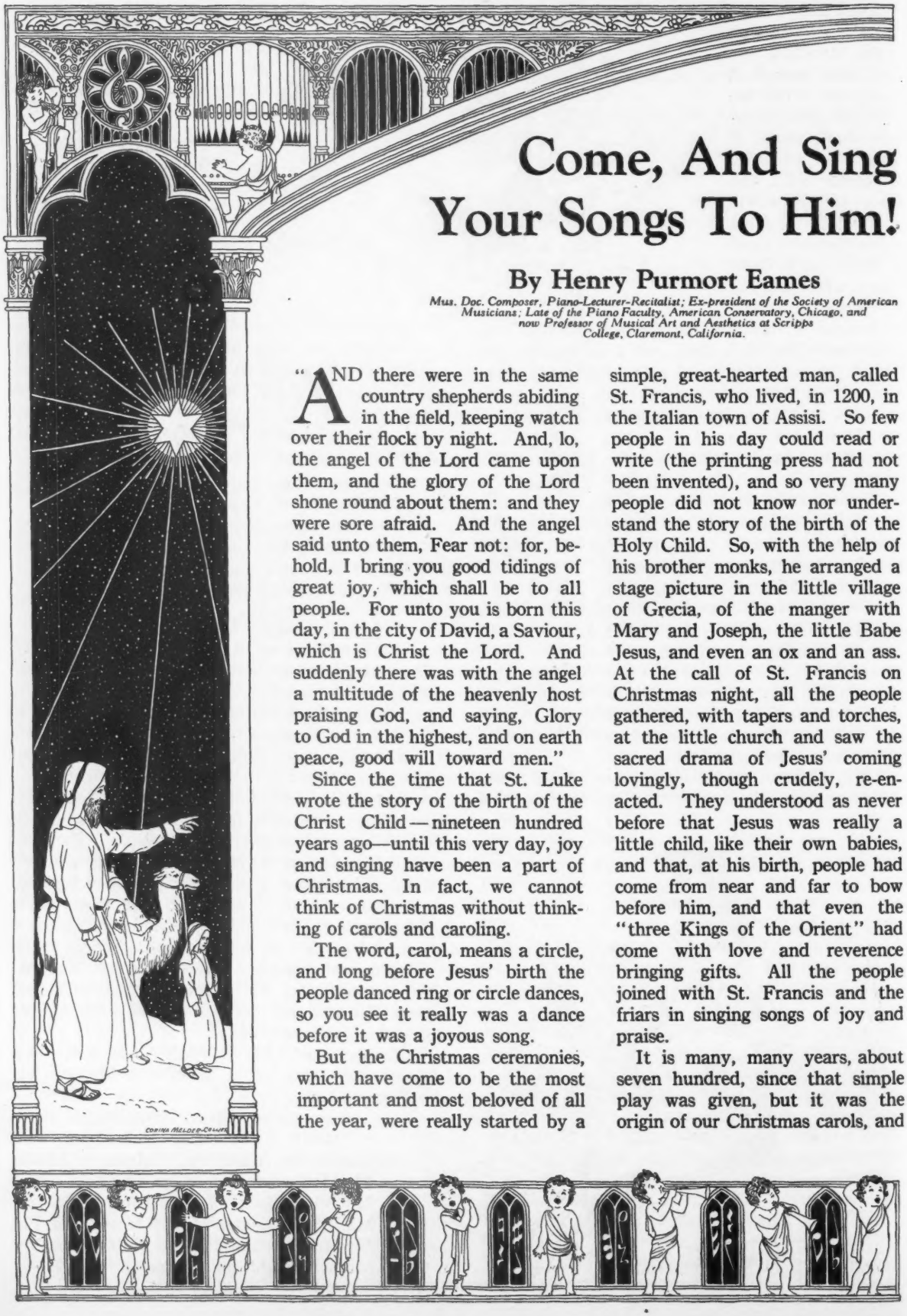
"Why," cried Doris, "I heard Mitzi say, 'Maybe.' She can talk, after all. Mitzi, I said I thought you could talk and say words beginning with M like Miaow. Can't you, Mitzi?"

"Mostly," said Mitzi. "Mostly I Miaow, but I can Murmur too. It's a Mistake to Mention Me as Merely Meek."

"Can she say Meat?" said Peggy.

"Mostly I eat Meat," said Mitzi, "and Remain on Mattresses. Mmm, it Makes Me Mad when Men Make a Mistake about Me being Mute. I Munch on Moles and Malted Milk, and Maybe Mice; and I'm Mysterious. But I Must Mutter that My Mother taught me Manners."

[Continued on page 669]



Come, And Sing Your Songs To Him!

By Henry Purmort Eames

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecturer-Recitalist; Ex-president of the Society of American Musicians; Late of the Piano Faculty, American Conservatory, Chicago, and now Professor of Musical Art and Aesthetics at Scripps College, Claremont, California.

"AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Since the time that St. Luke wrote the story of the birth of the Christ Child — nineteen hundred years ago—until this very day, joy and singing have been a part of Christmas. In fact, we cannot think of Christmas without thinking of carols and caroling.

The word, carol, means a circle, and long before Jesus' birth the people danced ring or circle dances, so you see it really was a dance before it was a joyous song.

But the Christmas ceremonies, which have come to be the most important and most beloved of all the year, were really started by a simple, great-hearted man, called St. Francis, who lived, in 1200, in the Italian town of Assisi. So few people in his day could read or write (the printing press had not been invented), and so very many people did not know nor understand the story of the birth of the Holy Child. So, with the help of his brother monks, he arranged a stage picture in the little village of Grecia, of the manger with Mary and Joseph, the little Babe Jesus, and even an ox and an ass. At the call of St. Francis on Christmas night, all the people gathered, with tapers and torches, at the little church and saw the sacred drama of Jesus' coming lovingly, though crudely, re-enacted. They understood as never before that Jesus was really a little child, like their own babies, and that, at his birth, people had come from near and far to bow before him, and that even the "three Kings of the Orient" had come with love and reverence bringing gifts. All the people joined with St. Francis and the friars in singing songs of joy and praise.

It is many, many years, about seven hundred, since that simple play was given, but it was the origin of our Christmas carols, and

of the Christmas mystery plays which are still given in many European cities and villages.

When people came to realize that the coming of the Divine Child meant joy and life to every human being, the love of Christmas and Christmas loving and giving spread all over Europe. Carols by the thousands were composed, many of them of great beauty, and each in its own way reflecting the time and the country in which it was composed.

I want you always to remember this: that music is a universal language, higher than words, but a language nevertheless, and so, naturally, Italian music will differ from German, and French music from English, but each will be beautiful in its own way.

The carols of Germany are known the world over. We will surely be singing "Holy Night" and perhaps one of the Marienlieder (songs of Mary, or in praise of Mary, the mother of Jesus). Germany has given us, too, the Christmas tree, as a symbol, with its candles reminding us of the star that led the wise men.

In Italy and Spain the Christmas songs are called "carols." Here are the words to an old Spanish carol:

"Torches, torches, run with torches
All the way to Bethlehem!
Christ is born and now lies sleeping;
Come and sing your song to him!"

The Christmas songs of France are called noels, meaning news, and referring to the news of Jesus' birth. They have a charm and lightness that make them different from all the rest. I have just found one that seems particularly jolly. Here it is:

"Willie,
take your
little drum,
With your whistle, Robin,
come!
When we hear the fife and drum,
Christmas should be frolicsome.
Ture-lure-lu, Pata-pata-pan.

"God and man are now become
More at one than fife and drum,
When you hear the fife and drum
Dance, and make the village hum!
Ture-lure-lu, Pata-pata-pan!"

England calls her Christmas songs carols and yule songs, and she has made more than any other country of carols and caroling. Each Christmas, in cities and country towns, in churches and homes, are heard the joyous songs of young and old. England has given us her custom of hanging mistletoe and holly, and of burning the yule log, and she is to be thanked, too, for "Yule-tide mince-pye and plumb porridge." Ever since the sixteenth century, at every Christmas time, while decorating their homes, the English people have been singing such songs as,

"Green grow'th the holly,
So doth the ivy;
Though winter blasts blow ne'er so high,
Green grow'th the holly.

"Green grow'th the holly,
So doth the ivy;
The God of life can never die,
'Hope!' saith the holly."

[Continued on page 677]

The Little Boy Who Had Never Heard Of Christmas

By Florence Page Jaques

ONCE it happened that a little boy lived all alone by himself in a little bit of a house in the middle of a wide and desolate plain.

I don't know how it happened—I don't see how it *could* have happened—but there he was. He had a tiny one-room house made of sod, and a cow.

He earned his living by milking the cow. Way to the south lived a very old man, and Christopher—that was the little boy's name—carried milk to him every day, and got crackers and cheese. Way to the north lived a very old woman, and every day Christopher carried milk to her and got apples and nuts. So he had enough to eat.

But the old man was deaf and the old woman was cross, so Christopher really had no one to talk to. Except the cow and she was stupid, though kind.

But one day in the depth of winter when snow was all over the plains, Christopher put on his muffler and mittens and took his milk to the cross old woman's house, and she wasn't cross at all! Christopher was surprised. Her little wrinkled face was quite rosy.

"Don't bring any milk for a week, Christopher," she said. "I'm going away for Christmas."

"Where do you get it?" said Christopher.

"Get what?" said the old woman.

"Christmas," said Christopher.

"My sakes," said the old woman, and she looked down at him, and for the first time she really noticed what a very little boy Christopher was to be living all alone by himself in a little sod house in a wide and desolate plain.

"My sakes," said the old woman. "Didn't you ever hear of *Christmas?*"

"No," said Christopher. "What is it anyway?"

"Well, you ought to have a mother!" said the old woman. "It's a shame!" and she sat down in her old rocking chair by the fire and she told Christopher all about Christmas. All about the green Christmas wreaths on the doors, and the holly berries and the mistletoe! All about people scurrying around through the snow, buying presents, and hiding them in closets, and wrapping them up with silver string! All about tall dark Christmas trees with gold and green and red lights and spangles and shining balls all over them! All about white candles, and Christmas carols sung outdoors, and little children hanging up their stockings! All about waking up early on Christmas morning!

Christopher sat on a little stool and his eyes were round and he was quite breathless. He had never felt so excited in his life. He asked hundreds of questions.

The old woman told him more and more. But she didn't tell him about Santa Claus. She was afraid it would hurt Christopher's feelings to think that Santa Claus had never happened to find him.

Instead, she told him about the Christmas star.

And when she finished and Christopher started home, it was twilight, and there was the lovely great star, hanging in the west sky, all golden above the snow!

"It's the Christmas star," said Christopher to himself, and he went along through the dark with such a funny feeling in his heart. He felt so gay and excited and yet a little sad.

"Oh, Christmas star," he said out loud, "I want a Christmas too! I've missed so many!"

The star gleamed in the sky and Christopher began to skip. "I believe

something exciting *is* going to happen," he said.

Just then he saw a small thorn bush ahead of him. It was waving frantically, and this was strange, for there was no wind at all. So he stopped to see what it meant.

There was a little man in green, about the size of a rabbit, caught in the thorns. "Help me out of the thorns, Christopher," the little man cried. "I've been here since morning and I feel like an icicle. Ouch! Hurry and do something to help me! Quick!"

Christopher had a hard time untangling him, and he pricked his fingers hard. But at last he got him loose and carried him to the house. Then he lighted his fire and looked at the little man. "Why, you have wings!" he said. "You're a fairy."

"Yes," said the fairy uncomfortably. "And you've saved me, and so I have to give you three wishes."

"You do?" said Christopher.

"Yes," said the fairy. "That's the rule. My goodness, didn't you ever read any fairy stories? All of them have *that* in. When anyone saves a fairy, the fairy must be grateful and give him three wishes. I'm grateful." And he looked grateful but more uncomfortable than ever.

"Oh," said Christopher joyfully. "Then I can have a Christmas!"

He sat down to think. The old woman had told him so many wonderful things. It was hard to choose which ones he'd rather see. But at last he decided.

"To-morrow is the day before the day before Christmas," he said. "I wish I could have a green Christmas wreath on my door all day long."

The fairy disappeared.

Christopher thought he just vanished but he had really flown out through a knot hole in the door. He went in a rabbit hole and put his head in his hands. He felt even more uncomfortable than he had in the house.

For this fairy was a naughty fairy. I don't mean he was a wicked one, but he would *never* learn his lessons. So of course he didn't know any magic! And yet he had to grant Christopher's three wishes or feel disgraced forever. He *was* ashamed of himself.

He decided at last that he'd have to make a wreath himself. But there wasn't a green thing anywhere. Not a tree in the whole plain, nothing at all, in fact, except the little black thorn bushes—nothing green but himself.!

Then the fairy jumped up and clapped his heels. "I'll be Christopher's Christmas wreath myself," he said.

So he dressed himself in his brightest green suit, which had pointed pockets and pointed frills and pointed shoes, like holly leaves, and he sewed little red buttons all over, for holly berries, and he caught hold of his toes with his teeth and hung himself up on Christopher's door.

When Christopher came out early next morning, he was very pleased and proud. He thought he had a wonderful Christmas wreath. He walked in and out the door so many times, just to look at it, that the only chance the fairy had to unbend was when Christopher took the milk to the very old man.

That night when it was twilight again, the fairy came into Christopher's house.

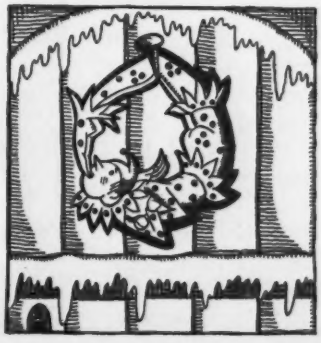
"I'm glad you liked the wreath," he said, sleepily and a little stiffly. "What is the second wish?"

"I've thought about it all day," said Christopher. "It's the day before Christmas to-morrow, and I wish for a Christmas tree to decorate!"*!*

The fairy vanished with a slight groan. He went and sat with the cow.

"Now what can I do?" he said, wringing his hands. "I can't *possibly* look like a Christmas tree! And there's nobody bigger than me in the whole plain!"

"What about me?" said the cow.



(It was the only idea she ever had in her whole life, but it was a very good one.)

"Wonderful!" said the fairy. He rushed home and got all his green suits and capes and cloaks and caps, and they went into the house as soon as Christopher was asleep. The cow stood on her hind legs in a corner and the fairy covered her with green.

When Christopher woke in the morning it was the day before Christmas, and there stood a tall, if somewhat wiggly, Christmas tree. At least he thought it was a tree. And he didn't miss the cow at all because he was so busy all day. He decorated his tree with icicles and snowballs and apples tied on strings and round nuts dipped in red ink. When he finished, it was twilight again.

"Look at my lovely tree," he cried proudly, as the fairy came in.

"Beautiful!" said the fairy, trying not to laugh.

"Isn't it?" said Christopher, walking around.

"Now it's the last wish," said the fairy.

"Yes," said Christopher. "I thought and thought. I thought of Christmas bells, and lighted candles, and hanging up my stocking, but I decided the nicest thing in the world would be someone to have Christmas with. So I wish for a mother on Christmas."

"Oh!" said the fairy with a loud groan, and he flung his cape over his face and dashed from the room.

Christopher sat down cheerfully to look at his tree again.

The fairy flew round and round the house, groaning.

"A mother!" he moaned. "Even a good fairy couldn't do that! I *am* disgraced! And the worst of it is he really *should* have a mother too. What can I do?"

"I'll find him one," said a deep roaring voice.

"Who are you?" said the fairy, stopping.

"I'm a snow-storm blizzard," said the voice, "and if Christopher will ride such a whirlwind as I am, I'll find him a mother somewhere."

"Stand still just a minute," said the fairy hurriedly, and he rushed back in the house.

"Here's a blizzard, Christopher," he cried, "and if you'll just jump on its back it will take you to a mother."

Christopher went to the door and looked doubtfully at the blizzard. It certainly was a wild one, and Christopher almost went back and closed the door. But he didn't. He said, "Thank you," to the fairy and he jumped on the blizzard's back. The blizzard gave a great leap and whirled away over the plain.

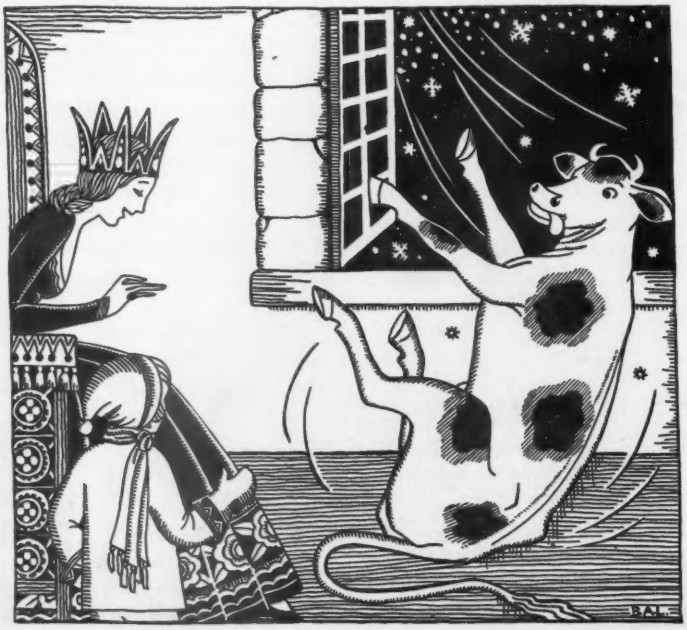
"Oh, wait," cried Christopher. "I must go back. I've forgotten the cow!"

"Can't stop for a cow," growled the blizzard.

"Then I must get off," said Christopher. "I can't leave my cow. There wouldn't be anyone to take care of her."

"Oh, fiddle dee dee," roared the blizzard, but it turned around and sped back after the cow. She had just shaken off her decorations and stepped outdoors to rest, and she was quite startled to leave home so suddenly.

The blizzard howled away over the plain again. Christopher never had traveled so fast. He held on to the blizzard's mane and whooped with joy. But the cow didn't enjoy it at all.



Away off in the middle of forests and mountains the Duchess of Dee was sitting on a throne in her candle-lighted castle. Everybody stood around her, first on one foot and then on the other. Nobody could have a gay time, though it was Christmas Eve, because the Duchess of Dee wasn't gay.

The Duchess of Dee didn't laugh. She had never

[*Continued on page 670*]

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

When Chip's chums got a telegram saying their favorite Uncle Bob couldn't come for Christmas they all felt as blue as Bab's ball.

To cheer themselves up they hitched a reluctant Stub to a bobsled and took a surprise basket of goodies to old Aunt Sally. It was "up hill" work.

Aunt Sally and her parrot were delighted and invited them in. But the chums said they had to hurry home—all except Stub who wanted a nap.

Even washing his face with snow couldn't budge Stub. But when the parrot cried out, "Miaw! Spt! Spt! Scat!" he broke all speed records coasting down hill.

"S'no welcome!" laughed Uncle Bob, who had come after all and was in time to sort out from the soft snowdrift all the donkey ears, dog's tail and assorted chums' legs.

Eric and Mary Anne

By Cornelia Meigs
Author of "*The Trade Wind*," "*Rain on the Roof*," "*The Pool of Stars*," etc.

Part I

ALTHOUGH Mary Anne Seabold was sitting by the cabin window with a lesson book on her knee, it cannot be said that she was learning anything that the Blue Backed Speller was trying to teach her. "Hill, rill, ox, fox." She went over the words again and again, while her eyes followed her mother washing the linen web which had just been taken out of the loom, or lifted to the small square window through which the bright September sun was shining.

"O-x, ox, f-o-x, fox," she droned along with her mind wandering so far away that presently she was saying, "f-o-x, ox, o-x, fox,"

"Mary Anne," said her mother, "do you really think you are studying your spelling lesson?"

"No," her small daughter returned truthfully, "I wasn't thinking about the spelling lesson at all. I was thinking about Gray Eagle's village, Mother. Did I tell you that all the Indian houses stood in something like a circle and in the middle was the biggest house of all, that they called the Medicine Lodge? The Medicine Man was very big and wore buffalo horns on his head, and he would go into the Medicine Lodge and make songs and smokes and queer smells, and would say it was magic. Was it really magic, Mother?"

Six months before, Mary Anne had been carried away to make a friendly visit to the village of the big Sioux Indian, Gray Eagle. She was never tired of telling her mother and her playmate, Eric Thorveg, about the strange things which had happened in that space of seven days. Even after all these weeks she had not quite come to the end of them, and she found it very pleasant, when she was tired of f-o-x, fox, to interrupt the studying with a little more talk about her friends, Gray Eagle and his kindly old mother, Swift Pigeon.

Often the lessons were interrupted also by the coming of Gray Eagle himself, sometimes alone, sometimes with the silent, dark-faced woman following him, for, though they said so little, it was plain that they both had become fond of Mary Anne during that adventurous week she had spent among the red people. Gray Eagle would sometimes leave his mother there beside the Seabold's fire, and go on to trade with Mary Anne's father, John Seabold, in the long building where all the Indians were coming now to sell their furs and buffalo hides.

Because of such visits, however, and because of other interruptions, the little girl's education progressed very slowly. As yet there was no school in this new country, so that she must study at home a certain number of hours every day. But there were always things to interfere. There was the red calf who liked to stray beyond the creek, and there was the flock of young turkeys, big birds now but always getting into danger. A clever red fox lived in the underbrush near the stream and was especially fond of tender turkey meat. So it happened that Mary Anne's spelling lessons were too often broken into, and that she was still studying hill and rill, ox and fox, when she should have been at the back of the book on such words as idiosyncrasy and orthography.

To-day, however, Mary Anne's mother seemed determined that the lesson should go on. To all her daughter's offers of help in washing the linen she answered only, "You must go on with your spelling."

And when Mary Anne repeated her question, "Is it truly magic that the Indians make in the Medicine Lodge?" her mother replied very briefly.

"The Indians call everything magic that they do not understand. Now I'm not going to answer again until you have got to the end of the page."

The lesson droned on. The big white clouds sailed by the window. Presently a flock of wild pigeons, flying very high, went soaring past, showing black against the white. Mary Anne's attention flew away with them until she was repeating,

"f-o-x, rill, o-x, hill."

Her mother rolled up the great linen web and wrung it out. "Do you know," she said, "that your father and I are very much troubled because you have learned so little since we came to live here on the prairie? Some of the other men who come to the store have been talking about the same thing, how their children are well and happy in this sort of a life, but how they are all growing up to know nothing at all. So they are planning, when the last of the harvest has been got in, to set to work together and build a house for a school."

"Oh no, Mother," cried Mary Anne in dismay, "I don't want to go to school!"

No one can blame Mary Anne for her dislike of even the word school. She had not been so fortunate as other children, for in the years before she came to the prairie country she had been taught by a harsh schoolmistress who did not understand little girls like Mary Anne. The Dame School, the place was called, carried on by a certain Mrs. Watkins, whose idea was that children were not led but driven into learning their A B Cs. Her schoolroom was narrow and dark, with only a few windows and those painted white on the lower panes so that no child's wandering attention could leave Mrs. Watkins' scolding voice behind and slip outside to play among the birds and sunshine.

From this dismal spot Mary Anne had brought away the Blue Backed Speller and a miserable memory of how confused and unhappy she had always been while she studied there. Since it was the only school she knew, she thought at once that the new one must be just like it, even though it would be set up here in the midst of all this warm beauty of soft late-summer wind and rolling grass changing from green to yellow.

"Oh no, Mother," she cried again and then asked, as a terrible afterthought, "Would Mrs. Watkins come here to teach it?"

Jane Seabold smiled and reassured her anxious little daughter. "Mrs. Watkins would never come here; she would be more afraid of the Indians even than I was a year ago. We would have to find some other teacher, though I do not believe it will be very easy."

Mary Anne sat thinking deeply and then picked up her book with a sigh. "I think, Mother," she declared, "that if you would let me take my lesson down to the creek and sit under the willow trees, I could truly promise to learn it."

"Very well," her mother agreed, "and you can help me carry out the roll of linen. I must get it bleached while we still have all this bright sunshine."

The red calf was grazing beside his shed; the turkeys were pecking quietly inside their pen and all the sunny landscape was still and peaceful. Mary Anne sat down upon a log and really began, for the first time that day, to occupy herself with actual studying. She knew that when the sun stood high at noon, her friend, Eric Thorveg, would very probably come the long way from his father's farm to play with her for an hour beside the creek. And she knew also that if her lesson were still unlearned, her mother would decree there should be no playing and Eric would have to go home again.

Although the narrow willow leaves came dropping slowly all about her and although another great flock of pigeons went overhead with whistling wings, she did not lift her eyes from the page until fox and rill and even the bigger words, like dearth and deign, were all mastered. When Mrs. Seabold had spread out the whole length of brown linen to bleach in the sun, she came and sat beside Mary Anne and heard her struggle through the reading lesson at the foot of the page.

"If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner." School books were very different in Mary Anne's time, when no one had yet thought of trying to make readers easy or delightful.

The lesson was triumphantly finished just as Eric Thorveg's blonde head came into view around the bend of the creek. Mary Anne was glad indeed that she was free to go to meet him, for behind Eric appeared the tall, striding figure of their Indian friend, the big warrior, Gray Eagle. She jumped up, leaving her book in the grass, and ran to greet her two good comrades.

While the boy and girl began some game of their own at the sandy edge of the water, Gray Eagle lifted his hand in greeting to Mary Anne's mother, busy again over her linen, and sat down upon the log which Mary Anne had so hastily left. Presently, as she looked over her shoulder, she saw that he had picked up her book and was examining it with curiosity. He looked at the outside and then at the open pages in the middle; he turned them cautiously as though afraid they might crumple under his hand like the dry leaves of a sycamore tree.

Eric and Mary Anne came to stand beside him; they tried to explain by signs and pointing what the book was. In the course of their friendship each had begun to know a little of the other's language. Eric had picked up quite a number of words of Sioux, Mary Anne somewhat fewer, while Gray Eagle, learning more slowly, had mastered enough English now for them all to understand each other when they talked of ordinary matters. But to a man who had never seen a book before, who had no idea that there were such things as printed words, the children's explanation was more than he could possibly understand.

Over some of the pictures, clumsy woodcuts of houses and animals, his face did brighten a little. Indian picture writing was somewhat like this; but the spelling book pictures did not follow in succession or make up a story as the red men's drawings on deerskin would have done. Therefore he could understand very little even of the illustrations. He would not put the book down, however, seeming determined to make out what this strange new possession of the white people could possibly be. Once he drew from under his blanket a small deerskin bag which hung by a thong around his neck. He looked from it to the speller as though there ought to be some connection between them, then shook his head and put the bag out of sight again.

Eric and Mary Anne finally gave up attempting to explain to him what the book was and, being weary from an unusually energetic game, they sat down on the log on each side of him and fell into that still, friendly silence which Indians seem to love.

A little soft wind blew in their faces; otherwise everything was utterly quiet about them. At a slight rustle amongst the bushes near the top of the opposite bank of the creek, Gray Eagle's glinting black eyes turned quickly in that direction. They sat so absolutely still, the three of them, that a moment later a small peering face came out through the tangled underbrush, then a lithe, smoothly moving body.

A red and tawny fox slipped out from the shelter of the tangled stems, that same fox which had so threatened the safety of the turkey flock. He sniffed the wind for a moment; but he failed to catch any human scent since the breeze blew from him to the silent watchers beside the willow tree. Mrs. Seabold, turning the linen on the grass, was quite out of sight. Even though the fox considered himself entirely alone, he moved with noiseless caution, glancing always from one side to another as he came gliding down the bank to drink at the edge of the stream. His great soft plume of a tail blew in the wind as he stooped his head, still watching with quickly turning eyes even when he lowered his sharp muzzle to the water.

If any one of the three watchers had moved a finger, he would have seen them instantly, but as it was he seemed so strangely blind to their unstirring presence that Mary Anne finally broke the spell by laughing

aloud. In a flash he was gone, leaving only a slight quivering in the dense bushes to show where he had taken cover.

"Shungidan," said Gray Eagle.

A sudden idea came to Eric. He turned over the pages of the book to Mary Anne's much-thumbed lesson, and pointed to a smudgy picture and the three printed letters. "Fox," he observed, and Mary Anne echoed delightedly,

"Fox."

A look of joyous understanding passed over Gray Eagle's face. "Shungidan, fox," he repeated and waved his hand toward where the quick animal had disappeared. It was plain that he understood at last how these strange white man's symbols could stand for something that he knew. He stood up and pointed to where, at some distance beyond the creek, they could now see his dun-colored pony grazing into sight. "Shuntanka," he told them and they repeated in chorus, "Shuntanka, horse." Mary Anne in her turn took the speller and found a dog-eared page whereon was printed the word horse. Gray Eagle examined the group of letters gravely and looked at his graceful pony. He seemed to think that they did not appear to be much alike, but still he repeated carefully, nodding all the while, "Shuntanka, horse."

After a little thought he spoke a new word, "Pte-ha," and looked at them inquiringly. He made signs with his hands lifted up to his forehead; but his interested audience could not understand. Then he strode down to the water's edge and made a rude drawing in the sand, no more clumsy in truth than the pictures in the speller, of a beast with horns and four legs, tall in front and shorter behind. The boy and girl studied it but could not guess what it was meant to be. Mrs. Seabold, having finished spreading her linen, came to look also but could not do any better.

But Eric cried suddenly, "A buffalo," and putting up his own hands he began to make prancing and trampling motions such as he had seen the Indians perform in the Buffalo Dance. Gray Eagle was delighted. "Pte-ha," he kept repeating and motioned toward the book. He wished to see the buffalo in the white man's picture writing, but alas, the Blue Backed Speller did not contain anything so interesting and uncommon as the word buffalo. Eric took up a stick and undertook to print the word in straggling letters in the sand. Mary Anne attempted to help him, but even between them they made a poor task of it. Gray Eagle was watching intently as each letter took shape, but could make nothing of the result. In the end Mrs. Seabold had to print it for them. Mary Anne felt much ashamed to find that she wrote so badly and was astonished that Eric, who was two years older, could not do better.

"My mother teaches me every day when she has time," she told Eric. "Doesn't your father teach you?"

"My father doesn't know how to write anything but Swedish," Eric answered ruefully, "and he says it isn't worth while for me to learn to write Swedish in America. I do wish there were a chance for me to go to school. I would like to read books and books and books!"

When her two friends had departed, Mary Anne was very silent as she walked back to the cottage with her mother.

"Do you suppose," she asked as they went in at the door, "that Eric knows how cross a teacher like Mrs. Watkins would be? Do you really think he *wants* to go to school?"

"There are not very many teachers like Mrs. Watkins," her mother insisted. "And she was an unhappy old woman that you should have been sorry for. As for going to school, you and Eric and Gray Eagle have been going to school for the last hour. Did you mind it so very much?"

"Was that going to school?" Mary Anne wondered. "Why, so it was, in a kind of a way." She had learned Sioux words before, one at a time, as she chanced to pick them up, but never before had she and Eric gone about it like a regular lesson. But she shook her head sadly a moment later. "It wasn't like going to a real school with walls, where you can't look out of the window. I don't think even Eric would like that."

John Seabold and his wife talked of the school that evening as they all sat beside the fire. "Just as soon as autumn comes," he declared, "we will get together, all the men from twenty miles around, and begin to put up the building. When that is finished we will look for a teacher."

Mary Anne listened dejectedly. "But where will you get any logs for a schoolhouse?" she asked her father. "All the bigger trees along the creek were cut down to make our house and Eric's and the store."

"We will have to go a long way for the logs," John Seabold answered.

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Grandmother's Noiseless Christmas

By Edith Mason Armstrong
Author of "*The Three Agathas*"

LONNY looked out of the kitchen window and shouted for joy.

"Oh Edie! The milk bottles have got ice caps on! There's going to be snow for Christmas!"

Edie came and looked at the bottles, the frozen contents of which had pushed up their caps so that they stuck out an inch or so. George and Fred and Marjory came, too; and they all shouted when they noticed a few snowflakes falling out of the overcast sky.

The children were not going to have Christmas Day at home this year. Their mother was visiting one of their older brothers and their father had decided to take them over to their Grandfather Mason's.

Right after church on Christmas morning he loaded them into carriages—in those days there were no automobiles—and they drove across the city to the other house.

Lonny, who was only five at this time, and Edie, who was not yet seven, were a little confused when they arrived, by the sight of so many relatives. It seemed to them as if there were cousins and aunts and uncles of all ages and sizes.

"It's dreadfully hard," Edie said to her little brother after three cousins she had never seen before got through hugging her, "to tell whether you ought to kiss them or shake hands with them. And I never know what to call them. If I say 'cousin' it's sure to be 'aunt,' and if I say 'aunt' it's sure to be 'cousin.'"

"I don't call 'em anything," replied Lonny. "I just let 'em hug."

The children's grandparents, Colonel and Mrs. Mason, entered the big drawing room.

Lonnie and Edie ran to their grandfather, a merry faced old gentleman with apple cheeks and a long snowy beard. He wore his new smoking jacket and cap of quilted red silk.

"Oh Grandpa," exclaimed Lonny as he was caught up and tossed in the air, "you look just like Santa Claus!"

"I know why you say that, young man. You want me to hurry up and give out some more Christmas presents! As if you hadn't had enough in your stocking at home!" He laughed and set the little boy down.

Lonny laughed, too, and turned to join his sister, who was standing by her grandmother's knee.

Mrs. Mason was a majestic looking old lady in silk and rare lace, with towering white hair and snapping black eyes. She spent so much time visiting her older sons and daughters in their homes in distant cities, and she had so many grandsons and granddaughters, she had not seen a great deal of the younger ones.

Edie and Lonny were very much in awe of her, and they twisted about and kept their eyes down when she spoke to them.

"I hope you will try to be good children to-day and not make too much noise," she told them austerely.

They nodded, trying to think of something polite to say. When she turned from them to some of the older ones, they felt relieved.

"C'mon, Lon!" said Edie. "Let's find the others and play tag in the hall."

It did not take long to collect half a dozen small cousins and as many brothers and sisters. The hall was a splendid place to play tag. The front part of it was large and square like a room, and the part next to the staircase was long and narrow with window niches to dodge into!

It was just at the height of the fun when the folding doors into the drawing room were opened suddenly and a tall spare man looked out, with a frown. It was one of the children's uncles.

"You mustn't make so much noise," he said. "Your grandmother doesn't like noise."

Lonny drew a long breath. "I wish she did. It doesn't seem like Christmas if we have to be still."

A game of "Puss-in-the-Corner" was started next, in the hope that it would be quieter. But they had not been playing long before the folding doors opened again, and a young lady cousin came out. She had her finger on her lip.

"You're making too much noise," Cousin Hattie told them. "It disturbs Grandmother, so she can't enjoy the other guests. Come in the library and I'll help you cut out pictures. Dinner will be ready soon."

The children cheered up. They did not feel like sitting still but the thought of the turkey helped.

At last the feast was ready and everyone trooped into the dining room and stood behind their chairs while Grandfather asked the blessing.

Grandmother knew what an old-fashioned Christmas dinner should be like and it was late when the guests rose, sighing.

The older ones said they were going to take naps and the younger ones were shooed up to the big roomy attic, where they were told they could romp as much as they liked.

But this did not prove to be the case. Right in the midst of a vigorous game of "I Spy" when everyone was screaming and shouting and having a really good time, a cousin they did not know—a tall, black-haired woman in a plum colored dress—opened the door of the huge high-ceilinged attic.

"This is Cousin Emma," she announced severely. "I came up to say you were making such a dreadful noise nobody can sleep. You shake the whole house running around wild, like that!"

"Don't see how we can play 'I Spy' standing still," muttered Lonny.

The lady ignored him. "Come down to my room and I'll get out the tiddly-winks set," she suggested.

Tiddly winks for fourteen children!

That was an idea! They managed to make it sound respectful, but they all laughed.

Cousin Emma flushed. "You don't seem to understand that Grandmother isn't used to noise. The house must be kept quiet when she's taking a nap."

The children were discouraged but fortunately kind Cousin Hattie appeared and invited them down to the old-fashioned kitchen in the back of the house for a candy pull. The dinner things had been put away and the maids had gone out, so they could have it all to themselves.

For almost an hour the various nappers, stretched upon beds upstairs and sofas downstairs, were undisturbed by any sound from the youngsters.

Then came a terrific hubbub!

While Cousin Hattie's back was turned one of the boys had pushed the candy over the red part of the big coal range to make it cook faster and it had boiled over.

A tremendous hissing sound mingled with the cries of the children. Cousin Hattie was unable to quiet the disturbance before several nappers put their heads in the door to protest.

"Just as if it wasn't hard enough," the young girl said indignantly, "to keep fourteen children quiet on any day, let alone Christmas!"

When the candy was finished she took it and her charges up the back stairs into a large second floor sitting room. She got out some of their new toys and put them on a table, then cut the plate of the

warm taffy and gave each child a huge piece.

"There," she said laughingly, "perhaps that will keep you quiet for a little while!" And she left them.

The truce lasted for perhaps an hour. Then the restless spirits of those two irrepressibles, Lonny and Edie, broke loose again.

They had tiptoed out of the sitting room without being noticed and were sitting at the head of the back stairs. It was a very long, steep staircase, polished and worn and uncarpeted.

"I know what let's do," said Lonny. "You know that big black tea tray the maids used to pile dishes on after dinner?"

"Yes?" said Edie.

"Well, let's get it and slide down the stairs. I bet it would go like a streak!"

"Oh e-eee! Lonny Mason, how'd you think of it?" his sister exclaimed.

"Well," said Lonny modestly, "there isn't any toboggan slide at this old house like we have in our yard at home. If we can't slide outside we might's well try it indoors!"

The tray which their grandmother kept for family reunion dinners was unusually large, and when the children placed it at the head of the stairs, it covered the first two steps.

Chuckling, they got on it, sitting Turk fashion, Lonny in front and Edie behind. They kept it in position until they were ready to start, by clutching the banisters.

"Clear the way!" Edie's shout was carefully subdued but nothing could disguise the terrific clatter made by the descent of the tea tray as it bumped from wooden step to wooden step.

It was marvelous how the children stayed on, and not to be wondered at that the final bump of landing on the floor brought loud screams of pain as well as joy!

It also brought again the irate grown-ups who, roused from their naps, threw open the doors leading into the front hall and the library.

"Good heavens, what's the matter?" asked Cousin Edwin, rubbing his eyes.

"Of all the dreadful children!" began Cousin Emma, and various other exclamations of alarm and reproof followed.

The children's father, humiliated that these two blatant disturbers of the peace should be children of his, seized Lonny by the ear and Edie by the shoulder.

"If you don't stop making such a racket," he said, "I don't know what I shall do!"

There was a rustle of rich silk and the crowd in the doorway made room for another arrival. It was Grandmother.

"It seems strange that we have to have so much noise. It waked me up!"

"There now, children," said their mortified father, "see what you've done!"

"Never mind, Edward," said the old lady, with a resigned expression, "I daresay it is too much to expect my grandchildren to let me have a nap. Besides it's nearly time to dress for tea. You know there will be Christmas callers."

Lonny and Edie were taken up into the sitting room again in disgrace, where another relative with a very severe countenance, brushed their hair and clothes, and washed their faces. Then she sat them on two tall chairs side by side and left them with an admonishing "Be good."

"This is the funniest Christmas we have ever had," remarked Lonny, swinging his legs.

"Yes," agreed Edie. "It's been the longest day!"

"Well," said Lonny with a sudden expression of heavenly goodness, "I've been thinkin' it's because we don't try to do something for somebody else. You know what the minister said in church this morning about tryin' to make others happy if you want to be happy yourself?"

Edie nodded admiringly.

"I wish I knew someone we could make happy," continued Lonny, "and I'd give him all the presents we got to-day, and invite him to tea and everything!"

He was gazing in rapt fashion straight ahead of him. Suddenly he realized that he was staring right at a large photograph of his grandfather, who at one time had been fire commissioner of the city, standing with a helmeted battalion chief, while their hands rested on the necks of three large white horses. These were the hook and ladder horses, Nelly and Joe and Whitey. His grandfather had told Lonny stories about them many a time.

"I know!" exclaimed Lonny, suddenly inspired, "let's ring the fire alarm and get the firemen here so we can give them some presents and invite them to tea! Grandmother said there was goin' to be lots

[Continued on page 692]

The House in Hidden Lane

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

Author of "*The Secret of Tate's Beach*," "*The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes*," "*The Disappearance of Anna Shair*," "*A Book of Mysteries*," etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Junior and Bettina Tanner, together with their mother, Magnolia the colored maid, and their twin cousins, Lucien and Lucile Moran (more generally known as Lucky and Lulu), go to Seabranch to spend the summer in the old house, variously called "Aunt Abigail's white elephant" or the "house in Hidden Lane," because of the narrow lane overgrown with shrubbery which leads to it. The house had been willed by Great-aunt Abigail to Mrs. Moran, Junior's Aunt Annabel, on the condition that she or some other close relative occupy it for three months out of every year for fifteen years, after which time she will be free to sell it. This is the last of the fifteen years and, although they find the old house rather gloomy, they have agreed to occupy it in order that Aunt Annabel, who is spending the summer in Europe, may not lose it.

A letter from Aunt Annabel tells how Great-aunt Abigail had left her a collection of very worthwhile trinkets, but how after her death not a sign of them could be found. The old lady had her own curious hiding places for things, but for fourteen years Aunt Annabel had been unable to discover them. Now that she will sell the old place in another year, she hopes that the children will be interested in carrying on the search during the summer, and of course the four of them are wildly excited at the prospect. The attic, the bedroom, the cellar, a queer little loft above Magnolia's room over the kitchen and the barn yield nothing very helpful. Mrs. Tanner calls on old Mrs. Lowry who had worked for Aunt Abigail, but finds her very unfriendly. Timmie, her grandson, is just as unfriendly to the boys, but as time goes on he grows more sociable and plays often with the children. He tells them an absurd story about a ghost that is supposed to haunt the place; but though they know this is foolish and tell him so, they are worried by the strange shadowy figure they see about the yard at night. In looking through the old secretary bookcase, Junior finds an unfinished letter which Great-aunt Abigail had written to Aunt Annabel but which evidently had never been sent. The letter breaks off in the most interesting place, but they learn that there were some of her jewels which she wished Mrs. Tanner to have and also that the ship's carpenters who had built the house had made some inconvenient mistakes which had had to be altered. This assures them that there really is a hiding place in the old house, and they renew their search. Other exciting things happen, too—Timmy saves Bettina's life and Magnolia threatens to leave because she thinks she has seen a "hant" under the window. Mrs. Tanner begs her to stay one more night and in order to prove to her that there is no such thing as a "ghost" she and Lucky and Junior keep watch in the darkness in the kitchen below her room. Exactly at twelve-thirty they hear a soft tap-tap-tapping on the side of the house, accompanied by a low groan.

Part VI

The "Ghost" Is Laid

By a pre-arranged signal, Mrs. Tanner was to creep to the door, if they heard any sound, and the boys were to watch at the windows, keeping themselves out of view, and give her the signal when the unwelcome visitor was near enough for her to stalk out suddenly and confront him before he had a chance to get away. And this position they took without even a whispered word, as soon as the first shock of hearing the sound outside had passed. Then for a moment there was no further disturbance, and they began to fear they had been mistaken. But once more it began, almost directly under the windows. And Junior, who was standing nearest his mother, reached out and pulled her skirt as a signal that the time had come.

Suddenly, without a word and with scarcely a sound, Mrs. Tanner stepped out of the door, down the two shallow steps of the kitchen porch and stood facing the intruder. At the same moment, Junior's big electric torch flashed its light out of the kitchen window and there was a gasp of utmost amazement from every one of the three watchers. For the dark covering

had slipped from the face of the intruder, revealing the bright red hair and frightened freckled countenance of *Timmie!*

For a moment every one was too astonished to speak. Then Mrs. Tanner demanded, in a voice very quiet and low, but somehow filled with indignation, "Will you kindly explain what you're doing here?"

But the red-headed culprit was now himself so frightened that he could not seem to find words for explanation. And Magnolia, leaning out of her window above, exclaimed, "Lawdy! Lawdy! Dis am de fust time Ah eber did hyar ob a red-headed ghos'!"

Suddenly Mrs. Tanner took pity on the frightened and humiliated child in front of her.

"Come inside with me," she said more gently, "and let's get this all straightened out. You're Mrs. Lowry's grandson Timmie, aren't you?" The boy nodded, still speechless, and she led him inside and through to the living room where the boys lit the big center lamp on the table. Mrs. Tanner seated herself on the divan and asked all the others to seat themselves. Even Magnolia had ambled down from her room and was standing inquisitively near the door.

"And you sit here by me," she ordered Timmie, "and try to tell us how you came to be playing such an unkind prank." Timmie's face crinkled up and the tears gathered in his eyes. He had not expected to be treated quite this way.

But still he answered somewhat defiantly, "I meant ter scare you all—that's what! There ain't no use hidin' it!"

"But what did you want to frighten us for?" asked Mrs. Tanner in surprise. "That was rather unkind of you, wasn't it?"

"Well, maybe I didn't mean *all* of you—but just *her!*" explained Timmie, pointing to Magnolia.

"But why did you want to frighten Magnolia?" demanded Mrs. Tanner, still bewildered. But this, for some unknown reason, Timmie refused to explain. "I don't want to tell you," was all he would say, and remained stubbornly silent thereafter. In vain Mrs. Tanner tried to induce him to reveal his reason. He would not answer. And at last, thoroughly annoyed, she declared,

"Very well! If you will not tell us, then I shall have to call on your grandmother to-morrow and have this out with her. Perhaps she or your mother can find a way to bring you to reason."

It was at this crisis, that a curious diversion happened. For who should burst into the room but Bettina, who with Lulu, had waked, hearing the unusual disturbance downstairs, and slipped down just in time to hear her mother's last warning. Rushing in, she planted herself in front of her mother and cried, "Oh, you mustn't do anything to punish Timmie! You mustn't—you mustn't! He saved my life to-day—didn't you Timmie?"

And in the fresh amazement that ensued, she told her mother, in a halting and chaotic account, the story of her morning's adventure. Mrs. Tanner heard it through, slowly realizing the terrible danger her little daughter had been in and the quick-witted and skillful manner in which this provoking red-headed little rascal had rescued her. And Timmie, himself, blushing furiously to the roots of his carroty hair, and twisting his fingers in an agony of bashfulness, kept insisting gruffly,

"Aw—I didn't do nuthin—just swum out 'n got hold of my boat. Didn't want it to float away. It wasn't nothin' ter write home about!"

But a wave of gratitude had surged up in the heart of Mrs. Tanner. Suddenly putting both arms around the abashed Timmie, she kissed his freckled cheek and half-sobbed, "You blessed boy! How can I ever, ever thank you? I don't care how many foolish pranks you may have tried to play on us. This has wiped the slate clean. Go home and rest peacefully, and we'll forget all about to-night. You can't ever make me angry again after what you did for Bettina!" And then, curiously enough, the ice melted in Timmie. He choked and spluttered and finally began to stammer.

"I guess I'll have ter tell you—I didn't mean ter—

[*Continued on page 678*]

Elsa and The Ten Elves Puzzle—

Find Gunner, her Husband and Two of their Servants

By Helen Hudson

Cooper Street Jerry

By Frances Mathews Warn

JERRY was a little stray dog who had finally found a home with Ted. He was the first dog Ted had ever owned, and he loved him very much. All the boys on Cooper Street liked him, too, and Chet said how could you help it when he was such a friendly mite of a fellow and had such a cheerful tail. When the notice—

MID-WINTER DOG DERBY
OPEN TO ALL
PRIZES ON DISPLAY IN MANHARD'S WINDOW

was posted, the Cooper Street boys got together in their log cabin down by Tumbling Run and talked the thing over. Ted was late in coming, for he had to finish his paper route first. By the time he arrived they had all decided on a scheme that was to be a secret from him.

"Whittakers!" Chet exploded in a loud whisper. "The dandy lot of prizes—and he needs them all."

"He doesn't even have skates. Those tubular hockeys will be great for him," Max was saying when the secret door slid open and Ted appeared.

"It's decided," said Chet quickly. "You're going to represent the bunch and race Jerry on Derby Day."

"You know you could outrun me with Socks!"

"I'm not so sure. Anyway I'm not racing this year. We've all decided on you and Jerry."

Ted hesitated. There was something a little strange in all this.

"We're all for you, Ted," insisted Max. "You know we all sort of own Jerry together. We want you to drive him and win the race for Cooper Street."

"Sure we do," sang out everybody.

"Where'd the rug come from?" Ted changed the subject abruptly.

"Max brought it to-day. Dandy, isn't it?"

"See what Quin brought! A camp kit for the kitchen."

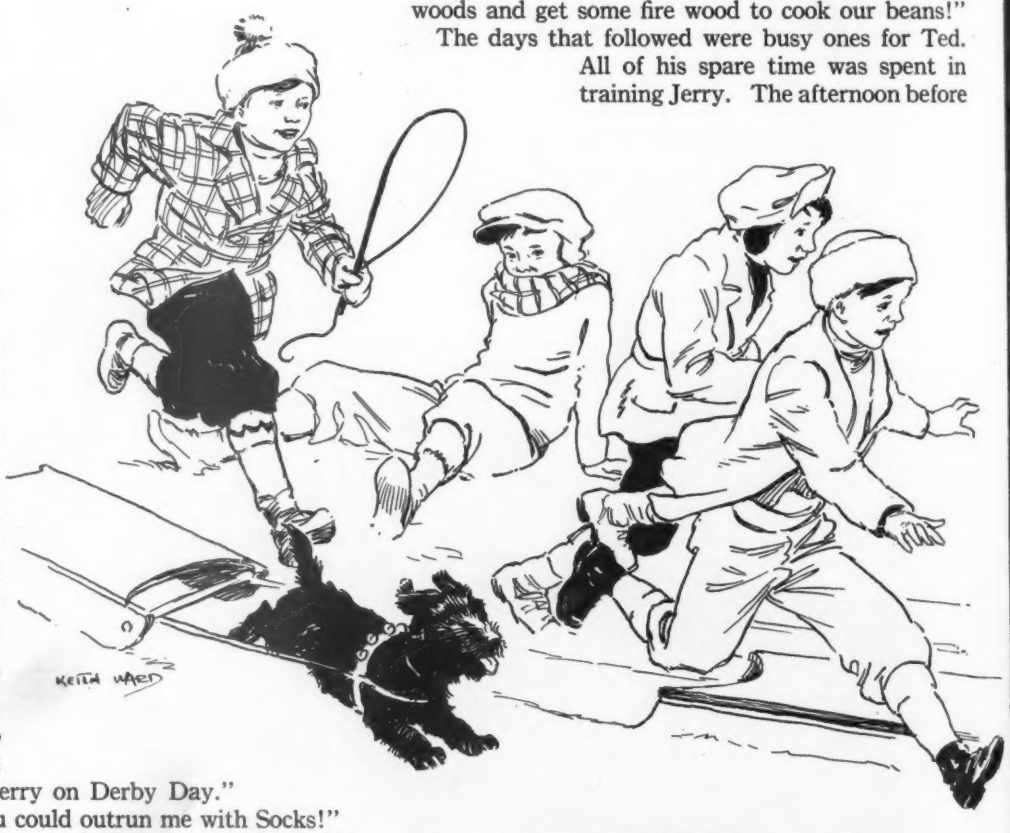
"We're getting the cabin all fixed up, aren't we?" Chet asked. Ted was silent. There wasn't a thing he could bring and he felt it keenly. "Say, how about the race?" Chet persisted. "Come on, Ted. Go into it and win!"

"All right," Ted agreed with sudden determination. "Jerry's legs are short, but he's every inch sense to the tip of his tail."

"There are dandy prizes in Manhard's window," said Quin, "tubular hockeys, if you please, snow shoes, real Indian ones, a peachy mackinaw—"

"There were other things there, too," thought Ted, but aloud he said merrily, "Let's hie to the woods and get some fire wood to cook our beans!"

The days that followed were busy ones for Ted. All of his spare time was spent in training Jerry. The afternoon before the race, when he reached the open stretch of road just north of Lakewood, he met Tim Larson with his beautiful Eskimo dog.



"Thought I'd train this fellow a while to-day," said Tim. "I haven't practiced any, have you?"

"Sure," Ted answered. "Every day."

"Well, Ted, you haven't a dog that is supposed

to be much of a runner. You know that, don't you?"

"He can go all right," Ted insisted, "and he's got lots of sense."

"What kind of a dog is he?" asked Tim with a chuckle. "Little tramp, isn't he?"

"He's a good dog," replied Ted shortly, and snapping his whip in the air he was off down the road.

By eight o'clock the next morning all the Cooper Street boys had gathered at Ted's house. Jerry was being groomed and harnessed for the race.

"He sure does shine," observed Max as he brushed the little black face.

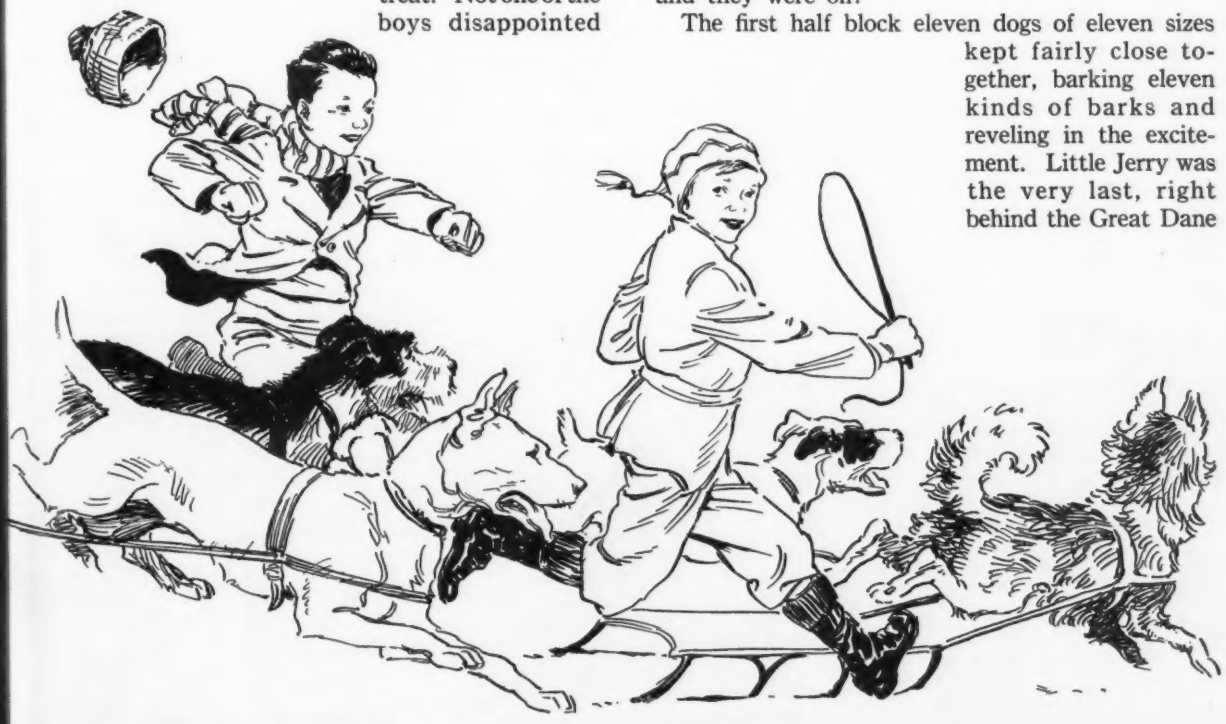
"The red sled shows up great against the snow." Ted smiled. "You fellows did a real good job painting that."

Chet's eyes twinkled. "We weren't just sure when we printed 'Sir Jeremiah' across the side whether we had the S headed right or not."

"He won't go at all if we don't put the little string of silver bells on him," laughed Ted, as he watched Quin polishing them.

"It's going to be a real race," Chet confided. "You will have to look out for Tim Larson and his Eskimo dog. There, how does that look?" and he tied a wish-bone onto Jerry's collar with his own necktie.

The tiny sleigh bells jingled as Jerry flew about from one pocket to another, looking for his usual treat. Not one of the boys disappointed him and presently the Cooper Street contingent moved off down town.



Main Street had been closed to traffic for six blocks. By ten o'clock hundreds of people stood with their backs to the store windows, waiting for the race to begin. The last blizzard had left a heavy fall of snow that had been shoveled from the walks and was piled high where the curb was in summer. Great icicles hung from the eaves and were dripping the least bit at the points wherever the sun touched them. Boys, snugly warm in German socks and moccasins, corduroy trousers and bright plaid mackinaws, ran busily here and there, steering and coaxing excited dogs of all sizes who seemed determined to go exactly where they pleased.

Little Jerry took his place among the others and was delighted to see Curly and Shep and Spot and all the rest of his friends. He didn't realize at all that his legs were very short and that Tim Larson was yelling that he was going to be the clown and bring up the rear. He just knew that there was lots of excitement and he was right in the middle of it.

Presently a shout from the starter got them together.

"One—two—three—ready—set—go!" he called and they were off.

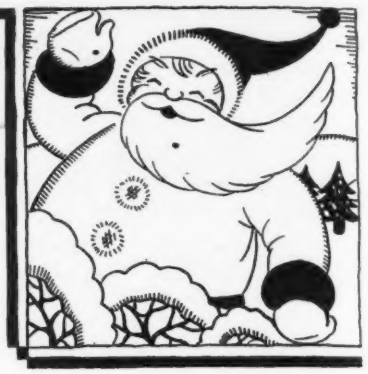
The first half block eleven dogs of eleven sizes kept fairly close together, barking eleven kinds of barks and reveling in the excitement. Little Jerry was the very last, right behind the Great Dane who had been hard to start but was soon making twice the time the rest were. Finally, without warning, the big fellow swerved into a huge snowbank and then headed back in the direction from

[Continued from page 676]

A Quarter-to-Christmas

By Marjorie Barrows

Compiler "*One Hundred Best Poems for Boys and Girls*," author of "*The Magic Umbrella Abroad*," etc., etc.



INTRODUCING

SANTA (with no modern improvements, thank goodness!).

HIS ELVES (as many as you want). They wear red suits, and bells on their caps.

DINGLE, the winner of the Santa Claus medal. He's an elf, too.

CHRISTMAS FAIRIES, all in fluffy dresses of white gauze and silver tinsel. And, of course, they wear silvery wings.

GWEN, a little orphan, very ragged to begin with.

THE LADY, a motherly-looking person with white hair and glasses and a blue-checked apron.

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP: Just a snowy field with a few bushes at the left and two or three Christmas trees a little to the right. A white sheet or white cotton sprinkled with diamond dust makes fine snow. A box, all covered with cotton snow, is placed near a tree.

As the curtain goes up the elves hippity-hop in and as they sprinkle diamond dust and sparkling shreds of silver paper over the trees, they sing to the tune of "Jingle Bells":

Skipping through the snow,
Ting-a-ling we go,
Oh, Santa's elves enjoy themselves
When icy breezes blow.
Our Christmas work is done;
Our holiday's begun;
It's Dingle's Day, so let us play
And have a lot of fun!

Dingle Day! Dingle Day!
Watch us trim each tree.
Sprinkle it and twinkle it
And make it Christmas-y.
Dingle Day! Dingle Day!
Dingle, blind your eyes,
For Santa's here, to tell you, dear,
That you have won his prize!

During the song Dingle stops short, his mouth opened, as soon as his name is mentioned. He is so surprised. The elves tie a handkerchief around his eyes and Santa pops up laughing, from behind one of the bushes.

SANTA: Well, well, it's a quarter-to-Christmas now, elves. Have you painted all those sleds?

FIRST ELF: Yes, Santa!

SANTA: Curled the doll's hair?

SECOND ELF: Yes, Santa. I did.

SANTA: Finished the tops, drums, skates, balls, candy canes?

THIRD AND FOURTH ELVES: All finished, Santa Claus!

SANTA: Jingle bells, then it's time to give away the Santa Claus medal to the elf who has worked the hardest and worked the most cheerfully all this year. Come closer!

[*They gather around him, shoving* DINGLE *up towards* SANTA.]

ELVES: Dingle's won it. Dingle's won the Santa Claus medal.

SANTA: Yep, Dingle is the one. And I'm glad you all picked him out, too. Well, Dingle, here's your chance. Turn around three times now and make your three wishes! One—two—three—eee.

[DINGLE *turns around three times.*]

DINGLE (*clasping his hands*): I wish for a tree—all trimmed and full of wonderful presents!

[*Music is heard in the distance. The Christmas* FAIRIES *dance in, one bringing in a tree partly trimmed, and the others bringing in trimmings and presents. One present is a green and gold cape and* DINGLE *claps his hands when he sees it.*]

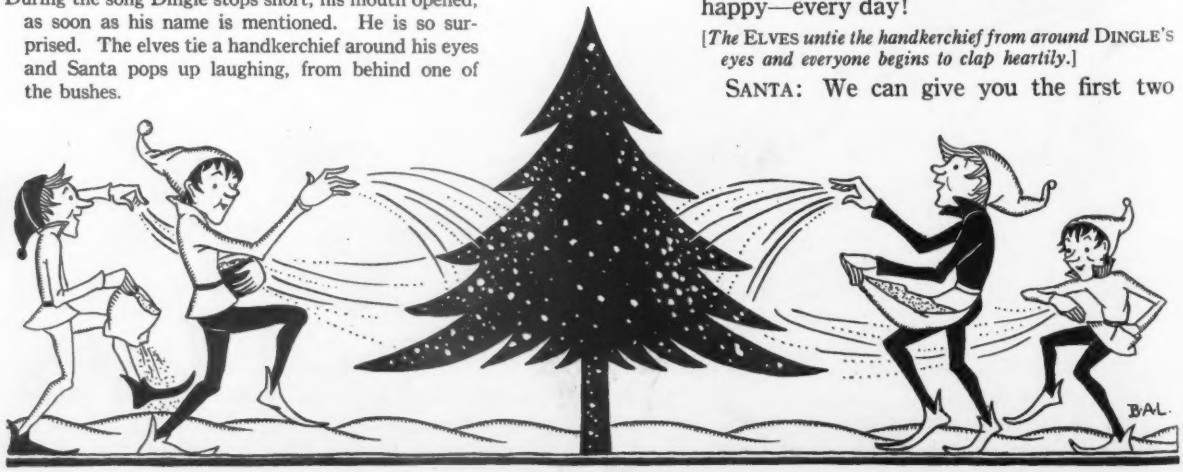
DINGLE: And I wish for a party!

[*The* ELVES *clasp hands and arch their arms and the* FAIRIES *weave their way in and out through them. The music grows louder.*]

DINGLE: And I wish somehow to be just terribly happy—every day!

[*The* ELVES *untie the handkerchief from around* DINGLE'S *eyes and everyone begins to clap heartily.*]

SANTA: We can give you the first two



wishes, Dingle. But you'll have to find happiness for yourself. No one can really give you that, you know. And—sh! Someone's coming! Hide quickly, all of you!

[*They all have barely time to crouch down behind the bushes before poor little ragged* GWEN *appears, hugging a little toy dog in her arms.*]

GWEN (*sitting down on a snowy box*): I'm awful tired, puppy. I guess we've lost the way. But I did want to find him. He can't find us 'cause we don't live any special place now. Oh, *puppy!* [*She buries her face in her arms as* SANTA *and the* ELVES *bob up for a peek, shake their heads pityingly, and then bob down again.*] It's 'most Christmas, puppy, and we can't find Santa to tell him, *you* know—[*She gets off the box and curls up on the ground and closes her eyes.*] It's kind-a cold, puppy, but maybe we can sleep and dream we found Santa and he *did* give us a Christmas tree and—and a *mother.* [*She is silent a moment, then murmurs drowsily, "And-and-a moth-er!" and lies very still. Pretty soon* SANTA *and the* ELVES *and* FAIRIES *tiptoe back and look down upon her.*]

SANTA: It's Gwen—a poor little orphan that I lost track of. And now there are no presents left—except those already ordered!

ELVES (*shaking their heads*): Poor Gwen!

FAIRIES: Gwen looks cold!

DINGLE (*giving up his new green cape with a pang*): Here. I'll give her my bee-autiful new cape. That will keep Gwen warm.

[SANTA *smiles.*]

ELVES: That will keep her warm.

[DINGLE *fastens the cape on the sleeping child, and looks down at her. Then he stoops and touches her curls.*]

DINGLE: Gwen wants a Christmas tree. [*He looks at* SANTA *appealingly.*]

SANTA: Too bad they are all ordered.

FIRST ELF: Couldn't we manage to fix up one of the tiny ones in this field, with a little popcorn and a cranberry chain?

SECOND ELF: That would be better than nothing.

[*They start to fix a tiny tree.* DINGLE *watches them. Then he puts one or two ornaments from his own lovely tree on it.*]

FIRST ELF: But that's *your own* tree, Dingle. You earned it. Don't give *that* away.

DINGLE (*looking at his tree*): I know. It's *mine*—and I love it. Oh, *dear*—[*He stops speaking and runs off the stage very suddenly. The* ELVES *and* FAIRIES *look at each other and whisper.* SANTA *smiles and shakes his head.*]

SANTA: Well, elves and fairies! Let's give this little girl a fairy dream, anyway. On with the dance! [*A violin is heard playing Dvorak's "Humoresque" very softly.*]

ELVES AND FAIRIES (*dancing slowly and dreamily to the music and singing*):

Christmas Eve is nearing and
We elves and fairies, hand in hand,
Will bring a dream of Fairyland
To Gwen.
Our gifts are gay, our gifts are new,
A Christmas tree, an elf cape, too,
And we will sing our song for you
Again!

[*They keep on dancing to the violin accompaniment, through the rest of the "Humoresque." Then* DINGLE *rushes in breathlessly.*]

DINGLE: Let's not give Gwen that little Christmas tree. She hasn't anything nice, and, well, let's give her *mine!*

SANTA (*smiling*): We didn't quite finish trimming your tree, Dingle. [*The* ELVES *bring forth more trimming.*] Let's do it now and sing the Dingle Day song.

ELVES (*singing to the tune of "Jingle Bells" as they finish trimming the tree*):

Skipping through the snow,
Ting-a-ling we go,
Oh, Santa's elves enjoy themselves
When icy breezes blow.
Our Christmas work is done;

[*Continued on page 687*]

Modern Bakers *are* Magicians *with* Flour, Eggs, Butter, Milk *and* Sugar

GROCERS *everywhere have delicious cookies, crackers and cakes in inviting packages that preserve their oven-freshness.*

IF IT were not for those dainty cookies, wafers, sweet crackers and cakes made by the great baking companies of this country and sold at grocery stores everywhere — what would ladies do at their teas and bridge parties — what would we do for desserts?

Alluring indeed are the creations of these bakers. And the marvel of it is that they come to us oven-fresh. What a tribute to the careful way they are made, packed and delivered.

There is a place in every balanced diet for these inviting inexpensive cookies and cakes. They round out the meal and make everybody satisfied and happy. For variation, serve them with stewed or fresh fruit or ice cream.

Too many of our meals are lacking in enjoyment because sugar has been left out. Try a dash of pure cane sugar in the essential foods, such as vegetables, fruit and cereals, and see how much better they taste. Doctors and dietitians heartily recommend this use of sugar as a flavor. The Sugar Institute, 129 Front Street, New York.

"A bit of sweet makes the meal complete"

We Pack A Christmas Box

By Clara Ingram Judson
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

MERRY CHRISTMAS to the cooks! If everyone has as much fun getting ready for Christmas as we have in our kitchen, there is going to be a very successful celebration this year—we are sure of that!

We plan to give several of our friends boxes filled with our cooking. Some of the boxes will be tin, decorated with interesting little pictures; some will be pasteboard and some Bristol board, but all will be as pretty as we can make them. Then when they are filled, we shall wrap them in red paper, tie them with green ribbon and stick a sprig of holly in each bow and carry them around Christmas Day—unless they are for out-of-town friends. Those we shall mail a few days in advance, of course.

Now, while we shall want to make the boxes look as nice as possible we are most interested in what we put in them—that must be the very best of our cooking, the very, very best. To make sure we can have perfection, we mean to cook a trial batch of each new recipe before we make the Christmas lot, so we shall be very busy each Saturday morning in December and maybe some afternoons, too. A fine idea is to make *half* of a new recipe first; then there will not be so much candy for us to eat up and still we will have the chance to practice and be very expert when we make the goodies for the Christmas boxes. Some candies keep well when packed in tin boxes—hard candies, fruit balls, fruit peeling and such; others, like fudge, are best made as near the time of eating as possible. So study your plans carefully, do your practice making early, make the boxes on rainy afternoons and see if, when Christmas comes, you haven't prepared some of the most acceptable gifts you ever made. We are sure that you and the lucky people who receive your boxes will be very pleased.

We shall make our fruit balls first, then candied grape fruit peeling which is very nearly the same as the delicious candied orange peeling we learned to make a long time ago. Then we have a recipe for honey taffy which is new and wonderful tasting and for a cocoa-fudge made from one of the new cocoa and malt mixtures that are now so popular; so you see we have a big and important lesson for this busy month.

CANDIED GRAPEFRUIT PEELING

Wash two or three halves of grapefruit rinds.

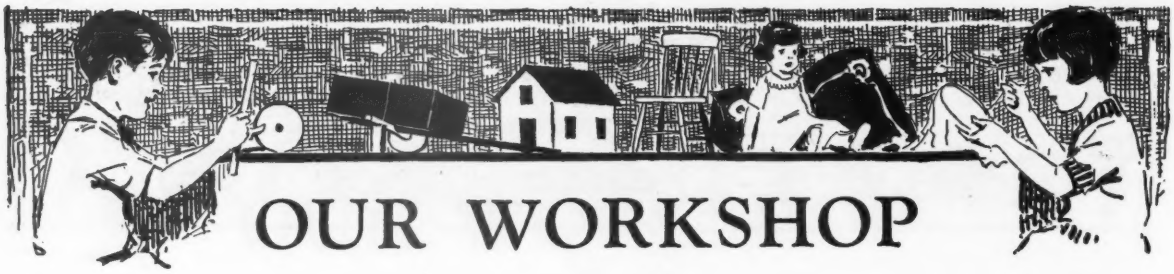
Put them in a small pan of cold water; bring quickly to a boil and boil 20 minutes.

Pour off that water, re-cover and boil again for 10 minutes or until the peeling is tender.

Plunge into cold water. Drain and scoop out the pith and skin.

Cut with scissors into narrow, even strips 3 to 4 inches long.

[*Continued on page 670*]



OUR WORKSHOP

Doll House Furniture

By A. Neely Hall

Author of "*Making Things with Tools*," "*Big Book of Boys' Hobbies*," "*Home Made Toys for Girls and Boys*," etc.

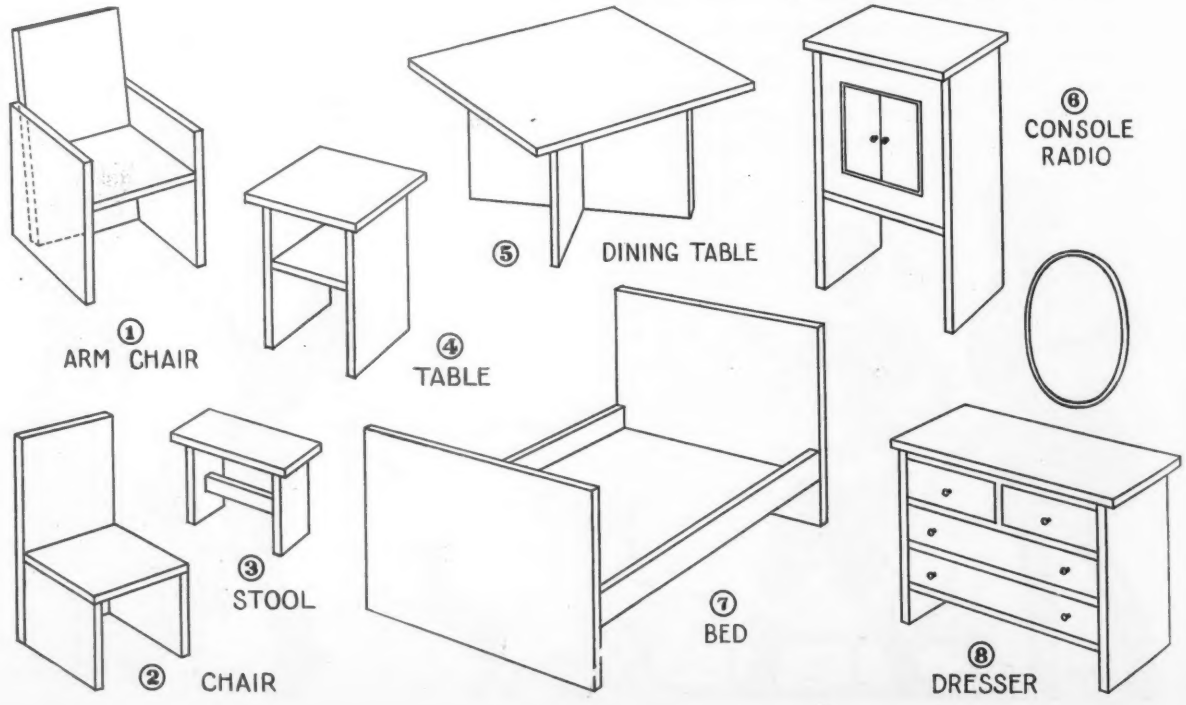
AFTER you have built the bungalow doll house shown upon last month's page, make the furniture. Making furniture is a big job in itself, and you must start work early so there will be time to complete it and have the bungalow in readiness to place beside the tree on Christmas Eve.

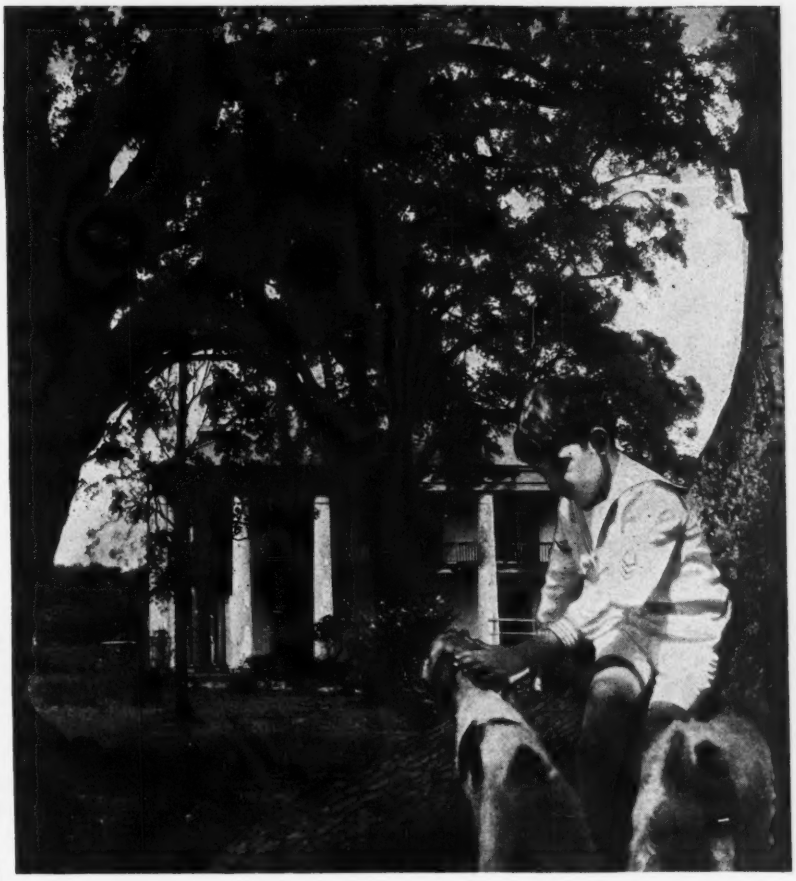
On this page are designs for some easily built doll furniture. It has been designed to a scale of 1 inch to 1 foot. A table that measures 2½ feet high will be 2½ inches high for the doll house, and a chair's seat that measures 1½ feet high will be 1½ inches high. By using this system of measurement, you can get all of the dimensions needed for the doll furniture by measuring furniture in your home, then using inches instead of feet. For this reason, I haven't crowded our page with dimensions.

There is nothing better for doll furniture than the thin wood from cigar boxes. You can procure boxes at a drug store or a cigar store. Some of the wood used in cigar boxes has a grain similar to that of mahogany. You can finish it with a mahogany stain, fill the grain with wood filler, and then apply varnish. Or you can give it a coat of boiled linseed oil, and then wax the surfaces. Other wood used in cigar boxes has a close grain. The best way to finish it is with lacquer or enamel. The bright red, orange, yellow, green and blue colors, which you can buy in small-sized cans, make pretty doll furniture.

After obtaining a supply of cigar boxes, remove the paper linings and labels. Place the boxes in a tub of hot water, weight them down, and allow them to soak until the paste has softened. Then peel off the paper. Place the covers flat against the bottoms, and bind with string, to prevent them from warping, and place the boxes near a radiator or stove. When the boxes are dry, knock them apart.

[*Continued on page 668*]





A drowsy old Louisiana plantation and a very alert small boy

ALFRED OLIVIER HERO, Jr.

● The mellow old plantation bell rings out, and a little boy comes running. Alfred Olivier Hero, Junior—in whose veins runs the proud French blood of Jean Baptiste Olivier of old New Orleans.

Week days Alfred spends in New Orleans, a decorous six-year-old going to school. But week-ends! Then he roams over Stella Plantation.

So much to see! From his front gate, ocean liners, sweeping down the Channel where once the polished and piratical brothers Lafitte plied their trade. At the back, the old slave quarters of bygone days, standing under great live oaks.

Young Alfred's black lashed violet eyes miss nothing. His tanned legs are sturdy. He has the endurance befitting a small descendant of many famous soldiers.

His charming young mother gives her personal supervision to everything concerning the little boy. She watches particularly the matter of a hot cooked cereal in his diet. Alfred eats Cream of Wheat as part of his regular routine.

"Alfred has had Cream of Wheat since he was six months old," says Mrs. Hero, "All the finest child specialists recommend it, don't they?"

They do! In a recent investigation—made in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto—two hundred and twenty-one leading specialists were asked their opinion about a cereal for children. One and all, they approve Cream of Wheat.

They rely upon its marvelous ease of assimilation. In Cream of Wheat no harsh part of the grain is retained. They value its rich supply of energy. They know that it is an economical food, *with forty generous servings to a package.*

For these reasons mothers choose Cream of Wheat for their children. If Cream of Wheat is not on the morning program in *your* household, start now.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

TUNE IN on the Cream of Wheat Radio Program every weekday morning at 7:45. Stations WJZ, WBZ-A, KDKA, WHAM, WLW, WJR, WLS, KSTP, WREN, KFAB, KWK.

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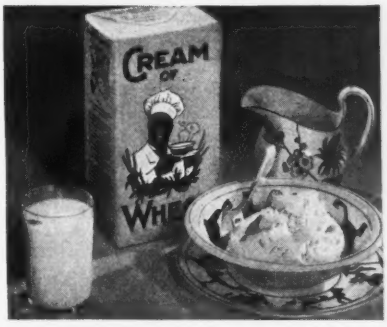


FREE—this wonderful game

All children love the H. C. B. Club, with a secret meaning, a badge to wear, and different degrees of membership. It makes them eager to eat their morning cereal. All the wonder-working material is free—badges, gold stars, and big new colored posters with stirring scenes of Roland and Oliver, Joan of Arc, Richard the Lion Hearted. Mail this coupon to Dept. R-36, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Child's name.....

Address.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here ☐

For Your Christmas List

MACMILLAN BOOKS

Ring A-Round: A Collection of Verses for Boys and Girls

By Mildred P. Harrington. Illustrated by Corydon Bell.

Every child needs an anthology like this one. Here are old favorites and new, less familiar, poems selected with care and arranged according to subject matter. The pictures on this page are from Mr. Bell's delightful illustrations. $3.00

Stars-To-Night: Verses New and Old for Boys and Girls

By Sara Teasdale. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop.

An unusually lovely gift book. Poems by a famous poet and exquisite pictures by a favorite illustrator. The limited edition, 150 copies, is signed by author and artist.
Limited edition $7.50 Regular edition $2.00

The Cat Who Went to Heaven

By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Lynd Ward.

In Japan cats are not allowed to go to heaven. This story tells how, through her friendship with an artist, a small gray cat won that privilege. $2.00

Just Horses

By "K. O. S." (Baroness Dombrowski)

A picture book of horses. Eighteen striking illustrations printed in Germany and interesting descriptive text. A picture book for all ages. $2.50

Told Under the Green Umbrella: Old Stories for New Children

Collected by the International Kindergarten Union. Illustrated by Grace Gilkison.

Fairy stories and folk lore especially suited for the kindergarten age, selected by a committee of experts on child reading. $3.00

The Wonder Road

Book I, Familiar Haunts; Book II, Enchanted Paths; Book III, Far Horizons.

By Edwin L. Starbuck and Frank K. Shuttleworth.

These three volumes represent the work of the Institute of Character Research of the University of Iowa. Each volume is fully illustrated and represents most careful book making. In their colorful bindings and jackets they make a beautiful gift and form an excellent foundation for a library of fairy tales. The volumes contain familiar stories in Books I and II, while in Book III are unusual and little known fairy tales. Each $2.50

Waif Maid

By May McNeer. Illustrated by Lynd Ward.

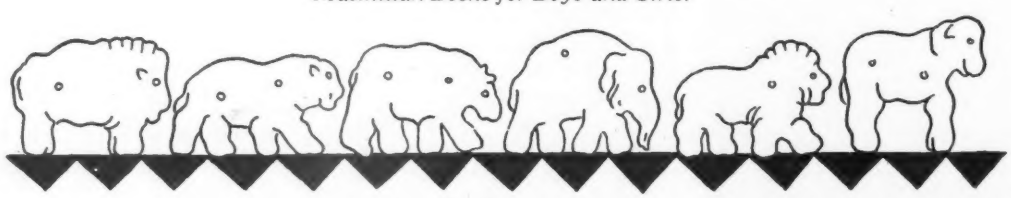
A story of Germany in the days of Dürer. A young girl, her cat, and three wandering minstrels have many delightful adventures together. $2.50

Three Christmas Trees

By Mrs. Ewing. Illustrated by Pamela Bianco.

Famous old stories of Christmas in England with striking illustrations by a famous young artist who has always loved these tales. $1.75

Be sure to ask at your nearest bookshop for our new catalog of Macmillan Books for Boys and Girls.



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

New York Boston Atlanta Chicago Dallas San Francisco

Madonna of the Chair (*Raphael*)
● *Gramstorff Brothers, Inc., Malden, Mass.*

(*See page 668*)

Christmas I
Many Land

For the story about these pictures see page 672 of Child Life

In England

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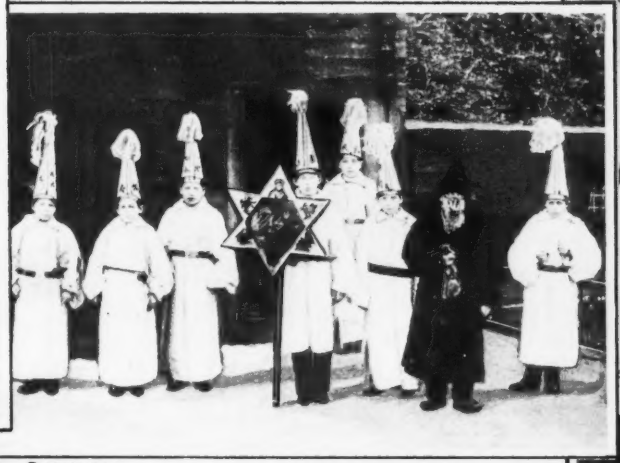

© Paul's Photo
In Sweden

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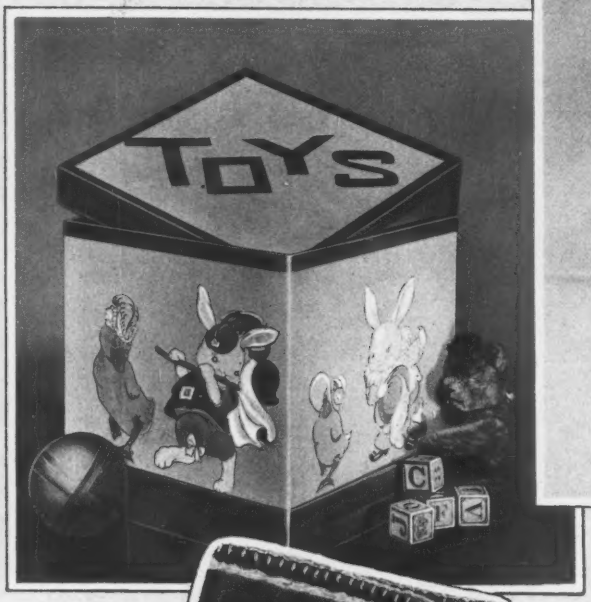
In Roumania

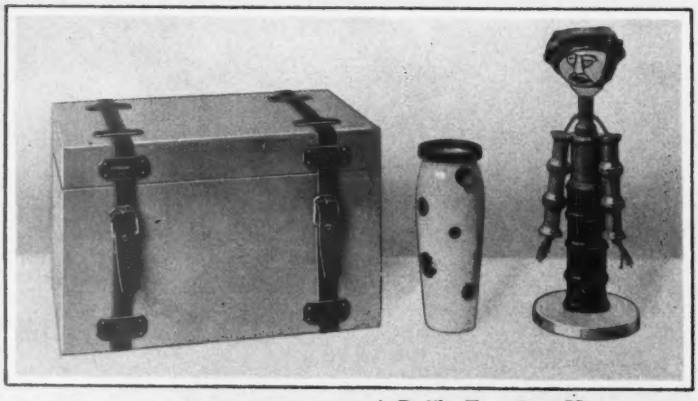
Let's Make Christmas Gifts



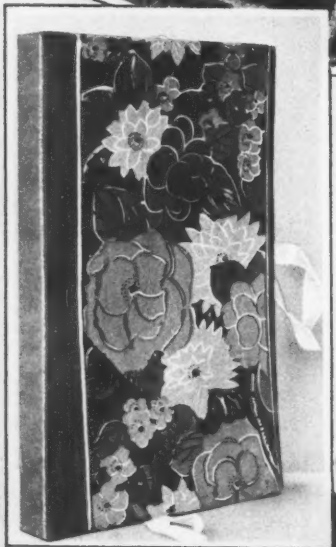
A Box for Toys
(Courtesy Dennison Mfg. Co.)

Sealing Wax Boxes
(Courtesy Dennison Mfg. Co.)

A Book Cover
(Courtesy Le Page Glue Co.)



A Doll's Trunk, a Vase and a Hat Stand
(Courtesy Le Page Glue Co.)



A Portfolio
(Courtesy Dennison Mfg. Co.)

Cloth Toys
(Courtesy Le Page Glue Co.)

(See page 674 for directions)

Study of Child at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

BEYOND THE DOLL HOUSE

TUMBLING gaily over a pile of golden sand . . . bobbing wee blond heads above the absurd mane of some dappled hobby horse . . . hurling diminutive bodies valiantly into battle against wash-rags and "sleepy-bye" . . . our babies are pretty much what nature and heredity made them.

But all too soon the shouting, dreaming, reckless little things draw near the time when environment commences to play the major part. Then begin the habits of thought and feeling by which, justly or unjustly, people are bound to judge them. And here their fates are more than ever in our hands. For it is we who must choose and furnish the particular world that inevitably lies beyond their sand-piles and their dolls. Informed parents, faced with this problem, seldom fail to select, as an initial item of cultural equipment, an introduction to the most personal of all the arts, music. . . . And this for generations, in both Europe and America, has meant instruction on the Steinway.

The Steinway stands as the chosen instrument of nearly every great musician from Liszt to Paderewski. A creation of fine craftsmanship in polished woods and ivory, its mere presence serves to connect your children with the glorious part this Instrument of the Immortals has played in the history of art. It is so ruggedly constructed that it will serve two or three generations of children . . . permitting their young talents to develop without risk of the distortive influences lurking in practice on inferior instruments . . . fostering a colorful accomplishment that will help them to make friends.

Source of entertaining melody . . . medium of genius . . . the incomparable Steinway nevertheless is sold on terms that place it at the disposal of even the modest incomes.

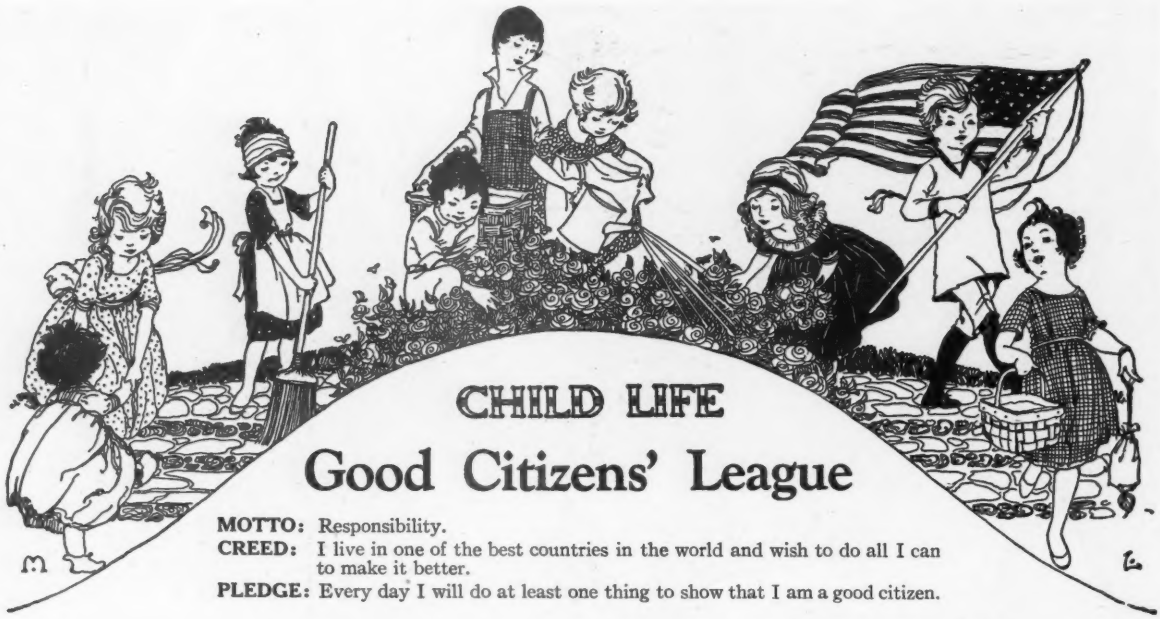
A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as $875

As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs.

10% down balance in three years

Used pianos accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York.

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**



CHILD LIFE
Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

CHRISTMAS PICTURE BOOKS

THE members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League had long ago decided that Santa Claus must have been a very good citizen, indeed, since he made Christmas time so happy for others. This year each one of them had appointed himself an assistant Santa, so to speak, and resolved to make Christmas a happy time for someone less fortunate.

"I'm sending a box to some mountain children," said Helen as she measured the material for a doll dress she was making.

"I'm mending some of my old toys to take over to the orphans' home," said Jack.

"Come and look at my hand-painted Christmas cards." Grace passed them around among the members of the admiring group. "I'm going to send one to every person in the old people's home."

It was the same with the others. Harvey had taken a paper route, so he could earn money to contribute to a fund for needy families. The girls were making Christmas candies, so they might send boxes to people who might not otherwise be remembered.

And now Miss Bradley, the counselor, had another suggestion. "Wouldn't you each like to make a Christmas picture book?"

They had an exhibit at their last meeting before Christmas, and how they did surprise each other with the beautiful little books that they had made! Some had bought scrapbooks to paste their pictures in; others had cut sheets of paper the proper size and bound them together between cardboard backs covered with Christmas papers. Grace had cut out pictures of children in different lands, each celebrating Christmas. Jack's book was called "The First Christmas" and showed scenes of Jesus' early life. Helen's had been titled "The Book of Madonnas" and opened with a beautiful little print of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna." There were nineteen prints of other Madonnas almost as lovely, all painted by famous artists, and underneath each one Helen had written the names of the painting and the artist. Bill had made still a different kind of scrapbook, for he had collected clippings of the national songs of other nations and pasted them between the covers of one book. There was "The Maple Leaf Forever," the national song of Canada, and many others.

On Christmas Eve the members of the Brocton League went from door to door singing Christmas carols, and when Christmas morning came each of their mothers found, in addition to her other presents, a Christmas picture book.

Honor Points

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good Citizenship deeds are recorded. There is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight months. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you may record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, these papers are turned in to her and she sends us the list of her members, with the number of points she thinks each one deserves. Send your December list in time to reach our office by January 5th.

Any good deed that you record will count—for instance, anything that you do to help someone else at home, at school, or elsewhere. Following is a list of special good citizenship deeds, which we suggest that you do for December.

1. I made a Christmas picture book.
2. I read the story of Jesus' birth.
3. I learned to recognize three Madonnas painted by famous artists.
4. I learned how the children of some other nation celebrate Christmas.
5. I learned a new Christmas carol.
6. I mended some of my toys to give away.
7. I earned the money to buy a Christmas gift.
8. I helped prepare a basket for a needy family.
9. I helped with a Christmas entertainment.
10. I was grateful for my Christmas gifts and thanked everyone promptly who remembered me.

We are glad to send a membership pin to any boy or girl who wishes to become a member, or to help you form a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school. Address Frances Cavanah, Manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago.

Add-a-pearl Necklace

The Everlasting Gift

As the star of hope shone out, the wise men rejoiced, knowing the Saviour had come. As they rejoiced, they were glad they had gifts to offer which were lasting, gifts that were symbols of their faith and belief in the Bethlehem Babe.

And so the three wise men came out of the East, carrying their gifts of myrrha, gold and precious gems. Pearls were among them, a gift as old and lasting as the ages.

* * * * * *

THE idea of giving pearls has grown with the years, and through the Add-A-Pearl idea, the "Gift That Lives and Grows," it is possible for girls to start a necklace of genuine Oriental pearls on a fine chain of gold.

Add-A-Pearls are gems of the finest quality. Their beauty, like the loveliness of a girl, increases with the years.

The Add-A-Pearl necklace is truly an everlasting gift. Relatives and friends increase it on every gift occasion, with units of one, two, three or more pearls which are attractively mounted on cards in a gift box.

Why not invest in an Add-A-Pearl necklace for your girl this Christmas? One may be started for as low as ten dollars. Additional pearls are two dollars and more, depending upon the size of the pearl.

An initial ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE, of 8 pearls on a fine gold chain may be purchased for as little as $10. Other prices range—$15—$20—$25 and more, depending on the size of the pearls. Group additions may be purchased from $10—single pearls as low as $2. Consult your jeweler.

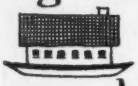
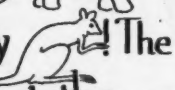
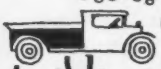
THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY, Chicago

Add-A-Pearls are genuine Oriental Pearls

Add-a-pearl Necklace

THE TOYS' CHRISTMAS EVE

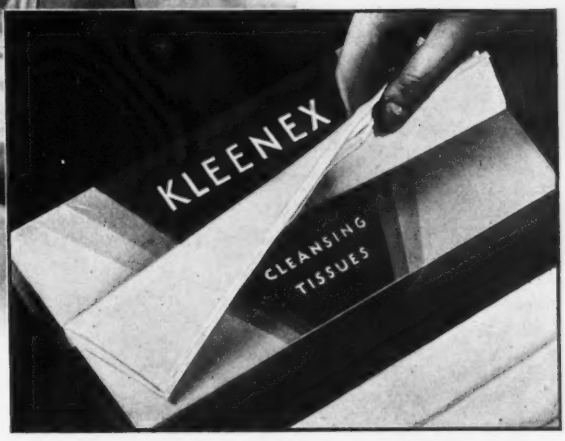
BY NANCY CLINTON

"Let's have a party!" cried little toy as he slid on the . . . wheee! So the baby and the climbed down the . And the fuzzy and the cuddly came out of the Christmas and sailed right down in the toy (Though the rag thought it shocking!) Then out of his  old Noah came with his two by two, such and and such , such a hoppity  ! The walked out of the dolly's and the little log then, and they rode upon the electric again and yet again. Then the doll on a chased a on who chased a on an auto-  at a very speedy rate. Past the black board and building 'round the toy they flew, while the in a all clapped their and the jointed cried, "Miew!" And the mammy by the electric and the kitchen made cookies and nice stuffed for all their appetites to whet. Then a talking rang a dinner to call them 'round the where all the toys just ate and ate as well as they were able. They ate until the struck 1 then went back to their places to wait for Christmas day and they had s on all their s.

FEWER COLDS

in families that use Kleenex for handkerchiefs

Avoid ***reinfection*** from germ-filled handkerchiefs... use Kleenex... just once, then discard.



Children themselves prefer Kleenex—it is so soft and delicate. Saves the expense of lost handkerchiefs (Kleenex costs less than laundering).

THE thousands of progressive families who have adopted Kleenex find the old-style handkerchief seems almost uncivilized.

When used just once, the handkerchief becomes a germ-carrier. As such it is dangerous to the user and to those about him. It should be destroyed.

With Kleenex, this is exactly what happens. You use Kleenex once, then discard it. Cold germs are discarded, too, instead of being herded into purse or pocket. Each tissue that touches your nose or mouth is clean, sanitary, soft, gentle and dry.

A household necessity

Kleenex has many other uses which make it an essential of modern living. It is considered by many eminent beauty experts the only safe and sanitary way to remove cold cream and cosmetics. Used for this purpose, it prevents the staining of towels, and renders obsolete the greasy "cold-cream cloth."

KLEENEX
Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex is valuable for the bandaging of minor wounds. For cleaning spectacles and lenses. For applying cosmetics.

Kleenex is a great help in caring for babies . . . it is ideal for wiping little mouths and dusting on powder.

Kleenex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores. It comes in white, and in three delicate tints, guaranteed safe and pure.

FREE *sample of Kleenex*

CL-12

Kleenex Company, Lake Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name.....

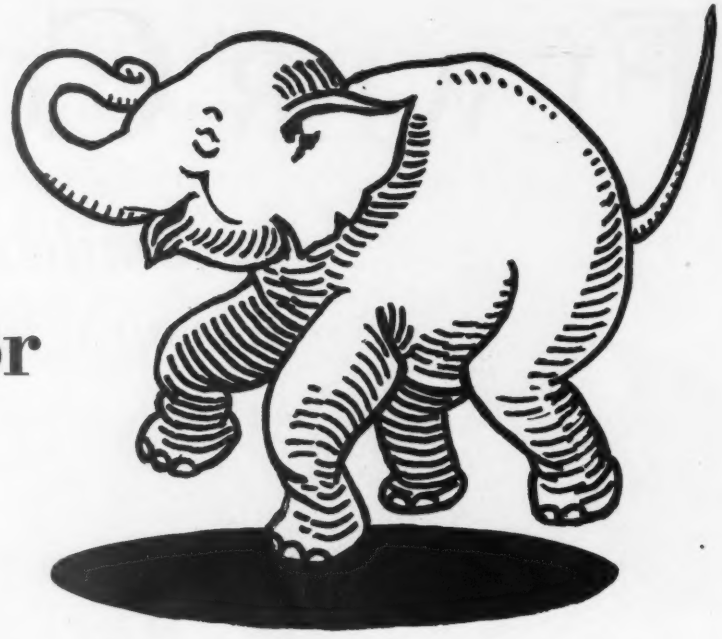
Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Special quantity offer for teachers and nurses

Please send me.....samples of Kleenex, which I will distribute to children of the.....grade, in the.....school.

Jummy trumpets for JUNIOR BOOKS



Color Picture Books with Stories

LITTLE ELEPHANT
Both by Berta and Elmer Hader
About Jummy, the jungle Baby.

BABY BEAR

About Bimba, who loves honey.
$ .75 each

THE ARK OF FATHER NOAH AND MOTHER NOAH
by Maud and Miska Petersham
The Best Noah's Ark Book $2.00

LIANG AND LO
by Kurt Wiese. Two boys and a buffalo go dragon hunting. $1.50

ANGUS AND THE DUCKS
by Marjorie Flack. About a Scottie chasing Ducks. $1.00

Stories with Many Pictures

THE UNCLE AMOS PUPPET SHOW
by Neva Kanaga Brown
A little boy made it. . . . $1.25

BEPPO THE DONKEY
by Rhea Wells
The donkey who wanted a new cart. $2.00

GAY GO UP
by Rose Fyleman
Very nice poems from London Town. $1.50

ALL ABOUT PATSY
by Mary Phipps
And her friend, Liza Jane on a plantation. $2.00

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO
Translated by Angelo Patri
An old favorite. $2.00

JUNIOR BOOKS

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, Inc.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

JUNIOR BOOKS
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, Inc.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

Please send me your catalogue of Books for Boys and Girls.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Conducted by Susan Wilbur

Associate Editor, Chicago Evening Post Literary Review

IF YOU had been one of last month's Puritan children, there is only one book in CHILD LIFE'S bulging Christmas stocking that your mother would have let you read—*The Little Boy of Nazareth* by Edna Madison Bonser (Richard R. Smith), which shows what life may have been like in Palestine when Jesus lived there.

The Puritans did not believe in celebrating Christmas. But the Dutch settlers did, and from them comes down to us our Christmas celebration. Stories of all kinds of Christmases from the three wise men to Dickens' Tiny Tim are in *A Book of Christmas Stories for Children* edited by Maude Owens Walters (Dodd, Mead).

Christmas trees began in Germany. *Three Christmas Trees* by Mrs. Ewing (Macmillan)—with new pictures by Pamela Bianco, who started illustrating books when she was your age—tells of the time when they first came to England. And there are several new stories with Christmas trees in them. A Southern tree in *A Little Dixie Captain* (Bobbs-Merrill) by Katherine Verdery is the story of a little lame girl of seventy years ago who made friends with a lame soldier just back from the Civil War. And a very funny one, in fact a chipmunk's Christmas tree, is "Squiggles," by Dorothy Aldis. (Minton, Balch.)

From Germany also come picture books with wonderful color work. The whitey yellow children, their yellow lamps, and their blue night sky fairly shine in *When Star Children Play*. (Longmans, Green.) And even more wonderful, perhaps, is the earthy brownness, bursting into spring greenness, of *When the Root Children Wake Up* (Stokes). Other new German picture books are *The Dwarfs' Railway, Mugel the Giant* and *The Lazy Teddy Bear*. From Denmark near-by comes *Tommy Tatters and the Four Bears* by Louis Moe, an author-illustrator whom some children like and others don't. (All four, Longmans, Green.)

Most of the new picture books this year come from America, however. Farther on you will find a list of them.

Other books specially intended for Christmas stockings include the holiday annuals: *Joy Street* (Appleton)—it's Number Eight this time—in which grown-up authors write new stories and poems specially for children; the *Children's Play Hour Book* (Longmans, Green)—Fourth Hour—edited by Stephen Southwold, with some old material, some new, and things to do as well as things to read. Also, collections such as "Fireside Poems," selected by Veronica S. Hutchinson, illustrations by Louis Lenski, with poems for

From "*A Little Dixie Captain*" (Bobbs Merrill)

Christmas and all other times of year, by your favorite poets both old and modern; two new folklore books, beautifully illustrated, *Tales from Norse Mythology* (Lippincott) retold and illustrated by Katharine Pyle, and retold from the great Welch romances, and *Book of the Three Dragons* (Longmans, Green) by Kenneth Morris, illustrated by Ferdinand Huszti Horvath.

There's a new *Healthyland* too (Hygeia, Chicago)—the first since 1926.

THE NEW HUMAN INTEREST LIBRARY

Perhaps you will find in your Christmas stocking or near it a set of reference books. The New Human Interest Library is not arranged in alphabetical order, nor in departments. Instead, each volume is complete in itself. Part of the first one, "The Child and His World" might seem to be meant just for Mother. But one boy who has a new baby brother enjoyed reading what Winifred Sackville Stoner has to say about starting to train a baby's muscles when he is two weeks old. Most of the volume is about Boy Scouts, pastimes and party games, and music, drawing, arithmetic and other school studies. The next book retells what science has told us about the stars, the earth, the trees and flowers, our own bodies, and so on, and then tells how science has been applied to building bridges and airships. The third volume tells about industry: farming, mining, paper making, printing, and so on, even about the making of moving pictures. The fourth gives a story history of our own country, and includes some useful tables, as for instance our presidents and the World War month by month. The fifth takes us round the world, country by country, even to little ones that were carved out after the war. And the last gives short biographies of great men and women of all times, whether they were fighters, artists, explorers, inventors, or people like Jane Addams. There are lots of good pictures.

From "*A Book of Christmas Stories for Children*" (Dodd, Mead)

THE PAINTED PIG: A Mexican Picture Book: Text by Elizabeth Morrow; Pictures by Rene D'Harnoncourt. (Knopf.)

You will be surprised to see how different a Mexican child's toys are from your toys. The artist who collects them has painted some of his choicest specimens, giving them an atmosphere all their own by his special use of yellow, green, blue, brown, and rose color. Mrs. Morrow, mother of the Anne Morrow who married Lindy, has woven many of them into her story about Pita, Pedro, and the toy maker.

BABY BEAR: Story by Hamilton Williamson. Pictures by Berta and Elmer Hader. (Doubleday, Doran.)

LIONS AND TIGERS AND ELEPHANTS TOO: Being an account of Polly Patchin's trip to the Zoo, by Berta and Elmer Hader. (Longmans, Green.)

LITTLE ELEPHANT: Story by Hamilton Williamson. Pictures by Berta and Elmer Hader. (Doubleday, Doran.)

Lots of animals and excitement and almost no words.

[*Continued on page 688*]

Journeys to Advertising Land

The Baker Chocolate Lady Visits Robert and Ruth

IT WAS just before bedtime, and Robert and Ruth had finished drinking their hot chocolate. The wintry wind whistled shrilly outside while Robert, Ruth, and Mother sat around the fireplace.

"You promised to tell a story, Mother," said Ruth, snuggling close.

"Only a short one, for it is nearly time to go to bed, and we are all tired from our trip through the Walter Baker plant."

"That was sport," Robert broke in enthusiastically. "Say, what did that man tell you while we were waiting for our car?"

"He told me the story of the lady whose picture is on the front of the Cocoa box and Chocolate package. That is what I'm going to tell you now.

"In 1750, the first chocolate shop was opened in old Vienna, a city on the beautiful blue Danube. In this little chocolate shop, a lovely girl waited on the tables. One spring day, while she was going about her work, a very handsome and wealthy young prince came into the shop. He immediately fell in love with her, and the lovely waitress fell in love with him, too.

"Soon the charming prince married the little waitress, even though she was only the daughter of a Knight and not of as noble birth as he. In remembrance of the chocolate shop where their romance began, the charming prince had a portrait made of his bride in her quaint chocolate shop costume and he hung it in his castle."

"But how did her picture get on the chocolate cakes and tins?" Ruth asked sleepily.

"I can't say, but perhaps we will find out some day," mother answered.

"Ummmm, that hot chocolate was good," Robert said drowsily.

"Um-hum," Ruth answered, and soon they were sound asleep. The bright fire crackled merrily on.

"Robert—Ruth," they heard a soft voice calling to them. Upon opening their sleepy eyes, they blinked hard, and with great surprise, Robert said: "Hello, I say, you're the Chocolate Lady, aren't you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I heard your mother telling about my charming prince, and I thought I would tell you, in my own way, the rest of the chocolate-cocoa story," and the Chocolate Lady smiled at mother.

"Oh, do," Ruth managed to say. The lady standing next to them was really the lovely waitress from the chocolate shop!

"Won't you please sit down?" Mother asked.

"Thank you," said the Chocolate Lady, starting her story. "Thirty years after I married my Prince Charming, there was a very young man by the name of Walter Baker. One day he started to work in his grandfather's grist mill which was on the banks of the Neponset River in Dorchester, Massachusetts, where he was given the task of grinding cocoa beans. This was the beginning of the Walter Baker Company."

"But where do the beans come from, and how do they grow?" Robert asked.

"Cocoa beans come from Jamaica, Java, Brazil, Trinidad, Ceylon, San Domingo, and other warm islands of the Indies. They grow on the cocoa tree which is small, delicate, and easily blown down by the terrible tropical hurricanes. The hot sun kills them, too, so they must grow in the shade of a big protecting tree.

"And," the Chocolate Lady's eyes twinkled as she continued, "I wouldn't be surprised if many of the pirates of olden days who sailed the seas hid their golden doubloons and 'pieces of eight' in the very places cocoa trees are found today." Robert and Ruth were listening now with wide-awake eyes.

"Of course," the Chocolate Lady continued, "such small trees cannot be climbed, so men who gather the cocoa beans pick the pod off the trees with sharp knives on the end of long poles. These pods are 7 or 8 inches long, and are filled with jelly. The cocoa beans, almond shaped and reddish in color, are in the middle of the jelly. The men open the pods, scoop out the beans, and lay them in big trays out in the sun to dry and ripen. After that, in order to insure absolute cleanliness, the beans are washed and polished. Then they are packed in jute bags and carried in huge, fast ships to the wonderful manufacturing plant at Dorchester which now takes the place of Grandfather Baker's old grist mill."

"Well," Ruth said practically, "I'll bet lots of things happen to those little cocoa beans before they are turned into chocolate and cocoa."

"I should say so," the Chocolate Lady replied. "Millions of beans of all sizes are placed in the trays. They must be sorted into heaps of the same size. This can be done systematically by placing them in long, revolving trays which contain holes of various sizes. When each bean finds the hole into which it fits, down it drops to meet its brother and sister.

"You know, Robert and Ruth, digging for the cocoa bean is just like digging for gold. The real cocoa bean has a covering about it similar to the peanut. In order to get to the inner or real cocoa bean, it must

[*Continued on page 687*]

(Advertisement)

Playthings With A Purpose

Give them more than "just toys" this Christmas

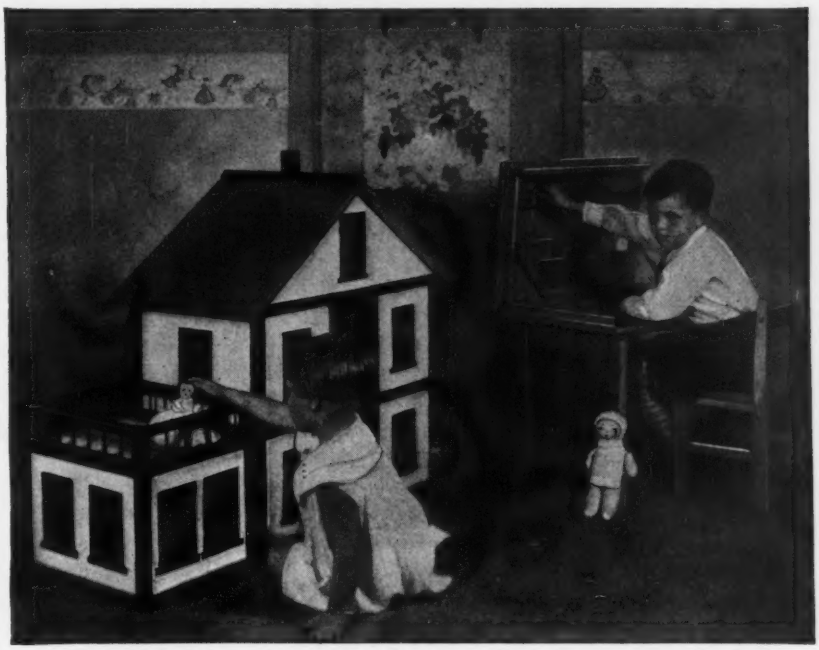
PLAYSKOOL PRODUCTS

are designed and built to promote *"Learning While Playing"*.

For Christmas, and all the year, Playskool Institute offers a complete line of educational playthings to meet the play requirements of children of preschool, kindergarten and primary age.

From the simple sets of large-sized pegs and blocks, for tiny tots, up to Playskool, The Home Kindergarten, and the marvelous Build-At-Will Doll House for the "older" youngsters—each Playskool Product provides valuable benefits in mental stimulation, coordination of mind and muscle, and general sense training.

The Playskool idea and ideal of "Learning While Playing", as expressed in Playskool Products, is approved by recognized authorities on child training and pre-schooling.



The Build-At-Will Doll House and Playskool, The Home Kindergarten, are two Playskool Products which provide many happy play hours for children of kindergarten and primary age.

See Them At Leading Stores

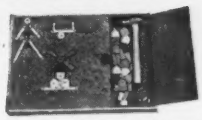
DEPARTMENT stores and other alert retailers are well aware of the tendency toward educational playthings, and are featuring the products of Playskool Institute in their holiday displays.

They will be glad to show you the complete Playskool line, and to suggest the proper items for the good little boys and girls you want to remember this Christmas.

We, too, will be glad to help you with your shopping by sending you the colorful new folder describing Playskool Products, together with an interesting booklet entitled "Pre-school Training in The Home". Just send the attached coupon and enclose Ten Cents to cover mailing cost of booklet.

Playskool Junior — of lighter construction and contains fewer play materials than Playskool. Has bench instead of chair.

Playskool Sandie . . This modern sand table combines the benefits of sand play with the Playskool idea.



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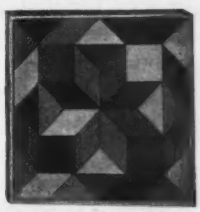

Playskool Parquetry Blocks — stimulate a sense of color and design. In various assortments and sizes.

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Please send me the booklet and folder mentioned above.
I enclose Ten Cents to cover mailing cost.

Name.....

Address.....

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A Trade-About Christmas

[Continued from page 623]

the part of each character in turn, just as she had done. During the time when Lady Clare was learning she was not the daughter of the Earl, as she had believed, some lightning changes were required of him, but he was equal to the emergency. What he lacked in finesse, he made up for in speed.

Sarah was growing more and more bewildered by the slowly mounting laughter, but again Miss Jenny nodded for her to go on. Bravely she began the brave speech of Lady Clare:

"'If I'm a beggar born,' she said,
'I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by.'"

Conundrum rubbed his woolly pate in perplexity, but only for a moment. He ripped off one of his few remaining shirt buttons and flung it away with a disdainful gesture. The necklace caused him more difficulty. The word meant nothing to him, but the word "neck" did, and his collar lay in tatters. Gallantly, without even a thought of Mammy's shingle, he tore it from his ragged shirt and flung it after the button.

"She clad herself in a russet gown," said Sarah, and Conundrum, wrapping the plaid shawl around him, tripped across the floor as he thought a high-born lady would. The next stanza taxed his ingenuity still further, but the virus of success had crept into his blood. Like many another actor, he was determined not to disappoint his audience. He remembered Teaser contentedly gnawing a bone just inside the main entrance to the hospital.

The mist in Sarah's eyes blotted out the sight of her hilarious audience, but her voice was still firm as she recited:

"'The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.'"

Conundrum puckered his lips and whistled. In bounded Teaser, his plumey tail sticking straight up into the air. But he did not drop his head into Conundrum's palm—he made a dash for Sarah and greeted her with sharp, joyous barks. She stepped back in surprise and then she turned and saw Conundrum.

"Go on and finish, dear," whispered Miss Jenny under cover of the laughter. "It's the hit of the day."

Sarah was quick to see the joke and to the accompaniment of Conundrum's animated pantomime, the audience learned that the love of Lord Ronald and Lady Clare came to a happy ending. Sarah felt a twinge of conscience as she wondered what Lord Tennyson would think of this interpretation of his poem.

"'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you will still be Lady Clare.'"

Sarah's voice was shaking—with laughter this time. Conundrum opened his arms and folded the plaid shawl to his heart as fervently as though it had indeed been Lady Clare, and the performance came to an end in a great roar of applause. Sarah had had the moving picture she had wished for.

"Well, little lady," said one bronzed soldier, as she stopped by his chair a few minutes later with her basket. "I have a little gal about your age at home, and she's great on these gingerbread men, too."

"I reckon she's missing you just about as much as I'm missing my father this Christmas," said Sarah.

"I reckon she is, but she'll be glad to know that a little gal like you has brightened up the day for me."

This remark was repeated to Sarah several times as she went up and down the room, and she felt indeed as though she were seeing the soldiers enjoy their Christmas face to face. It had turned out to be a most satisfactory afternoon, but this did not prevent her dragging one small offender out into the hall and demanding an explanation.

"Ah ain't done nuffin wrong, Miss Sarah. Yo' mammy foun' yo' cookies on de kitchen table and done tol' me to hitch Robin to the sleigh and bring em to yo'—dat's all."

"But, Conundrum, I just know I put that package of gingerbread men on top the books, before I sat down to dinner."

Conundrum looked away and puckered his lips in a whistle. Sarah's suspicions were growing.

"Listen here, Conundrum. Did *you* move them while I was at dinner?"

The whistling grew louder.

"You must answer me. I won't tell your mammy on you, this being Christmas and all."

This announcement had the desired effect. "Ah spects Ah did," said Conundrum.

Sarah understood it all now. He had wished to see the soldiers and he knew if Sarah left her gingerbread men behind, he would in all probability be sent after her to deliver them. And by so doing he had turned the program into a huge success. Sarah's heart softened toward him, but she felt that a show of sternness was necessary.

"It's all right this time, Conundrum, but don't you ever dare do a thing like that again."

Conundrum grinned. This was the way Miss Sarah's scoldings usually ended.

Before they left the girls sang again for the soldiers. Deep male voices joined with theirs in "Holy Night," and "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

[Continued on page 668]

Santa Makes some Winning Moves

Dear Children:

This game of choosing unusual playthings for you becomes more and more difficult each year. But in selecting these dandy Wolverine Toys, I think I have made some winning moves that will bring you much happiness. Merry Christmas.

Santa Claus

ZILOTONE—Musical Marvel Plays Real Tunes!

You and your friends will have the time of your lives listening to the tunes that the "music master" plays on the keys of Zilotone. He amusingly imitates a real Xylophonist. The tone is rich and melodious. Six records, of favorite tunes we all like to hum, included with each toy. Zilotone No. 18—9" long . . . . . Price $2.50

JOLLY JUGGLER—for out-of-the-ordinary Fun!

A "new and different" automatic toy just chock-full of swift, thrilling action. Juggler rapidly performs on trapeze, carrying little helper on magnet from chute to ground. Juggler then swings back for another trip. Fast action continues as long as figures are kept in chute. Beautifully decorated. Jolly Juggler No. 51—12" high. Price $1.00

GEE-WIZ Racing Game Thriller

This stirring horse-race will make you hold your breath—from the moment the horses leap from the barrier 'til the nip-and-tuck finish. Exciting for both children and adults. Simple to operate; by spinning flywheel with cord, steel marbles are driven against horses, advancing them up tracks. Handsomely colored; sturdily constructed. Gee-Wiz No. 40, 15½" long . . . Price $2.50

RABBIT CHASE—S-s-s-Speed!

In this exciting contest, three whippets hunt rabbits in swift chase. The dog that captures his rabbit first is the victor. Winners vary with each chase. Operated by a strong motor. Toy has start and stop lever. Rabbit Chase No. 150—9¾" wide . . . . . Price $1.00

MAK-A-CLOCK Construction Set

Now, you can build a clock completely "on your own"—a clock that actually keeps accurate time. Each unit is carefully tested to insure scientific precision. An easily followed instruction book guides you step by step. The completed clock presents a remarkably attractive appearance. In handsome, fitted box 19½" x 9¾". Mak-A-Clock No. 45 . . . Price $4.50

"SUNNY SUZY" VACUUM CLEANER

It's such fun to keep your playroom spotlessly neat and tidy, and to help about the house with your own, real Vacuum Cleaner. It works by suction and friction. Just like mother's big one, it actually picks up papers, dust and ashes. Gayly colored and light of weight. Vacuum Cleaner—28½ inches high. No. 105. Price $2.50

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The Wolverine Toy Family includes games and playthings admirably suited to the recreation moods of every age. If unobtainable locally, we will ship any Wolverine item post-paid upon receipt of money order. Outside the United States, add 25% to prices quoted above. Write for Free copy of TOY TOPICS containing pleasant, instructive chats on new interesting toys.

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Gentlemen: Please send me FREE, a copy of "Toy Topics" including a list of toy suggestions arranged according to age.

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Our Workshop

[Continued from page 654]

After you have decided upon the size each part of each piece of furniture should be, mark the dimensions upon the printed pictures. Then you can go ahead with the work, without interruption.

All lines of the furniture are straight. Draw them with a ruler and a pencil. All corners are square. Use the corner of a sheet of paper as a guide in drawing one line at right angles to another.

A coping-saw is the saw to use for cutting. Saw close to the outlines. Smooth the sawed edges with a small plane or a wood-rasp (file), then with sandpaper.

Use glue and brads ½ inch long for assembling parts. Start a brad or two in the part to be nailed. Then apply glue to the edge of this part, and to the edge of the part to be nailed to. Place the edges together, and drive home the brads. Glue makes surfaces slippery, so hold parts firmly with your fingers while you nail them. Do a job of assembling that you may feel proud of. If the point of a brad breaks through the side of the wood, remove it. If a piece splits, replace it.

When you have assembled the furniture, scrape off glue which has been squeezed out of the joints, and rub surfaces with sandpaper. Drive brad heads slightly below the surface, with the point of a nail-set or a nail. Fill the holes with plastic-wood or putty. Then all will be ready for finishing. This will be the most fun of all.

Indicate doors upon the radio cabinet with pencil lines, then stripe the lines with black lacquer or enamel, or with a color in contrast to that used on the cabinet. Use a fine brush for striping. In the same way, indicate drawers upon the dresser. Use small round-headed brass tacks for door and drawer knobs. Provide a small square, round, or oval mirror to hang upon the wall back of the dresser. Finish the mirror frame to match the dresser.

After you have made these pieces of doll-house furniture, you will have no trouble designing such other pieces as are needed to furnish the bungalow. But probably you will want to buy the kitchen and bathroom fixtures. Almost everything in furnishings can be purchased in the toy shops.

If you feel that you need patterns to make your doll furniture, you can obtain a blueprint of full-sized patterns by sending 10 cents to "Our Workshop," care of CHILD LIFE.

A Trade-About Christmas

[Continued from page 666]

and when twilight crept softly in the windows it found a group of quiet men, more contented than they had been for weeks.

Mrs. Sterling gave her consent for Sarah to sit up and watch the Old Year die. Slavery was dying with it, for on the morrow—January 1, 1863—Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was to go into effect. She felt very solemn, sitting by the fire through the long evening hours.

Just before midnight Jake drove Mother home from town where she had been attending a meeting at the church. She held out two letters, one of them from Father. Sarah laid that aside, always one to save the best to the last, and opened the other envelope addressed in a strange handwriting.

"Dear Miss Sarah," she read aloud. "I am the man who got your package and I thank you from the bottom of my hart. The socks fit and come in handy and the roast turkey is the first I've et since I left home. The cookies was fine and so was everything and best of all except the turkey maybe I liked your letter.

"Thank you and God bless you and the United States Sanitary Commission.

"Your obedient servant,
Cyrus Day.

"P.S. I forgot to say the mitts fit, too.

Sarah laughed happily as she laid down the poor illiterate scrawl and picked up the letter from her father.

"My dear little girl: I hope that you and Mother spent as happy a Christmas as I did. At first, it seemed very dull and dreary, when I thought of Sarah so far away. My men were feeling just as blue as I was, and I suggested that we sing some Christmas carols to cheer up. We were singing when an agent of the Sanitary Commission drove up with a wagon filled with Christmas boxes. There was one for me, and when I opened it, not only did I find a roast turkey, a knitted scarf and all the goodies that go with Christmas, but I found this note which I am enclosing for you to read. A little girl just your age had packed the box."

Sarah dropped her father's letter and picked up the note he had enclosed. It came from Philadelphia.

"Dear Unknown Soldier," she read. "I hope you like this box I've packed for you. My father is a soldier, too, but he's in the hospital at Frederick, Maryland—too far away for us to go to him."

"Mother!" Sarah looked up, her eyes shining. "She must be the daughter of one of those men who told me he had a little girl my age at home. Just think—she made the day happy for my father and I made it happy for hers. Why, it was a regular trade-about Christmas. I'm going to write her and—"

Mother smiled gently and held up a warning finger. "Hark!" she said.

The church bells in the town were ringing and the music came to them, soft and clear, across the frozen fields. The year, 1863, had come.

Madonna of the Chair

By Grace Hammill

(See Picture Section)

ONE day more than four hundred years ago the great Italian artist, Santi Raphael (Rafa-el) was coming down the street when he saw a little boy run to his mother to show her a present someone had given him. The mother, who was holding a baby in her lap, looked up and saw the painter watching her. Meanwhile Raphael, struck by the beauty of the mother and the expressions of the two children, picked up the only thing that he could find, a barrel end, and drew on it with charcoal. The result was the *Madonna of the Chair* which you will find reproduced this month on the first page of the picture section.

The shape of the board naturally influenced his composition. He gave it the circular movement you find in the picture. Notice how strongly the painting is tied together and how the flowing lines form a beautiful design. This picture is a splendid example of what is called "unity" in painting. Perhaps, you have always liked this picture and have never known why. You like it because it has harmony of line. It also has harmony of color. That is, the lights and shades are beautifully arranged.

Raphael left a great many wonderful paintings to the world although he only lived to be thirty-seven years of age. He was born in 1483 and died in 1520. There is a spiritual quality in all his paintings which was true of the man himself. The *Madonna of the Chair* and the Sistine Madonna are, perhaps, his best-known pictures. Like Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo, who were his friends, Raphael gave many beautiful religious paintings to the world.

Doris and the Trolls

[Continued from page 631]

"Goodness, gracious!" cried Doris. "She certainly can talk when she wants to."

"Miaow! Miaow! Miaowntains!" cried Mitzi, almost scaring them, she said it so loudly and suddenly and ran away so fast down the aisle of the cloud car when she said it.

"Mountains?" said King Brex. "That's the Mine Mountains, and that's where we get off. Hurry up, children."

So the train stopped and Brex and the children stepped off onto the top of the mountains, and there was a chuff-chuff-chuff sound, and the cloud train moved away from them, and when the last cloud car went by there was Mitzi at the end of the train waving to them, with a red flag fastened to the end of her waving tail.

"Don't forget the important party to-night," cried Brex as the end of the train went by.

"I should miaow not," cried Mitzi, waving the red flag on the end of her tail, and they watched the flag still waving until the cloud train disappeared in the distance.

"Will we see Mitzi any more?" said Peggy.

"You will, and you'll certainly be surprised when you see how she looks," said the king with a laugh.

"Did you say there was going to be an important party?" said Doris.

"Yes," said Brex. "And such a party!" And he laughed until he turned a somersault upon the top of the mountain.

Doris felt very curious about all this. "Will the Ting Tang fairy be there?" she asked.

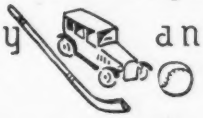
"Yes, Razelda will be there, I think," said the king.

"Oh, her name's Razelda," said Peggy. "Razelda is a pretty name, isn't it, Doris? That's a much prettier name than Wigweed. Wigweed is a funny name."

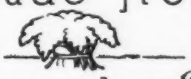
"And that," said Brex, "reminds me. Doris, you are bigger than Wigweed, so I think that to-night I will have you cut off her hair that she is so proud of. I guess that

[Continued on page 679]

Merry Christmas! My name is
Jimmie Noyes,

I've been a good as you'll see
By all the games and gifts
and
You'll find around my
Some are naughty on Christmas
Day
And won't go to breakfast at all,
But I'll leave my  and stop
my play
As soon as I hear mother's call;
I know we'll be having Wheatena
you see

And a -ful is such a great treat,
It might even be hung on the
—And it's made from

browned 
It gives us our sturdy and
—Yet tastes like the best
desserts, too—
Ask your to buy some Wheatena
today
In the package of yellow and blue
Eat it each morning and you, too,
will be
HEALTHY and happy
the whole year through.

3
delicious servings
FREE

We want you to taste the delicious nut-like flavor of this sun-browned wheat cereal—Wheatena. Please check and mail the coupon below, and we'll send you, by return mail, enough for three generous servings.

Name.....

Address..... CL-12-30

The Wheatena Corporation,
Wheatenaville, Rahway, New Jersey

The Little Boy Who Had Never Heard of Christmas

[*Continued from page 636*]

laughed in her life and so, though she was a young and beautiful lady, everybody was unhappy.

"Can't you be merry, just on Christmas Eve?" they asked anxiously.

"No, I'm sorry, but I can't," said the Duchess. "None of you amuse me at all. I wish something different would happen."

Just then there was a howl of wind and a swish of snow and a shaking of walls, and the wide windows flew open. Then a great gust of snow blew in, and in the middle of it came Christopher, who whizzed along and sat down, bang, on the floor in the middle of the room!

"Well!" said Christopher, rather surprised.

"What do you want, dear?" the Duchess asked.

"I'm looking for a mother for Christmas," said Christopher. "I lost mine somehow."

"Choose, then," said the Duchess, waving her hand at the beautiful ladies in the hall.

"I choose you," said Christopher. "You are the prettiest."

The Duchess blushed with pleasure, "Oh," she said, "but a little boy wants a mother who can laugh. And I can't laugh." She began to cry.

"Don't cry," said Christopher, patting her. "You'll laugh when you see what I've brought you for a Christmas present. Look!"

In through the window with several snowflakes blew the cow, and landed, thump, on the polished floor. Her four feet all slipped at once and she skated along on her side with a moo of surprise. The Duchess of Dee laughed till she had to sit down on the floor.

"I never had a cow for a present," she said between laughs. "Why, I'm laughing! Oh, now I can be your mother, Christopher! And you shall live here with me and we'll have Christmas together!"

So the Duchess of Dee put Christopher to bed. At first she didn't know how to untie his stubby little shoes and he had to show her and they had fun about that. And then they hung up his stocking at the foot of his bed! And then she let him run down and take one very small peek at the Christmas tree they would have in the morning. She really made a very good mother. But at last Christopher was ready to go to sleep.

"Sleep as hard as you can," said the Duchess, his mother, "for it's Christmas to-morrow, and we'll have fun and lots of presents." So she kissed him good night and blew out the candle.

"Oh," said Christopher to himself, wiggling with delight. "How lucky I am, to have a castle with holly wreaths, and a stocking at the foot of my bed, and a tree waiting downstairs till morning. But the best of all is to have a mother to kiss me good night under my ear!"

So he went sound asleep till Christmas morning.

Child Life Kitchen

[*Continued from page 653*]

Make a syrup by bringing to a boil
2 cupfuls of sugar
¼ cupful water
¼ cupful grapefruit or orange juice

Add the grapefruit strips (there should be 2 to 3 cupfuls) **and boil till they are clear and transparent, stirring as little as possible all the while. If you use a candy thermometer boil to 230 degrees.**

Take up with a wire egg whisk, being careful not to handle too many at a time.

Roll in granulated sugar, one at a time, and arrange neatly on paraffin paper to dry.

Pack in tin cans or boxes and it will keep very well.

FRUIT BALLS

Measure out 1 cupful dates, 1 cupful figs, 1 cupful seedless raisins, ½ cupful nuts, ½ cupful shredded cocoanut.

Wash the dates and figs, drain and remove seeds and stems.

Grind all five ingredients through a rather fine grinder.

Boil 1 cupful sugar with ⅓ cupful water to 234 degrees (a soft ball when dropped into cold water).

Pour the syrup over the ground fruit and very quickly mix together. Clean hands are better than any spoon for this work

Mold into small balls, then roll in granulated sugar.

This candy is sometimes made without the syrup, using just the fruit mixture. Some add ½ teaspoonful of salt.

HONEY TAFFY

Measure 2 cupfuls of strained honey, 2 cupfuls of sugar and ⅔ cupful of water. Pour all into a saucepan and stir till sugar is dissolved.

Butter two or three large dishes and measure ¼ teaspoonful of salt.

Boil the honey sugar mixture till it forms a hard ball when dropped into cold water, 288 degrees. Add the salt and pour onto the buttered dishes to cool.

As soon as it is cool enough to handle, butter your hands and pull the taffy till it is white.

Cut into inch lengths and wrap in squares of paraffin paper.

We hope you use a candy thermometer, for it entirely removes guessing. Of course, if you haven't one, you will drop the cooking candy from a spoon, just two or three drops into a cupful of cold water.

COCOA FUDGE

Measure and put into a saucepan
1 cupful sugar
½ cupful milk
1 cupful of standard malt and cocoa mixture.

Dissolve and bring to a boil.

As it begins to boil, measure 3 tablespoonfuls of butter and 2 teaspoonfuls of vinegar and add to the boiling mixture. Some like to add ½ teaspoonful of salt.

Boil to 242 degrees or until a firm ball is made when three drops are dropped into cold water.

Remove from the fire and cool, beat till it loses the shiny look and begins to hold its shape when dropped from a spoon. If you like, add ½ cupful nut meats or ½ cupful of grated cocoanut and beat well together.

Pour into a buttered plate and when cold, cut into squares.

CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST MENU

Halves of Grapefruit with Cherries
Sausages with Candied Apples **Whole Wheat Muffins**
Doughnuts and Cookies **Coffee or Milk**

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of CHILD LIFE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1930.

STATE OF ILLINOIS } ss.
COUNTY OF COOK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. McNally, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CHILD LIFE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Rose Waldo, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, Fred L. McNally, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Business Manager, Fred L. McNally, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

2. Rand McNally & Company, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, a corporation of which the following are the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock: Harry B. Clow and Andrew F. W. McNally, Trustees of Estate of Andrew McNally, deceased, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; H. B. Clow, 60 Scott St., Chicago, Ill.; Andrew F. W. McNally, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Estate of James McNally, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. H. Milchsack, 518 Centre St., Bethlehem, Pa.; Mrs. Clara M. Hohl, 5 Edgewood Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mrs. June P. M. Chapin, care Whitney Central Trust & Savings Bank, City Bank Branch, New Orleans, La.; E. C. Buehring, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Eleanor V. McNally, 1041 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill.; Julia Hessert, Drake Hotel, Chicago, Ill.; Gustav Hessert, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Louise P. Bunts, 550 Surf St., Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRED L. MCNALLY
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1930.

[SEAL] MICHAEL MOTTO

(My commission expires August 2, 1933.)

Dreams

Aileen Fisher

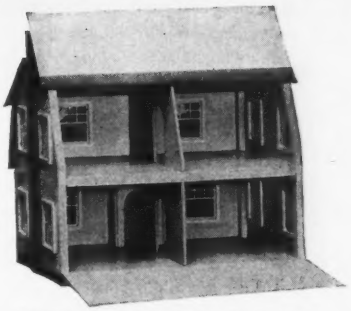
DO YOU ever wonder too
What dreams do
When they are through?

EVERY child wants a Dolly Ann House —the gift that brings the most delightful thrill, the most constant pleasure and lasting interest. There is big play value and educational benefit in one of these beautiful electric lighted Dolly Ann Houses. Here is the gift supreme, the one thing that every child will enjoy and cherish.

The Dolly Ann House comes to you completely and permanently set up—ready to use. Lift it out of its strong shipping carton and it's ready for play in every detail. No assembling necessary.

The construction is rigid, strong and enduring. The Dolly Ann House is sturdily built. Its beautiful, bright colors are fadeless and indestructible. It is sanitary—it can be washed repeatedly. Leading dealers in many cities sell Dolly Ann Houses. Or—

We will send you a Dolly Ann House direct from the factory at the regular price of $12.00. Good condition on arrival absolutely guaranteed. All carrying charges fully prepaid. To assure early arrival *order one now.*



Showing the interior of the Dolly Ann House—

Full electric lighted — including vestibule. Complete with lamps, cord and plug. Attaches to any light socket.

Lacquered in bright attractive colors inside and out with durable waterproof lacquer. Can be washed inside and out repeatedly without damage.

Size 17¾ x 18½ x 14¼. Made of heavy, high grade composition board with wooden frame.

Four rooms. Steel window frames with heavy clear panes of non-shatter glass-like material.

No removable parts. Two strongly hinged back sections give access to every room.

Absolutely safe.

MACRIS COMPANY—TOLEDO, OHIO

USE THIS COUPON

MACRIS COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

Please send one Dolly Ann House prepaid to:

Name.....

City and State.....

Street and No.....

Check or Money Order for $12.00 enclosed.
(If currency is sent be sure to register letter.)

1930 is the 150th anniversary of Walter Baker & Company

From the kitchen cupboard came an old family friend *to boost Bobbie's weight*

BOBBIE'S family lived in an old New England cottage which had been built in the days of Bunker Hill. Almost since then, Baker's Cocoa had stood in the cupboard.

Great, great, great grandmother had thought cocoa about the best drink in the world for a child's health and had served it regularly to her youngsters. So had great, great grandmother — and, in turn, many who had come since. And now, Bobbie's mother, finding him five pounds underweight, was following the up-to-date advice of the young family doctor—so once again Baker's Cocoa came forth from the kitchen cupboard.

Then Bobbie's weight started to climb. Soon it had reached the healthy side of normal.

Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk is a unique food drink with benefits needed by *every* child, by *your* child. This fact seems quite understandable when you learn its ingredients—all the food value of milk, plus the added nourishment of Baker's Cocoa itself. Each wonderfully flavored cupful contains a whole host of nutritious benefactors for the growing child—not only carbohydrates and proteins, but calcium, phosphorus —as well as vitamin A and vitamin B.

In a recent survey, 77% of the dietitians, professional nurses, editors of women's magazines said "Baker's Cocoa is best." It is roasted from the choicest cocoa beans that cargo ships bring across the ocean from the West Indies. Its blending is guided by matchless skill and knowledge which have taken 150 years to accumulate. That is why Baker's Cocoa is so delightfully rich in flavor. That is why its mellow, chocolaty goodness is just as much of a treat for grown-ups as for children.

Write for 60-page illustrated Cocoa and Chocolate recipe book: Walter Baker & Co., Dept. G-12, Dorchester, Mass. If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.

BAKER'S
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
COCOA

A Product of General Foods Corporation

©1930, G. F. Corp.

Christmas In Other Lands

(See Picture Section)

WOULDN'T it be fun if we could see how boys and girls of other lands are celebrating Christmas? The spirit of Christmas is the same everywhere, of course, but each country has its own quaint customs.

In America we like to think of the jolly Santa Claus who rides in a sleigh drawn by reindeer and comes down the chimney with his pack of toys to fill our stockings.

The Dutch in Holland, like America's early Dutch settlers, like to think of this sort of a Santa Claus, though they call him Saint Nicholas. In the picture section you will see him drive up before the house of some Dutch boy or girl, in a handsome coach drawn by prancing ponies.

The German children call their Santa St. Nicholas, too, and in every village he goes from house to house delivering holiday toys. You'll see in the picture that his costume is different from the one our Santa Claus wears.

Of course, St. Nicholas could not drive a reindeer and sleigh over the rugged peaks of the Alps. The Swiss children, therefore, think that he comes on skiis. The Swiss Santa in the picture section has found his pack so heavy that he has stumbled in the snow.

In Scotland and Belgium Santa often arrives by boat and may be seen sailing into the harbor on Christmas morning. Although the American children like to think that he comes from the North Pole, the Belgian children believe that he comes from Spain.

In some countries children believe that it is Kris Kringle (the Christ Child), who brings them their presents. In France "Bonhomme Noel" (Father Christmas) leaves his gifts in little wooden shoes for the peasant children.

In Italy the children get their presents from the "Urn of Fate." Some draw out empty parcels and others draw out gifts, but of course, before the drawing is over, there will be gifts for all. The children do not receive their presents until ten days after our Christmas, and then they think Befona, a gruff little old woman, brings them.

In both Italy and Spain Christmas is also celebrated with big bonfires and fireworks. English boys and girls observe the holiday by burning a big yule log, decorating their homes with holly and mistletoe and eating plum pudding. The ones in the picture are practicing Christmas carols.

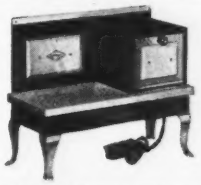
The first Christmas tree with its trimmings probably was found way back in Roman days. By the middle of the seventeenth century, though, elaborate Christmas trees were not only seen in Germany, but throughout Christendom. In the picture section you will find that even a humble little Prussian farmhouse has its Christmas tree, and only the quaint costumes of the mother and little girl in the picture make their Christmas look different from ours. One of the important decorations of the Christmas tree is the star. In Roumania it is the most important ornament of all; and the children stand near it when they sing their carols.

Christmas carols are also sung in many other countries. You'll find several groups of children in the picture section this month who are out on Christmas Eve singing under the windows of their friends. You will notice the curious hats and the long white robes of the Swedish boys, who go from window to window singing. You will notice also that the boy carolers in Speyer, Austria, are dressed as herders, as they go from house to house singing their songs and collecting gifts.

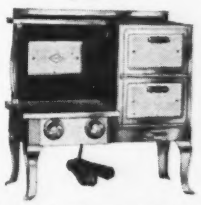
Some day we may be able to hear the carolers of all countries singing on the radio.

"Look, Mother —at what I baked!"

You Too, Can Learn To Cook And Bake The Things You Like—On One Of These Empire Miniature Electric Ranges



B-24 Empire Miniature Electric Range
Finished in green with cream panels—gray with green panels—or cream with green panels. Three aluminum cooking utensils. Size 6 1 4x14x10 3/4 inches. Price $6.00.



B-23 Empire Miniature Electric Range
Has two heavily constructed side ovens for baking and two separately controlled heating elements for cooking. Entire front, trimmings and stove top heavily nickel plated. Finished in cream, green or gray with panels a shade darker. Three cooking utensils. Size 15 x 7 1/2 x 15 inches. Price $16.50.

B-26 Empire Miniature Electric Range
Has a large single oven for baking and heavily nickel plated cooking top. Legs, door frame and shelf also nickel plated. Finished in green, cream and gray with panels a shade darker. Cooks and bakes like a big stove. Equipped with three cooking utensils. Size 10 3/4x6 3/4x16 1/2 inches. Price $8.50.

Think of all the fun you can have baking pies, cookies and cakes—frying meat and potatoes—making tea or coffee—and preparing dozens of other dainty dishes on one of these Empire Miniature Electric Ranges.

They cook and bake like a big stove. And mother will be glad to show you how, because you're learning something really worthwhile.

All Empire Ranges are durably finished in beautiful, rich colors with highly nickel plated trimmings.

They operate on any standard light socket—and are thoroughly insulated to eliminate danger.*

Furnished complete with electric cord and aluminum cooking utensils.

Ask mother to buy you an Empire electric range for Christmas. If your local dealer does not have them, fill in the coupon and mail it direct to the factory.

**Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories.*

METAL WARE CORPORATION

General Offices and Factory: 1704 Monroe Street Two Rivers, Wis.

EMPIRE

Sales Offices: New York Chicago San Francisco

Strobel-Wilken Co., Inc. John H. Graham & Co., Inc.
Export Distributors: International General Electric Co.

Please ship C. O. D. Empire Miniature Electric Range

Model.....Color.....Price.....f. o. b. Two Rivers

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Give your small folks ALL-FAIR TOYS & GAMES for Christmas!

Gifts that really thrill any little child's heart—lovable toy animals that soothe a toddler's tumbles and games that keep busy little bodies quiet while they spur on active brains! Games and toys that are sturdily built to stand up under a lot of rough and tumble. Toys that are gay in waterproof coloring and of irresistible appeal.

Mr. Quack Duck $1

Giraffe $1

A nice Quacky Duck or a Questioning Giraffe

There is Mrs. Quack Duck, all dressed up in latest fashion, hat with a gay nosegay—or her friend husband in manly attire. Smarty Dog—a pugnacious pup. Humpty Hump the Camel or Billy, the Goat—any one or all of All Fair animals will delight any small person on your list. Each animal attractively packaged in colorful lithographed box for $1.00. For little tots from 2 to 6.

Billy Goat $1

Smarty Dog $1

Combination Tennis and Baseball Game

Combines two of best loved sports in a lively and exciting game for $1.00. This is positively biggest game value you can buy anywhere! For boys and girls from 5 to 10.

Tennis and Baseball $1

"Our Gang"—a la Hal Roach

The lovable, troublesome gang that children follow in the movies—now a game exclusive with All Fair. Entirely new principle of play. $1.00. For boys and girls from 4 to 9.

Our Gang—$1

Play "Store" with Stop and Shop

A game that always goes over big. Plenty of action and it teaches children how to buy. 50c. For girls and boys from 4 to 10.

Each and every All Fair game and toy is a sure way to make Christmas a success with the children! If you can't find the All Fair toy or game you want, send money and coupon below to All Fair, Inc., 5 Toy Street, Churchville, N. Y.

Stop or Shop 50c

ALL-FAIR, Inc.
5 Toy Street
Churchville, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid

☐ .....
☐ .....
☐ ..... ☐ .....

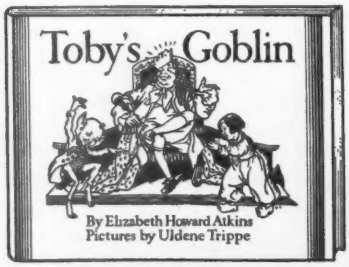
Name..... Street or R.F.D.....
City..... State.....

If not satisfactory you are to return the money.

A charming new storybook

Toby's Goblin

HERE'S a whimsical tale, amusing, imaginative, about Toby and his Goblin and how they found such important lost articles as Toby's sister's shadow and his father's temper. Quaint pictures, done in bold brush strokes, depict the characters after the Dutch manner.



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
CHICAGO
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

Written by ELIZABETH HOWARD ATKINS and illustrated by ULDENE TRIPPE. $1.50

Let's Make Christmas Gifts

(See Picture Section)

AN ordinary packing box is covered with crepe paper and bound with passepartout to make the cunning toy box for blocks, balls, and dolls. After the crepe paper is applied it is given a protective coat of thin transparent amber sealing-wax paint. (This is made by dissolving the wax in denatured alcohol. It can be purchased already prepared.) Other designs may be had. For boys there are circus parades on crepe paper. There are children with balloons, and there are jolly Christmas scenes.

AN OLD cigar box can be made decorative with coats of sealing-wax paint and designs built up with sealing wax over designs cut from patterned crepe paper. That's how the boxes pictured are made.

TO MAKE the book cover, wrap a piece of newspaper around the book you wish to cover, allowing several inches at the end to form a flap. Use this piece of newspaper as a pattern and cut out from felt your book cover. Fold over the extra amount of felt at the ends and blanket stitch around the top and bottom of the cover, thus forming the pocket into which you will slip the cover of the book.

Stamp or trace or draw a simple design on the cover of the book. Fill in this design with wool snippings. Be sure to use a contrasting color of wool from the felt background and use a number of different colors. Snippings may be made from pieces of wool left over from embroidery or rug making. Take sharp scissors and snip the wool in fine pieces.

It is an easy matter to apply the snippings. Spread a small amount of glue over a portion of the surface you desire to cover. Then apply a bunch of snippings on this glued surface, pressing firmly in place. Then apply more glue and more snippings and continue until as much of the surface is covered as you desire. A soft brush at the conclusion of the work will remove any of the snippings that do not catch in place.

TO MAKE the decorative portfolio, you will need:

15″x19½″ corrugated board.
14½″x19″ yellow construction paper.
3½″x17″ brown mat stock.
⅛ fold of decorated crepe paper.
1½ yards colored twilled tape.

Lay the corrugated board (which is smooth on both sides and corrugated between) on the desk with the short edge toward you. Cut a folding line halfway through the thickness of the board 9 inches in from the edge and parallel with it. Cut a second parallel line 1½ inches beyond the first, so that the corrugated board will fold easily along the dotted lines which form the back of the portfolio.

Turn the corrugated board over so that the cut surface will be on the desk. The side which is uppermost now becomes

the outside of the portfolio. Cover this neatly with the decorated crepe paper stretched and pasted smoothly so that the design is centered and the paper finished off neatly on the inside of the portfolio. Strengthen the back of the portfolio by pasting along it a strip of brown mat stock 3½ inches wide. You will find this mat stock laps over 1 inch on each cover, a point which you have to consider when centering the crepe paper design between the back and front of the cover. Turn the portfolio over again, so that you may turn in this strip of mat stock 1 inch at the top and bottom and paste neatly on the inside.

Divide the tape into six equal lengths. In the center of the top, bottom, and side of each cover attach a length of tape. Be sure to paste down 2 inches of the tape to make it secure. These tapes are used to keep the portfolio closed and the contents safe. As they tie on the outside, the tape should repeat some color in the crepe paper design—black, green, blue or rose. Now line the inside of the portfolio with the yellow construction paper, so as to leave a narrow margin all around.

If the portfolio is to be a gift, a covering should be chosen which is appropriate for the receiver; for example, a decorated wisteria crepe paper would be nice for Mother, a morning-glory paper for Sister.

A DOLL'S trunk may be made from a discarded box! Just take a beautiful shade of oil cloth and glue it over the entire box. If the box has a cover that is not hinged in place, it can readily be held securely by a belt that can be glued and then reinforced by extra strips of the belt glued on, as shown in the photograph.

A bottle that originally served as a pickle bottle becomes a vase by a coat of enamel and circles of colored paper glued on for decoration.

TWO sizes of spools glued together form the unique stand for a hat. Holes bored through the neck spool serve as a means of threading the arm cords and holding the arms in place. A rubber ball serves as a head and an old rubber from another rubber ball serves as a hat. A bit of glue holds the ball and cap in place on the spool.

TO MAKE the group of little toy animals, use a pattern. Stamp the animals on white felt, cut out two alike, sew together on all sides except the bottom, and stuff. Then set the stuffed animal on a piece of stiff cardboard and trace all around the bottom opening. Cut this piece out of the cardboard and sew in place on the animal, making a flat surface for the animal to rest on.

Wool cut up in very fine snippings is then glued to the felt surface of the animal. Follow the same directions for applying the wool as was suggested for the book cover. The animals can be made to look especially adorable if covered with bright red snippings or yellow or pink.

To obtain the pattern for the animals described just above, use McCall's pattern, No. 1462.

"Santa Claus Doesn't Enjoy His Work Any More than I Do"

Hello Kiddies:

Just think, it's only a few weeks until Christmas. Santa Claus is certainly going to be a busy man this year. I am having as much fun building Hustler Toys for him as he will have giving them on Christmas Eve. I am working night and day to fill his orders but I enjoy it so much I don't seem to get tired at all.

Have you made a list yet of the things you want Santa to bring you? Did you ask for any Hustler Toys? I tell you what you do! Have Mother write your name and address below and mail it to me. I'll send you some colored pictures of my dandy toys and then you can ask Santa for the ones you want.

Lovingly,
Uncle Bill Hustler

HERE is a list of some of the toys and games I am making for Santa Claus this year:

Hustler Ducky Racer
Hustler Pup
Hustler Kids
Sambo Hustler
Billy Hustler
Hustler Baseball
Hustler Football
Hustler Beads

The booklet has colored pictures of all these and many more of my toys. Be sure to send for it. Use the coupon.

HUSTLER
Lifelike TOYS Instructive GAMES
IN TOY DEPARTMENTS EVERYWHERE

UNCLE BILL HUSTLER,
Dept. C-6, Hustler Toy Corp., Sterling, Ill.
Kindly send colored picture booklet of Hustler Toys. I am enclosing 5 cents (5c) in stamps (or coin) to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
I am.....*years old. My birthday is*.....

MAN O' WAR

A Smart Gym Suit
That suits the Young Idea

STYLE with flair for youth, shows in every line of this distinctive gym suit by MAN O'WAR. It is made to wear well, fit comfortably and give complete freedom of action. Makes a practical and inexpensive Christmas present for it has many uses among which are gym work, tap dancing and basket ball and the price is only $1.95.

This new MAN O'WAR Suit is made all in one piece of "Good Game" Suiting. It comes in dark or light blue, dark or light green, maize, rose, peach, heliotrope or in white. Also a deluxe model of lustrous, silky broadcloth in copen, green, maize or rose which is priced at $2.95. If your local store hasn't stocked these smart suits yet, send check or money order direct and we will see that you are supplied. Sizes 6 to 22.

MAN O'WAR GARMENTS REG.

BRANIGAN, GREEN & COMPANY
1270 Broadway, N. Y. C.

HORSMAN DOLLS

On Sale Wherever Fine Dolls Are Sold

Watch your child's eyes sparkle and her tiny arms reach instinctively for Horsman Dolls. Three of these snuggly, adorable playmates are pictured. Scores of other Horsman Dolls for every childhood desire.

If your store doesn't carry Horsman Dolls-write us for name of dealer

E. I. HORSMAN CO., Inc.
200 Fifth Avenue. - New York

Cooper Street Jerry

[*Continued from page 649*]

which he had come. This was the signal for a half dozen other dogs to tumble into the same snowbank.

"Stick to the road, Jerry, stick to the road," begged Ted, and right on little Jerry traveled, his head high, his tiny bells jingling.

Just ahead were Tim with his splendid Eskimo dog and Jim Peters with his Airedale. They were neck and neck at the beginning of the fifth block and Jerry was pegging faithfully along behind. In the middle of the last block a big gray cat ran suddenly off from a porch and stood like a statue, back arched, on the top of a big snowbank. The Airedale made one dive for it and in another instant the Eskimo dog followed. There was a grand mixup of sleds and dogs and heels as the drivers went head first into that big pile of snow. Jerry hesitated one brief second.

"Stick to the road," begged Ted, "stick, stick to the road, Jerry."

And Jerry stuck to the road. On he went in his same jiggling trot, his little bells jingling, until he cleared the tape at the end of the sixth block. The Cooper Street bunch was there to see the finish and yelled wildly:

"Hi—hi—hi—yah!
Jer—e—mi—yah!"

But Jerry did not stop and Ted did not try to make him. Straight ahead he went to a certain balsam tree, where he reached up in the branches and found something he liked very much. Soon he was licking his chops and looking for another chocolate cream. Ted swung him around and was back with the crowd by the time the others came in for second and third places.

"I didn't think you had a chance," apologized Tim, eyeing Jerry with different eyes.

"How did you keep him from chasing that cat?" demanded Jim Peters.

"How'd you do it?" repeated Tim.

"We—we kind of understand each other," Ted explained, holding Jerry in his arms. "Then, you know, he is used to finding some candy hiding in the little balsam tree for him."

Tim and Jim looked at one another wisely.

In the middle of the afternoon a happy bunch gathered in the little cabin down by Tumbling Run. Ted began to take the wrappings off of his prize box and the boys

bent over him expectantly.

"I know," said Chet. "Skates!"

"Tubular hockeys," added Quin, "the regular racing kind."

"Guess again," laughed Ted merrily as he took off the last padded layer. "It's for the cabin," he said with a little lump in his throat.

He held a fine big electric lantern high over his head and pushed the button. The boys stared quietly a few seconds.

"Gee, it's a beauty!" Max burst out. "Just what the cabin needs!"

"It has extra batteries and a red tail light," Ted explained happily.

"It's great," said Chet, squeezing Ted's shoulders, "the biggest surprise the cabin's ever had."

Come, And Sing Your Songs To Him

[*Continued from page 633*]

Perhaps the most interesting persons taking part in the old-time English caroling were the *waits*. At first the *waits* were merely night watchmen, going about the towns with their lanterns. Later they became known as singers of carols, going from house to house on Christmas Eve and on Christmas Day, singing the songs that we know to-day, such as "God Rest Ye Merrie, Gentlemen," "Good King Wenceslaus," "O, Come All Ye Faithful," "I Saw Three Ships," and "We Three Kings of Orient Are."

Isn't it splendid that carol singing on Christmas Eve and all through the holiday week is being revived in our country? Get the girls and boys of your neighborhood together right off, make some costumes you can (at least make some little capes and hoods of red cambric), learn some good simple carols (and be sure to memorize the words), and on Christmas Eve march around (especially where there are any "shut-ins"), carrying your lanterns, as the waits used to do. Sing with all your hearts the message of Christmas, and Christmas Day will be all the jollier because you have helped to make your neighborhood happy with your singing.

BLACK BEAUTY—a true reproduction of a thoroughbred—$15.00. West of Denver,—$17.00.

RED HAWK—real aeroplane movements—fun and exercise all in one—$15.00. West of Denver—$17.00.

RED BIRD—safe and gentle planing motion for the younger child—$13.50. West of Denver—$15.00.

RED EAGLE—a "real" toy for a "real" boy. Even has joy stick which throws plane into climbing position—action—thrills—speed—but safe—$16.50. West of Denver—$18.50.

NOBBY HOBBY—life-like, realistic action that keeps the child satisfied for hours—$11.50. West of Denver—$13.00.

SHOO FLY—for the child just able to walk—rotating cylinder reveals colored pictures and nursery rhymes as the child rocks—$10.00. West of Denver—$11.50.

RIDE 'EM COWBOY!

Whoopee! Yow! Action and plenty of it—the kind that every young American wants today. This Bronco Busting Horse all but lives for the girl or boy who strides it. The Black Beauty (pictured above) gives every sensation of riding a live thoroughbred. It gallops as it rolls along. Children from four to ten years of age can ride these toys. Corcoran Vehicles are new—they're novel—they're entirely different! Low to the ground and absolutely safe. Black Beauty and aeroplanes are of all steel construction. Finished in three colors—red, yellow, and black. See the Corcoran Dual Action Toy Line—in imitation of what they represent—on display at your nearest hardware, toy, or department store; or send coupon with money order or check direct to The Corcoran Mfg. Co.

CORCORAN

THE CORCORAN MFG. CO.,
Dept. C-12, Norwood, Cincinnati, O.

Enclosed is $.....for which please send the toy checked below—ALL FREIGHT CHARGES PREPAID.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

☐ Black Beauty ☐ Red Hawk ☐ Red Bird ☐ Red Eagle ☐ Nobby Hobby ☐ Shoo Fly ☐ Literature.

"This Coupon Brings a Year's Happiness!" with CHILD LIFE

One year $3
Two years $5
Two 1-year Gifts $5

CHILD LIFE
536 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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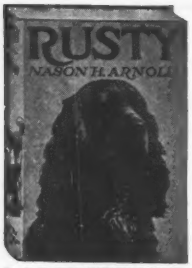

OUR NEW FALL BOOKS

Carefully Chosen, Attractive, and Finely Illustrated

RUSTY The Adventures of a Little Dog

By NASON H. ARNOLD

Picture Jacket and Frontispiece in Color and Pen-and-Ink for Each Chapter by GRISWOLD TYNG $1.50

Rusty is a lovable black spaniel with one brown spot at the throat, which gave him his name. Rusty won the hearts of all, from the black cook to Rex, the huge St. Bernard, and Mittens, the family cat. With his unusual intelligence, he not only was well trained but very original. You will want to read all about Rusty for yourself.

MOTHER'S RHYMES FOR STORY TIMES

By MARIE-ANNE JORDAN

With Picture Jacket and profuse illustrations in Color by the Author $2.00

The rhymes not "written down" to children, but talk with them in their own language. This catchy talking fits in delightfully with the colored pictures, one on every page, where the children and their playmates are seen with the birds and animals of the outside world and their own home pets, which mean so much to joyous young life.

THOSE THORNTON GIRLS

By MARY ETHEL OLIVER

With Picture Jacket and Illustrations by ELIZABETH WITHINGTON $1.50

A delightful story of an unusual family. There are three sisters, the oldest of whom is Cristel, patiently caring for the younger two. The coming of an aunt brings rapid happenings, with an alluring, romantic mystery interwoven that concerns Aunt Dorothy herself.

POLLY COLOGNE

By MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ

With Introduction by BERTHA E. MAHONY of The Bookshop for Boys and Girls, Boston

Illustrated from the Original Wood-Cuts of the Drawings by "Boz" (MORGAN J. SWEENEY) $2.00

Polly Cologne, the princess of all rag babies, lives in a delightful, matter-of-fact, romantic country called the Land of Ease. In her court serves a certain little dog, Rover, that has been in every country and sailed upon every sea. POLLY COLOGNE is a real mystery story for children, showing that there can be much that is baffling in the loss of a doll and a dog.

THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS

By MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ

With Introduction by ANNE CARROLL MOORE

Illustrated from the Original Wood-Cuts $2.00

Theodore Roosevelt gave high praise to this book. One has only to begin it to see why. The letters show an absolute knowledge of boy nature, and in bright, breezy fun are unsurpassed. They are an honest presentation of the life of an active, impulsive, straightforward, and thoroughly likable boy.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

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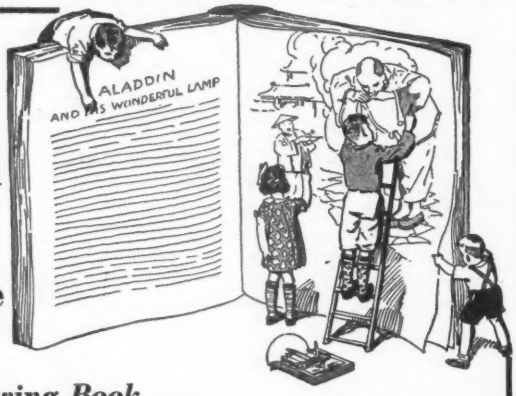
Hours of Fun for everyone

with the NEW CRAYOLA Drawing Book . . .



JOIN these other boys and girls in coloring this wonderful *new* CRAYOLA Drawing Book. It's a book you'll love—full of Adventure, Romance, Magic.

Aladdin and his Lamp—Pandora—King Arthur and his Sword Excalibur—Robin Hood—Alice in Wonderland—Hiawatha with his Forest Friends. And other famous heroes and heroines—with stories of their adventures—and big, full-page pictures for you to color with CRAYOLA.

CRAYOLA is the favorite colored crayon. There's as much magic in a 10c box of CRAYOLA as in Aladdin's Lamp. You can buy it at your nearest stationery, department or drug store. Ask Mother to mail the Magic Coupon today, with 10c, for your copy of the most interesting drawing book you've ever seen.

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Please send me my *New* CRAYOLA DRAWING BOOK. 10c enclosed to cover handling.

Name .....

Address .....

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The House in Hidden Lane

[*Continued from page 646*]

but—but—you've been sort of—kind ter me—"

"Don't tell us unless you really wish to, Timmie," interrupted Mrs. Tanner. "I told you that was all off—and I really meant it."

"No, I guess I—I *want* to tell you—now!" insisted Timmie. "It was *this* way. Before you folks came, I heard my mother an' my grandmother talkin' about you and this house and my grandmother sayin' how they never did find the things old Miss Abigail hid an' how there was them jools comin' to her if they ever did come to light. 'N she said Miss Annabel never would let her come an' help hunt fer 'em. But my mother said maybe you'd let *her* come an' do some cleanin' fer you an' then *she* could do some huntin'. So when you came that day I was watchin' near here 'n I see that colored woman you have 'n I knew you probably wouldn't need my mother if you had her.

"So then I thinks up a scheme. I know colored people is awful easy scared 'bout ghosts 'n such, 'n folks in the village *did* sometimes talk about this house 'n say the old lady useter come back 'n tap-tap with her cane 'n look fer her jools. O' course, I know that is a lot of rot, but I thinks maybe I could dress up 'n pertend ter be the ghost 'n give yer colored girl a scare 'n then she'd leave 'n you'd haf ter git Ma ter come 'n do the work. 'N then she could find them jools 'n that'd please Granny. You know how 'tis—Granny's all the time worryin' about 'em! So I dresses up in Granny's old black shawl 'n I come a lot of nights but I never seemed ter git that colored gal scared till last night. I lit under her winder just by chance 'n she gave a yell 'n I beat it, but I came again ternight ter finish up the job. Gee, I'm sorry, Mis' Tanner. Honest ter goodness, I am—now! Cause yer—yer've been so—nice ter me!" He ended with a gulp and then was silent. Mrs. Tanner had only one question.

"Did any of your folks know

you were doing this, Timmie?"

"Gee, no!" he exclaimed. "That's why I was so scared w'en you said you was goin' to tell 'em. I'd get the lickin' of me life from Ma if she ever knew about this. I slip out of the winder at night after they're all asleep."

"Well, don't worry, Timmie!" Mrs. Tanner assured him. "I'll never tell them. But here's what I intend to do to-morrow. I'm going to ask your mother if she can come here to help me do some extra cleaning. Magnolia has all she can do with the regular work. Then we'll get your mother to help us with a regular good old hunt for the hiding-place of those 'jools' and things, which we've never found yet, and you can come along to lend a hand if you like."

"Gee!" he cried, jumping up and flushing a brilliant red. "D'you really mean it? Why, that'll be better than the huntin' pirate treasure that I like ter play. I always thought of the old lady's treasures when I was playin' it—'n now I'm going to have the *real thing!* Oh *boy!*"

(To be concluded)

Doris and the Trolls

[*Continued from page 669*]

will be a good joke on Wigweed!"

Doris wasn't sure she wasn't afraid of Wigweed's being angry if her hair were cut off. "Have you any scissors?" she asked the king.

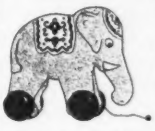
"Come with me," said Brex. And he led the children around the side of the mountain top to a place where there was what looked like the end of a shiny white bathtub. Only where the faucets should be, there wasn't any end to the tub, and the tub kept on going somewhere down the mountain, something like a toboggan slide.

"Sit down in the slide and we'll go to the mines," said the king.

(To be continued)

Twinzy Toys

The NEW TWINZY PULL TOYS are here. Soft toys on wheels, combining the action in which children delight with the lovable life like feeling of a stuffed toy. Pictured at the left is the nation's favored DOG, the wired haired terrier. And who wouldn't want this grey maltese KITTEN? This bright colored ELEPHANT will follow you wherever you go. Then there is a yellow RABBIT and a cute little GIRL and BOY. All can be yours. Ask your dealer or send 50c for each toy. If you live west of the Rockies or in Canada, add 10c extra for each toy.



TWINZY TOYS ARE DESIGNED BY TWINS

Ask SANTA CLAUS for TWINZY TOYS

$1.00 each

TWINZY TOY CO. Battle Creek, Mich.

I enclose $..... for following TWINZY TOYS.....

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Send 10c for Rollfast Skating Cap

1st dog: *"Well anyway, I'm glad he's wearing Rollfasts."*

2nd dog: *"Yes—I hear they're the easiest thing a kid can put on his dogs."*

D.P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY, D.P. HARRIS BLDG., N.Y.

Rollfast SKATES

next to wings

Every Home with Children needs the New PAL TALKING PICTURE PLAYER

THE Pal Talking Picture Player is one of the most instructive, pleasureful gifts your child could receive. Hours of entertainment, of which children seldom tire. Always something new! You see as well as hear all of the old-time favorites: Old King Cole; Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star; Little Red Riding Hood and seventeen other popular nursery and fairy tales. Pictures, words and music are perfectly synchronized. No special screen is needed, for it projects directly on a wall. Easily operated by any child. Simply put on a record—insert a non-inflammable film and while the record talks a new picture automatically flashes on every nine seconds.

Ask to see this wonderful new invention at your favorite store or send coupon for descriptive folder and name of nearest dealer.

The Pal Talking Picture Player is also a light, portable phonograph, combined with an automatic synchronized electric picture projector and plays regulation 10-inch records. Grown-ups can use it for week-ends, trips, parties or camp. Beautifully finished in blue Dupont Fabrikoid with Nickeled Trimmings. Durably and expertly made for years of service.

CHILD LIFE Seal APPROVAL TESTED and PROVEN

$25.00
(slightly higher in West and Canada)

The Seal Indicates That John Martin The Children's Friend Approves

PLAZA MUSIC COMPANY
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PLAZA MUSIC CO.
10 West 20th St.
New York City

Send descriptive folder No. 25 C of the PAL TALKING PICTURE PLAYER and name of nearest dealer.

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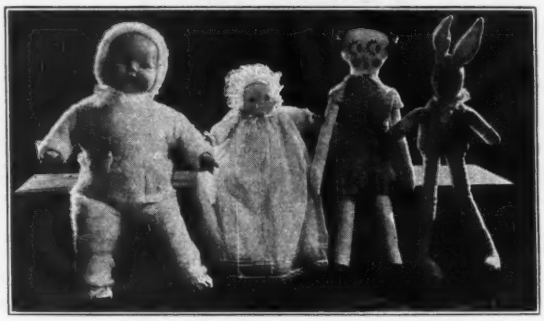
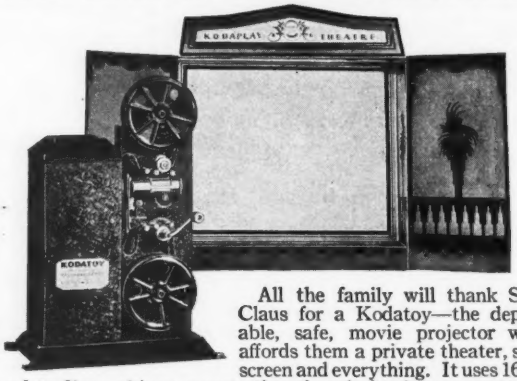
In the Shops

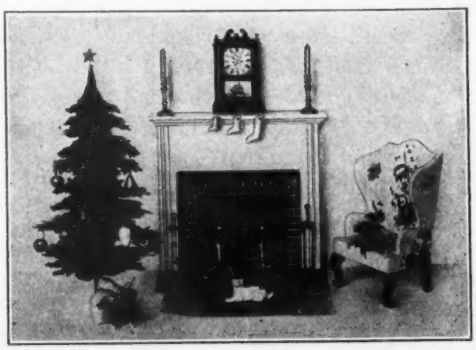


HERE are your Christmas toys! There's Rose Marie ($7.95); the Featherweight Baby ($3.50); Raggerty Ann ($1.00)—jolly and true; and Snuggles who lives only at Best & Company.



All the family will thank Santa Claus for a Kodatoy—the dependable, safe, movie projector which affords them a private theater, silver screen and everything. It uses 16mm. safety film and is so easy to thread and simple to operate that the most unmechanically inclined can run it. It's $12.00 complete, and there are kodaplays—animal, travel, comedy and animated pictures—to be had for 30 to 90 cents.

Rainy and snowy days are ahead of us. Why doesn't some thoughtful auntie surprise a lively nephew or niece with these answers to "What shall I do now?" Here are toys educational as well as entertaining, which may prove inspirational to embryo geniuses.



Ask Santy to bring your doll house these Tynietoys from the Toy Furniture Shop. Andirons ($1.50) for the fireplace ($1.65) an enchanting replica of an 18th Century wing chair ($2.35) a hand-woven rug ($0.35) old-time candlesticks in silver or brass ($0.75) a Terry clock with hand-painted picture ($1.00). Entire set, $8.25.

The articles described above may be ordered through the Child Life Shopping Service, Rand McNally & Company, 270 Madison Ave., New York. If desired, names of shops where these articles may be purchased will be furnished upon request and a stamped, addressed envelope.

THE WELL DRESSED CHILD

Conducted by Carolyn T. Radnor Lewis, New York

WHY not sew Christmas love and cheer into a little party dress? It will be appreciated long after Christmas has been forgotten. No. 6341 in sizes 2 to 8 years.

CHRISTMAS is coming! And children all over the land are writing notes to Santa telling him how good they have been and what they want to find in their stockings Christmas morning.

Christmas offers a splendid opportunity to give the "something extra"—a best coat, a novelty sweater, that stunning tippet and muff, the party dress which it would be so nice for any girl to have—gifts that are sensible yet beautiful. That's why we are showing them to you as tips for a happy Christmas!

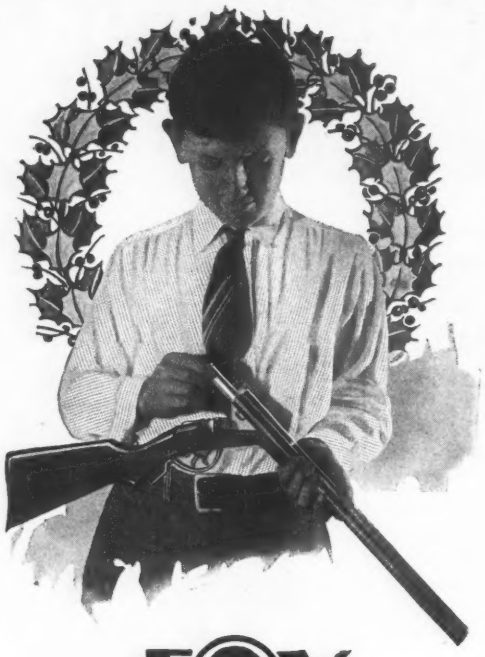
WHERE are the girls, be they tots or in their teens, who won't thank their mothers and thank their fathers, too, for either the lapin coat to match the turban, or the beaver barrel muff with matching nutria hat from Best & Company!

SNUG against the shoe and permitting perfect freedom of motion, thanks to the patented fitted waistline, what nicer Christmas gift than a Klad-ezee suit any child can slip into without assistance?

NO "sorry I'm late" alibis for the lucky children who find these Elgin watches Christmas morning, both 7 jewel movements, in nickel chromium cases.

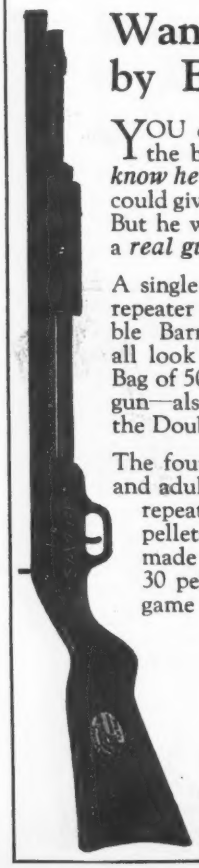
EVERY girl wants to own an Add-a-Pearl necklace with its genuine Oriental pearls. You can start a chain now and your parents and friends can add pearls at every Christmas and birthday time.

To buy the patterns, the fabrics or any of the articles, send your check or money order together with the size and color desired to Child Life Shopping Service, Rand McNally and Company, 270 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Patterns are thirty-five cents each. The Klad-ezee suits in a blue, cardinal or brown Mohair pile fabric may be bought for $12.50, and in Yale blue, Kelly green, cocoa or cardinal, 28 oz. virgin wool, for $10. Sister's Elgin watch sells for $25, brother's for $19. An Add-a-Pearl necklace may be purchased for $5 and up.



FOX
PLAY GUN

Wanted *this* Christmas by Every Youngster!



YOU don't have to wonder whether the boy would like A GUN. *You know he would!* There's nothing Santa could give him that he'd appreciate more. But he wants a true-to-life miniature of a *real gun!*

A single barrel one shot—a seven shot repeater and the world-known Fox Double Barrel—all shoot wooden pellets, all look like *real* guns, all are *SAFE.* Bag of 50 wooden balls comes with each gun—also 2 shells and bell target with the Double Barrel.

The fourth model is for older children and adults, too. A 15 shot pump action repeater that shoots red composition pellets. An accurate shooting, well made gun for target practice. Bag of 30 pellets and interesting trap target game with each gun.

Prices—One shot $1.65; Seven shot $2.25; Double Barrel $2.75; Fifteen shot $3.90.

Buy from your dealer—write for circular

THE FOX COMPANY
4712 N. 18th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

The Ivory Bishop

[*Continued from page 627*]

Although the light wasn't very good, he could see all over the top of the canopy, and the white bishop wasn't there. But wait, Ebony had alighted near the front edge of the canopy! A deep groove ran all around the edge, and if the chess piece were there it must be hidden in it. He knew, too, Ebony's fondness for tucking things in grooves.

Very carefully, Denis crawled along the edge, feeling in the groove. How the canopy complained! It had an unsteady feeling about it, as if it might topple over. But, no, it wouldn't; he was too light. He did not realize how small a weight it took to tip a scale. Creak! Creak! Perhaps he had better not go any farther. Just then his hand came in contact with something, and from the feeling of it, he knew he had found another of Ebony's caches. He couldn't quit now.

Carefully, he edged over a little. His hand found something round and hard. One of his marbles. He looked at it—the blue one he had looked for everywhere. Ebony certainly was a scamp. He eased himself over a bit more. The piece of meat. Did he dare go on? He reached as far as he could. and in the same moment that his fingers closed around something small and hard, he knew in a sickening flash that the chair was going over.

A few moments before this, Louis, one of his father's squires who was playing a game of chess with another squire, had looked up, wondering what was creaking, and had seen Denis on the canopy. He stared open mouthed for an instant, and, as it flashed over him what was about to happen, he jumped to his feet, and shouted:

"The chair! Look!"

At that very moment Sire Francois entered the hall, and saw Denis also. Louis' shout attracted half a dozen others, and by the time the chair began to sway, they were rushing toward it. The chair was falling. In another moment it would crash to the floor. The men dashed toward it to brace it, but could not get there until too late to stop its fall.

Denis had a confused impression of men running about shouting orders, as he sat on the side of the swaying canopy. One thing alone stood out. In the confusion and terror of that moment, he saw his father standing a little apart, holding out his arms, and saying in a voice that he could not but obey:

"Jump, Denis, jump."

As the chair was falling, Denis leaped into space. For a dizzy moment, he felt himself flying through the air; then his father's arms closed around him. At the same instant the canopy struck the floor with a crash.

Sire Francois with Denis in his arms was flung to the floor, rolled over several times, but save for

[*Continued on page 685*]

Eric and Mary Anne

[Continued from page 641]

"And just as soon as the other fall work is done, we will go out to get them. You can come with us if you think that you can ride the black pony for a whole day. We need someone to help cook the dinner while we are chopping the trees." Then seeing that even this prospect of a ride and a picnic did not cheer her, he said no more.

One night, two weeks later, as Mary Anne chanced to wake just before midnight, she heard a strange sound far overhead, a sweet, soft twittering that seemed to fill the whole sky above the roof. Her bunk was built against the wall near the open window and by kneeling at the end of it, she could see out through the small framed opening. The world was bathed in white moonlight, though with sky and prairie veiled in a thin, half visible haze.

She could not see whence came the little chirping voices which sounded from every direction above her head. Yet she knew, because her father had told her, that they were those of small birds who flew south as bravely and steadily as did the great geese and swans. They liked to go at night, lighted by the moon, as a safer time to fly than by day. Because of the haze they kept calling to one another for fear of being separated. Anyone can see the flight of geese and ducks in the autumn, but it takes quick ears and the chance of being awake on a moonlight night to hearken to the passing of the little birds. When they were all gone, she drew a great sigh and crept back into her bed. "It is really autumn now," she thought. And autumn meant that the dreaded school must soon be built.

It was not until ten days later, however, that the men came gathering at John Seabold's door with their horses and axes, their hooks and ropes for dragging the logs home. "All the men for twenty miles around did not amount to very many, only seven in fact. But they had fifteen children amongst them, which was quite a respectable number for the beginning of a school. Eric was there, and his father, and the yellow-coated pony, Sancho, with another horse and a pack saddle to carry the food for the day's excursion.

"Do you really think Mary Anne ought to go?" Jane Seabold suggested doubtfully, but her husband merely smiled down at his little daughter and said,

"Surely, why not?"

He swung her to the saddle of the gentle black pony, and the whole party went splashing through the ford of the creek and rode out upon the prairie. Trees were few on those great open plains, growing only near the watercourses. It was quite true that all those suitable for building had already been cut down to make the scattered cabins of the neighborhood and that it would be necessary to go many miles to find more.

"And it's going to be a proper building," said Joe Nelson, one of the men who rode near Mary Anne

Continued on page 684]

The Finest Gift

A CLUB FOR YOUR CHILD

The Speed-A-Way Club is made up of boys and girls who roller skate. Loads of fun. Anyone can join and membership is free. Send 10 cents to cover mailing of handsome gold-finish pin, book of roller-skate secrets, etc.

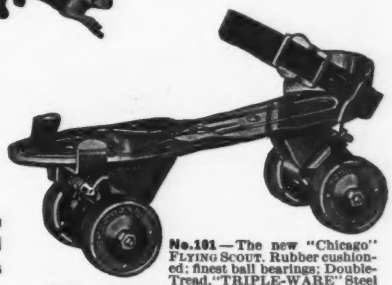
THE finest gift you can give your child is the precious gift of HEALTH. Wealth . . . power . . . position—mean little without this magic touch that turns it all to *happiness.*

One of the most vital factors in health is exercise, and perhaps no exercise contributes quite so much as roller-skating. This universal sport brings rhythmic action to nearly every muscle in the body. It keeps the child out-of-doors. It develops posture and poise. It brings a sparkle to the eye and color to the cheeks as nothing else can.

Yes, mothers, by all means give your child roller skates! But give *good* ones.

One of the best, and a big favorite with youngsters the country over, is the "Chicago" FLYING SCOUT. Outwears ordinary makes two to one, yet its cost is surprisingly low.

Give them "Chicagos" this Christmas—it might be the best gift you ever gave! See your dealer today.



LEADERSHIP in World's Speed and Endurance Records

No. 101—The new "Chicago" FLYING SCOUT. Rubber cushioned; finest ball bearings; Double-Tread, "TRIPLE-WARE" Steel Wheels. Outwear ordinary skates TWO to ONE. **Price $2.25**

No. 181—"Chicago" SILENT FLASH. Another excellent model. Similar to above, but with rubber tires, making it practically noiseless. Outlasts any steel-wheel skate made. **Price . . . $4.00**

At all good dealers, or sent direct, postpaid

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE COMPANY

Roller Skates with Records for Over 26 Years

4455 West Lake Street - - - - - - - CHICAGO

CHICAGO FLYING SCOUT Roller Skates

There's just heaps of Christmas Fun Painting Coloring Drawing with

MasterCraft
TRADE MARK
PAINTING SETS

"MASTERCRAFT" Painting Sets are different from all others; they are safe because the paints are harmless and stainless. Made without poisonous dyes; they will not stain fingers or fabrics and can be washed with plain water. Safe, too, because the UNIT TRAY construction (in all sets at $1.00 and up) keeps everything together in one place, prevents the paints from coming out of the box and provides a stronger container which will keep the set in good condition for a long time. This is an exclusive "MasterCraft" feature found only in these new and different painting sets.

SUNSET

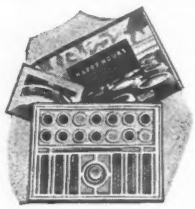
Contains 14 paints in UNIT TRAY; 6 crayons and 3 tubes of paint; glass water cup; packet of coloring designs and a brush. Price $1.50

...the Safe Playtime Paints

THERE are many different sets to choose from, and they are arranged for children of every age. Each set contains a liberal assortment of high quality Painting, Coloring and Drawing materials, selected as best for the childrens' pleasure.

AUTUMN TINTS

Contains 19 large paints in UNIT TRAY; 8 crayons and 4 tubes of paint; glass water cup; porcelain mixing tray; packet of coloring designs and 2 brushes. Price $2.50



HAPPY HOURS

This set contains 14 paints in UNIT TRAY; 12 crayons; colored glass water cup; coloring-chart; book and a brush. Price $1.00

Priced from 25c to $7.50

Here is the complete assortment of "MasterCraft" Painting Sets, some of which are illustrated:

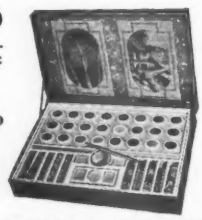
JOYLAND, 25c FAIRYLAND, 50c
HAPPY HOURS, $1.00 SUNSET, $1.50
AUTUMN TINTS, $2.50 YOUNG ARTIST, $4.00

...also two combination Painting, Sketching and Drawing Outfits; put up in handsome wooden cabinets and containing larger assortments of more varied materials. They are priced at $5.00 and $7.50.

Look for "MasterCraft" Painting Sets in your favorite store; they are well worth asking for by name—"MasterCraft." If unobtainable, we will send those you desire, fully prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Painting Book Free to Children

Explains how to use paints and colors, and gives full information about "MasterCraft" Painting Sets. Just write for a copy.



YOUNG ARTIST

Contains 24 large paints in UNIT TRAY; 10 crayons and 5 large tubes of paint; glass water cup; porcelain mixing tray; 2 packets coloring designs and 3 brushes; all packed in strong wooden cabinet. Price $4.00

Manufactured by

The PORTER CHEMICAL COMPANY
110 East Washington Street, Hagerstown, Maryland

and her father. "No sod walls and stick-and-mud chimneys for a schoolhouse for our children."

"Will you—will you paint the windows over so we can't see out?" Mary Anne asked him anxiously.

"No fear of that, little lady," returned Joe. "Paint is far too scarce and precious in these parts to waste any keeping out the good sunshine. I don't think anybody learns the worse for watching the clouds and the winds go by. I'll wager that this minute you know how to spell sun and grass and creek when you can't remember how such words go as anatomy and preserve. I've wrestled with that Blue Backed Speller myself."

"Oh yes," agreed Mary Anne joyously. "And I used to spell fox with a k-s, but I never will again since Gray Eagle and Eric and I saw one come down to drink while I had the speller still in my hand."

The day was overcast, and grew steadily more raw and cold, even though it had been so warm yesterday. It was difficult to see clearly for any distance, so that, when some small moving dots came into view, away toward the horizon, there was some argument among the riders as to whether they were Indians or a grazing herd of buffalo. When they came a little nearer, the men finally decided that it was both—a band of buffalo which was being followed by a small group of Indians.

"And I don't think they're Sioux Indians either," Joe Nelson announced after watching them a long time. "They ride like Arikarees. They say the Arikaree Indians have had a bad hunting season, no buffalo at all, and they are pressing into the Sioux hunting grounds to get meat for the winter. Gray Eagle's people will drive them out like wolves, if they catch them. One Indian tribe never allows another to hunt in its territory."

He shivered and buttoned up his blanket coat. "It sure is getting cold! Feels like a storm coming, only we never have had a bad storm, that I remember, so early in October."

The buffalo and the distant Indians disappeared as the white men pushed onward, moving northwest across the wide open. The air grew even chillier and a little wind sprang up, a small wind but very cold. Mary Anne was glad of her sheepskin coat as she rode behind her father, talking sometimes to Eric, whose restless pony ranged up and down from the head to the tail of the little procession. It was the boy who happened to glance behind him and who halted the whole company with his startled cry of "Look there."

Something like a dense white cloud had gathered on the western sky line and was spreading wider and wider as it swept toward them, blotting out all view of the broad prairie.

"Snow!" cried John Seabold. He had scarcely time to reach out and catch the rein of Mary Anne's pony before the tempest broke about them, hiding them even from one another in its sudden smother of driving, stinging white.

"Keep together," he ordered at the top of his lungs as the horses plunged and bucked, under the lash of the wind. Every beast of them turned about, no matter how his rider jerked and shouted, and drifted before the roaring blast. Not one would face the sharp fury of the driving snow.

If the wind had blown steadily, the little party would have known something of the direction in which they were being driven, but it turned and shifted, swooping upon them now from this side and now from that, the horses turning and shifting with it. As a result, in five minutes the whole band was completely confused, and could only follow blindly wherever John Seabold's horse chanced to lead them. They answered his guiding shout by shouts in return so that, at least, they could keep together. They rode for half an hour, knowing that they must keep moving, yet not one of them with the smallest idea of whither they were traveling. Then Mary Anne saw something big and black loom just beyond her father's horse, and another strange shape come into view behind it. She pressed her pony forward to ask her father, "What is it?" and as he did not answer at once, she asked again, "What are those things coming along with us?"

"Buffalo," he answered briefly. He pulled her horse's rein to draw him closer. "We have strayed into that herd of buffalo that the Arikarees were hunting. They won't harm us, they are looking for shelter as well as we, and they may know better where to find it."

The curiously gathered company moved slowly forward, all wrapped together in a cloud of snow, and beaten by the merciless wind.

(Part II of "Eric and Mary Anne" will appear in the January issue of CHILD LIFE.)

The Ivory Bishop

[Continued from page 682]

a sound jarring, was unhurt. As soon as they could catch their breath again, they scrambled to their feet. Denis was never to forget the look on his father's face when he helped him up, and felt of him to see that no bones were broken. He stammered weakly, "I'm—I'm sorry, Father. I didn't know the chair would fall."

Sire Francois picked Denis up in his arms, and giving him a little shake, said, "You young rascal! I guess you'll be more careful where you climb after this, won't you?"

When his father put him down, Denis suddenly remembered something, and he caught his arm. "But only see, Father!"

Sire Francois looked down, and saw that Denis was holding out one dirty little fist, and that in it was—the ivory bishop. He threw back his head and laughed loud and long. Finally he said,

"Denis, my son, I am glad you got what you went after, but I should like it better, if in the future, you also counted the cost. You might have been badly hurt." Then he tousled Denis' hair, and added, "Run and play now, and see how long you and your magpie can keep out of mischief."

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A Christmas Movie

HERE'S an outline for a real Christmas movie in which the whole family can play. Daddy will be Santa Claus. Mother and you children will just be yourselves. To make Daddy mysteriously appear at the fireplace, some "stop-motion" pictures are necessary. For example, his arrival will be shown by first filming the fireplace—stopping the camera without moving it. Have Daddy step before the fireplace—and start the camera. The effect is quite startling! A telephoto lens will help for the bird pictures.

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TITLE: A Christmas Dinner

Our first scene will show you children hanging your stockings on the fireplace mantel.

Then you kiss Daddy and Mother good night and go upstairs to bed. While Mother is making a picture of each of you tucked into bed, Daddy will get into his make-believe Santa costume.

Next we see the fireplace—no one in sight. Suddenly Santa appears! He bustles about, filling stockings and taking presents from his sack.

Then he walks back to the fireplace, waves at the camera, and—presto—he vanishes!

On Christmas morning Daddy will make pictures of you as you hurry downstairs to see what Santa has brought you, and as you play with your toys.

Then Daddy will make a picture of you as the oven door is opened and you sniff the turkey.

And out-of-doors we see one or two poor little sparrows hopping about looking for something to eat.

Big brother points out of a window and says, "Let's give the birds a Christmas, too!"

So out you go, all bundled up, with bread crumbs, nuts and cranberries. Big brother carries a little toy Christmas tree. This he places on the lawn, and you scatter the food about it.

Next we see you children at the table having dinner—Daddy carving, Mother passing plates.

And then, our last scene will show the little birds enjoying *their* dinner, too.

Journeys to Advertising Land

[Continued from page 664]

be roasted. Roasting helps to improve the flavor and to loosen the shell.

"Another machine called the thresher breaks the beans up; a breeze fans the broken shells away, and then the real cocoa bean comes to view."

"What happens next?" Ruth asked.

"The cocoa beans are pressed under mill stones and the immense pressure causes a rich brown liquid to pour out. The liquid chocolate is put into molds and sent to the cooling room where it hardens. More machinery cuts the chocolate into little cakes and another machine wraps them up ready for shipment all over the world."

"Pardon me, Chocolate Lady," Robert said, "but isn't cocoa a little different than chocolate?"

"I almost neglected to tell you about cocoa," the Chocolate Lady thanked him graciously.

"In order to make cocoa, some of the cocoa butter must be pressed out of the chocolate liquid. The cocoa butter is cooled, and after it is hardened it is ground again, and sifted through fine cloth to get all of the lumps out. A fluffy, brown powder which we call "cocoa" is left. It is put into tins with a picture of me on the outside."

The Chocolate Lady was so friendly that Ruth asked her another question. "Do you know how you came to be on the front of the tin? Mother doesn't know and we wonder if you would tell us how it got there."

The Chocolate Lady's silvery laugh tinkled through the room as she said: "I do not know how Walter Baker got the picture, but there is an old legend that the story of my portrait crossed the waters. I think that the romance of its history appealed to him and he was given permission to use it on his cocoa products."

Then she continued. "I sometimes wonder what the Mexican Indians in the days of Christopher Columbus' time would say if they could taste a cup of Baker's cocoa. The Indians made a drink out of the cocoa bean, but instead of selecting the best of thirty different kinds the way the Baker Company does, they took any cocoa bean and ground it up by hand. I imagine a cup of Baker's cocoa or chocolate would be a delightful surprise to them, don't you?"

"It certainly would," Robert said, smacking his lips as he remembered his cup of chocolate. "That was a grand story about the Indians. Wish I had been one."

"Yes," Ruth interrupted, "but then you would never, never have had any of Baker's hot chocolate."

"That's right," the Chocolate Lady said softly. "Now it is time for me to leave, and time for you both to return to dreamland. Good-night, my dears," but before she left she whispered a little secret to each of them. This is what she said:

"A cup of cocoa for breakfast and supper will keep you provided with the store of energy you need, and if you have any little friends who are undernourished, tell them about Baker's Cocoa. It will bring up their weight."

And so, the Chocolate Lady slipped away into the shadows, leaving Ruth, Robert and Mother by the fire, thinking of the romance of the cocoa bean.

(Advertisement)

A Quarter-to-Christmas

[Continued from page 651]

Our holiday's begun;
It's Dingle Day, so let us play
And have a lot of fun!

Dingle Day! Dingle Day!
Watch us trim the tree;
Sprinkle it and twinkle it
And make it Christmas-y.
Dingle Day! Dingle Day!
Open up your eyes.
Santa's here, so wake up, dear,
And look at our surprise.

DINGLE: Not yet! Don't wake her up yet. Wait a minute. [*He goes to the left entrance and beckons. A motherly lady comes in softly. She is smiling.*]

DINGLE (*to* SANTA): This lady lives all alone. She wants someone to mother. So I thought—

SANTA (*rubbing his spectacles*): Of course, of course. Just the thing.

FIRST ELF: She's waking.

SECOND ELF: We must go now. [*All tiptoe off the stage very softly.*]

SANTA (*to* DINGLE, *who turns around for one last look at the lady who is sitting beside the sleeping child, stroking her hair*): You'll have your third wish now, Dingle. You will be happy—very happy.

[*The* ELVES *and* FAIRIES *sing softly in the distance.* GWEN *opens her eyes and looks around.*]

GWEN: Puppy, Santa *has* been here. See, here's a tree and—[*She turns and sees the lady who is holding out her arms to her. She runs into them.*]

GWEN: And *Mother!*

CURTAIN

At Night

Alice Pauline Clark

I LIE in bed and I can see
Outside my window, just one tree.

The golden leaves it used to wear
Have blown away. It is quite bare.

But wreaths of pure, new-fallen snow
Are clinging where leaves used to grow.

And little stars wink through at me
Like candles on a Christmas tree.

Four of Our New Books

SONNY ELEPHANT

By Madge A. Bigham

"A glorified picture book" which will be read again and again—and taken to bed. It is a long delightful story of a small boy of India and a fat little elephant and his Papsy and Mumsy. It has 113 charming pictures in color. Besides the fun of the story and pictures, a city librarian says, "Humans may get many ideas on child training from Mumsy and Papsy, and children get lessons in obedience from Sonny's experiences." *Illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader.* $2.50

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"Bristles is a wire-haired fox terrier. First he is a much loved pet and then a very successful trick dog in a circus. As a dog and a circus are two things that are dear to the hearts of most children the book will find many readers. Younger children will enjoy it. The print is large and the general appearance of the book is attractive."—*M. R., Library Journal. Illustrated by F. Strothmann.* $2.00

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A Selection with Foreword by Eva G. Leslie

These stories are selected from the three original little red volumes and are mainly fairy tales, which Miss Alcott first told to her sister and later to her niece in the quiet hour before bedtime. New One-Volume Edition. *Illustrated in two colors by Gertrude A. Kay.* $2.00

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What would those earlier children have thought if they could have lived in our world of today. How big their eyes would become! And what questions they would ask!

Do you think *you* could answer the questions they would ask? Wouldn't you feel proud if you could? Just think of the marvelous things you could do if you only knew the answers to all the questions you yourself have been wondering about. What a leader you would be at school! And what a success you would make later on in life.

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Book Friends

[*Continued from page 663*]

LIANG & LO, by Kurt Wiese. (Doubleday, Doran.)

Did you know that there were little boys in China who lived on the backs of water buffalos? Lo did, Liang visited him there, and the two went dragon hunting—how that buffalo pounded along!—and, believe it or not, found one.

MORE PICTURE BOOKS

THE WHITE KITTEN AND THE BLUE PLATE, by Inez Hogan. (Macmillan.)

The story of a little white cat who decided to run, and a blue plate that decided to roll, around the world. Lots of exciting pictures and just enough reading.

THE ARK OF FATHER NOAH AND MOTHER NOAH: As seen by Maud and Miska Petersham. (Doubleday Doran.)

Pictures of the Ark and of insects and animals going in and Father and Mother Noah counting them, also of the mammoths and dinosaurs staying out because the door wasn't big enough. Lively Hungarian looking pictures, and a few words on each page to remind you of the story.

JOLLY ANIMALS, by E. R. Gaggin. With illustrations by Keith Ward. (Rand McNally.)

They knew the old dame had lost something, and so they tried to help her find it. But when they tracked mud into her kitchen she lost it again. What was it? This book contains six other stories something like this about the adventures of the animals who lived with the old dame in the shadowy garden.

RAGGEDY ANN IN THE DEEP DEEP WOODS, written and illustrated by Johnny Gruelle. (Volland.)

Owing to Raggedy Ann's ability to wish for sodas and things, she and Raggedy Andy soon became popular with the birds and animals, and they meet some fairies, too.

WITH PICTURES AND MUSIC

AROUND THE WORLD IN SONG, by Dorothy Gordon. Illustrations by Alida van R. Conover. With a foreword by Dr. Ernest Schelling. (Dutton.)

A real trip round the world from England to Japan and back to America, with sea chanteys for the ocean part. The French and German songs are given in their own languages, the rest just in English. Piano parts are easy enough for you to play yourself.

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By C. Collodi

Here is the mischievous marionette who burns his wooden feet, stretches his nose by lying, and is swallowed by a fish. A classic of madcap fun. 10 *color plates and decorative linings by Jack Tinker.* $2.50

Tales of a Grandmother

By George Sand. Translated by Margaret Bloom

Clopinet, who grew wings; Queen Coax, the big green frog; Miquel and the giant Yeous; the veiled lady of Pictordu; and the girl who spun clouds! Translated for the first time. 12 *color plates and many illustrations.* $2.50

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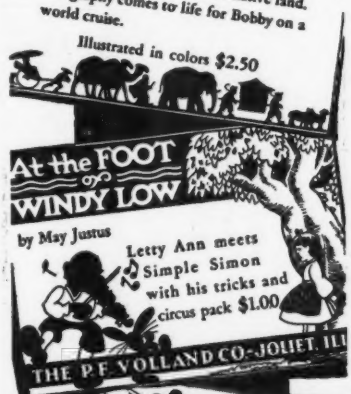
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Child Life Book Friends

WRITERS whose poems and stories appear in CHILD LIFE also write delightful books. Here are a few that you will want to watch out for—especially around Christmas time when you are sure to add some new favorites to your book shelves. Several of these books are illustrated by CHILD LIFE artists too:

JUNGLE BABIES, by Edyth Kaigh-Eustace. $3.00
(Rand McNally)

You older readers probably remember how Mrs. Eustace, who spent years in the African jungle, came back and wrote for CHILD LIFE about the baby animals she found there. Now some of these same interesting stories—and others, too—have been collected in this delightfully illustrated book. Kermit Roosevelt writes the foreword.

CHILDREN OF AMERICA, by Frances Cavanah.....$0.50
(Thomas S. Rockwell, Chicago)

Frances Cavanah, whose stories in CHILD LIFE you all love, has written twelve delightful short stories about real children (from Pocahontas down to Edison and Byrd) who played important parts during great moments of America's history. The book gives you a picture for every paragraph and makes history ever so thrilling.

THE MAGIC UMBRELLA ABROAD, a Tiny Picture Travel Tale, by Marjorie Barrows.....$0.50
(Thomas S. Rockwell, Chicago)

Marjorie Barrows, whose stories and plays in CHILD LIFE you have found so much fun, has written this fascinating and instructive picture travel tale. It's that jolly sort of a book that has pictures ever so often instead of words, so that even your small brother and sister can help you read about the thrilling adventures of the magic umbrella that takes you on journeys to far-away lands.

EARLY MOON, by Carl Sandburg.
(Harcourt Brace).

Here are seventy stirring poems written by one of the greatest of modern poets. They are poems about skyscrapers, moons, ten-cent stores, engines, bugs, cornfields, babies, railroads, soup, rats and waterfalls, unrhymed poems, that as one girl said, "make beautiful pictures, but do not tell too much." One or two you have already read in CHILD LIFE. Your older brothers and sisters will particularly enjoy them.

BIDDY AND BUDDY'S HOLIDAYS, by Margaret Warde.....$1.50
(Appleton)

Do you remember the stories about Dick and Dolly that you used to enjoy reading in CHILD LIFE? Well, those two children (now named Biddy and Buddy) are here again with their treasure hunts, bird box contests and other holiday fun on their New England farm.

[Continued on page 695]

"..and when Santa comes"—

FANCIFUL questionings, pretty fairy tales; happy anticipations, desires fulfilled! Toys, of course—all those delightful little creations from the Land of Make-Believe that make young hearts joyous. But there will be needed things, too—Simplex Flexies, for example—*for someone else's children if not for your own!*

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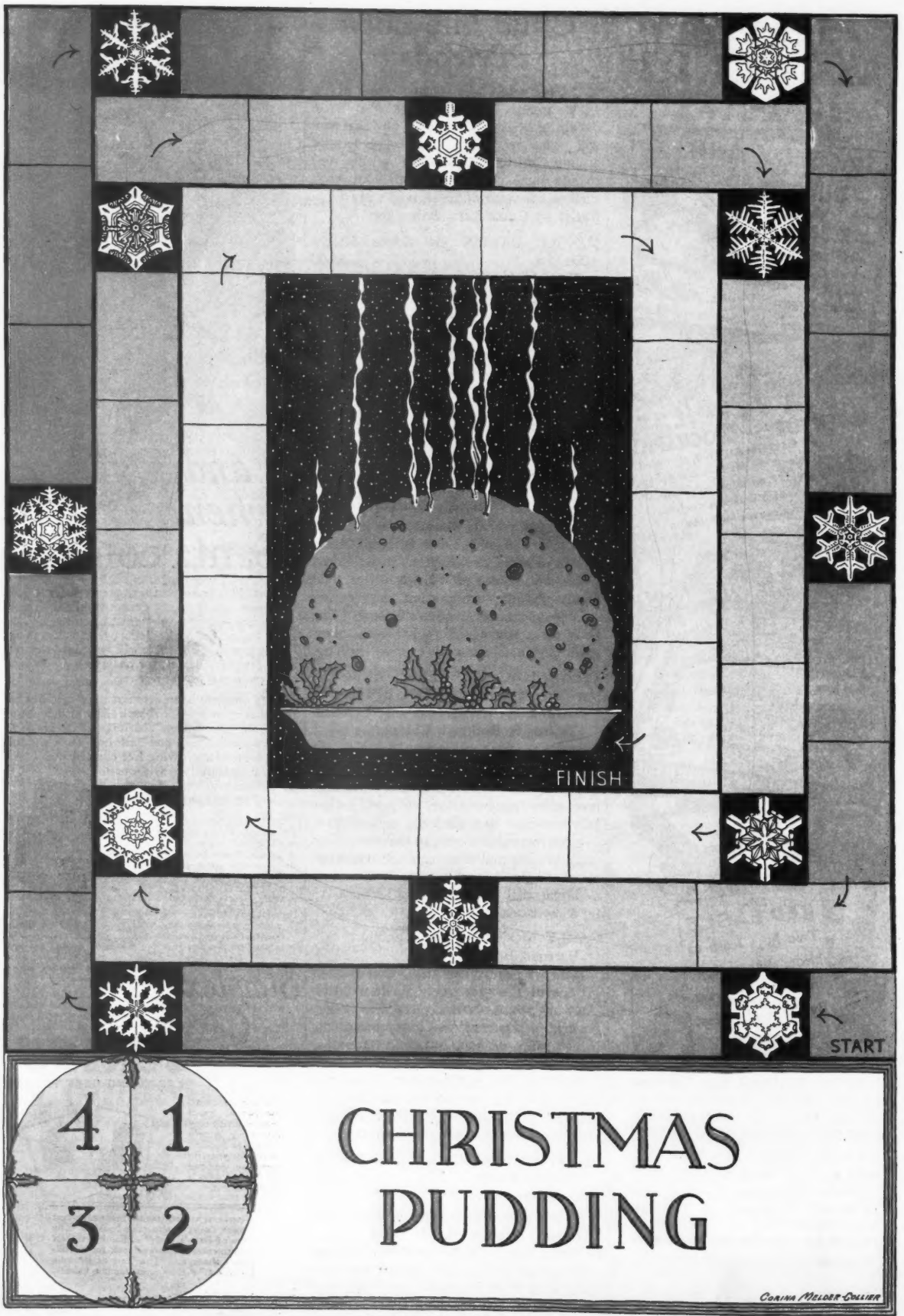

(For directions see page 695)

SPECIAL DELIVERY

By John Dukes McKee

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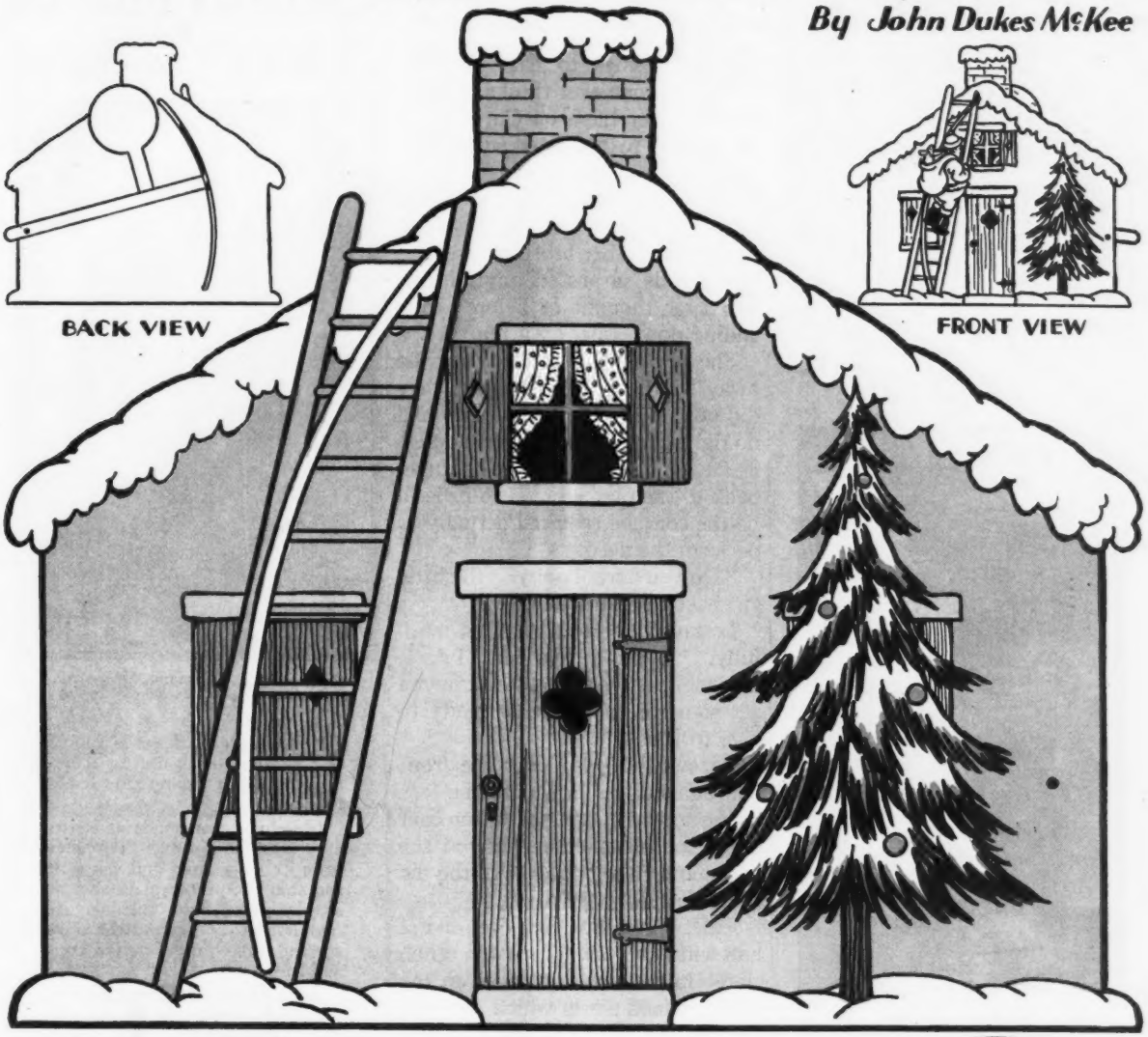

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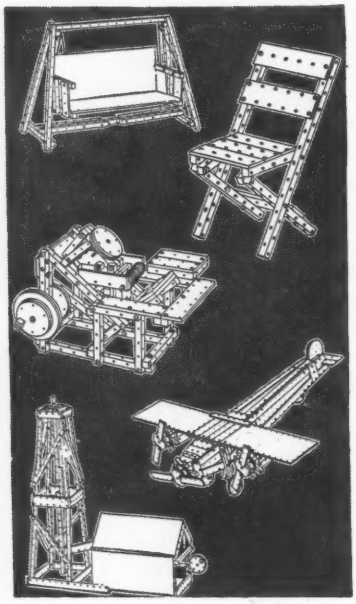
BEND. BEND. PASTE MOON HERE

DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the page on strong paper about the weight of a cereal carton. Make all the pieces. Make the long curved slit which runs from the top to bottom of ladder. Do this with a very sharp knife or small shears. In fact it would be better to have Mother or Father do it for you. Now paste the moon to the long strip where indicated. Then bend at the two places, shown at end of strip, and paste Santa to it, as shown in sketch. Place this piece with Santa and the moon on it behind the house and carefully slip Santa through the curved slit, so that he will be in front of the ladder. Run a pin through the black dot on the extreme right of the house and then through the black dot on the long strip. Fasten with a bit of rubber eraser or a small bit of soft wood to keep the pieces from coming apart. Now hold the toy at the extreme lower left corner, with one hand, and work the lever up and down with the other. Santa will go up and down the ladder and the moon will peep out from behind the chimney.

"That's What I Want!"



AN ARKITOY wood construction set... with the new, colored materials! You can *invent* and build all kinds of life-like models... even machines that work like the real thing and can be run by an electric motor! "Junior Toy Architect" diploma and cash prizes for new, original designs. Arkitoy sets come in five sizes: $1.00, $2.00, $3.50, $5.00 and $10.00. Plan book with every set. Sold by leading department stores, hardware stores and toy shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon.

Toy Division, G. B. LEWIS CO.
Watertown, Wis.

Wood-working Specialists Since 1863

ARKITOY
WOOD CONSTRUCTION SETS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FILL OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON

Dept. C 12, G. B. LEWIS CO., Watertown, Wis.
☐ Send free circular telling more about Arkitoy.
Enter order for the following sets to be shipped prepaid.
—No. 1 set ($1.00) —No. 3 set ($3.50)
—No. 2 set ($2.00) —No. 4 set ($5.00)
—No. 5 set ($10.00)
☐ I enclose $..... in full payment.
☐ Ship parcel post, C.O.D. and I will pay the postman.

Name .....

Address .....

Grandmother's Noiseless Christmas

[*Continued from page 644*]

of good things to eat! I don't b'lieve anyone ever thinks of doing anything for them on Christmas!" He turned to his sister with misty eyes and glowing cheeks.

Edie was overcome with the splendor of the idea. Accustomed as she was to her brother's creative genius this surpassed anything he had ever thought of before—even sliding downstairs on a tea tray.

She and Lonny were so carried away by the Christmas spirit they did not stop to think that they had no right to ring the fire alarm unless in case of need. The only drawback to the plan seemed to Edie to be the courage required actually to perform the deed.

"Do you dare, Lonny?" the little girl asked breathlessly.

Lonny puffed out his chest manfully. "Yep," he told her, "I dare. And while I'm ringin' the alarm you get some of the presents ready to give to them."

Throwing his leg over the front hall banister he flashed to the foot of the stairs, rummaged in the coat closet for his plaid reefer and the next moment slipped out of the big front door.

Edie, watching from one of the hall windows, saw him strain up on tiptoe in the snow and turn on the old-fashioned alarm which required no breaking of glass, only the twist of a big brass key.

It was certainly unfortunate that the children's grandmother had declared for a noiseless Christmas. She was just arranging her lace cap as the final touch to her afternoon costume, when the sound of fire engines startled her—the raucous shriek of whistles, the clang of bells and the screech of brakes!

She clapped her hands to her ears, then rushed to the window.

To her amazement she saw that a hook and ladder, and engine and hosecart had stopped at her door, as well as the fire marshall's red-wheeled buggy. Helmeted firemen were unwinding the hose in a workmanlike manner, while a rain of blows sounded on the front door.

Sturdy fabrics *expertly tailored*

Zip... Zip... they are on. Dressed for the hardest play... the coldest day

ZIP-ONS are cut and tailored as carefully as a cadet's uniform, yet are roomy and comfortable.

Closely woven bands at wrists and waist of Zip-Ons keep your little Eskimos snug and warm at these hard-to-protect places. Seams are double-stitched, openings are reinforced to withstand the pulling and stretching of active arms and legs.

Talon Hookless Fasteners at all the openings make Zip-Ons easy to zip on in a jiffy... and they stay snugly closed at neck and ankles.

You can buy blouses and leggings in sets or separately from a broad range of colors. Pink, little boy blue, poppy, emerald, camel's hair, reindeer and many others. Materials are soft and durable, all-wool jersey, corduroy, Suede-Like, etc. They clean and wash beautifully. Sizes 2-10. Sold in leading stores throughout the country. Wholesale distributor—Howlett & Hockmeyer Co., Inc., New York City.

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LEGGINGS · BLOUSES · SETS

The Zip-On label insures Zip-On quality. They are guaranteed to satisfy

ZIP-ON

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CAN MAKE THIS THE RED-LETTER CHRISTMAS OF THEM ALL...

IVER JOHNSON

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AND

JUNIORCYCLES

(SIDEWALK CYCLES)

are the Safest, Strongest and Easiest Running juvenile cycles that are made.

The velocipedes have large tires and rubber buffers over the rear wheel axle nuts, preventing damage to furnishings when ridden indoors.

Iver Johnson Quality is your guarantee of Safety and Economy

VELOCIPEDES

4 Sizes, in Red, Blue or Golden Enamel with White DUCO Head. $12.50 to $18.

JUNIORCYCLES

Drop Frame or Diamond Frame. Same Finish as the Velocipedes. $25.

Any Iver Johnson dealer will show you these superior products. Send for Illustrated Catalog C.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
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New York: 151 Chambers Street
Chicago: 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco: 717 Market Street

At the same time shouts of "Fire!" resounded through the house, and there was a rush and trample of feet.

Surprised and frightened by the noise, the elderly lady hurried down the front stairway to find the hall below filled with firemen and excited guests.

In the midst of the group her husband was talking to the fire marshall.

"There isn't any fire, Harriet," he said, turning to her, "but the chief says an alarm was turned in for this address. I would like to know who did it!"

There was a pause. Then a little boy in a blue serge sailor suit stepped forward. It was Lonny. He was a little pale but composed.

"I did," he said. "I thought the poor firemen ought to come to our Christmas tea party. Nobody ever thinks of 'em." His voice quivered, but he went on bravely. "Edie an' I wanted to give 'em some of our presents, too—the silver dollars we had in the toe of our stockings, and some other things."

He held out a dollar to the fire chief and Edie, very much frightened but loyal, held out her little skirt filled with toys: jumping jacks, jack-in-the-boxes, popcorn balls and tin soldiers.

There was an astonished silence. Then everyone began to talk at once.

"You called the fire department just to invite them to tea?"

"You wanted to give them presents?"

"Whoever heard of such a thing!"

"You naughty boy!" These were among the remarks.

Lonny's lips quivered but he held the dollar out steadily.

"Here, Chief," he said, "this is for you. Please take it. I meant to wrap it up and put a red ribbon around it and say 'Merry Christmas from Lonny' on it, but I didn't have time."

The tears began to come then, but before many had fallen his father gathered him up in his arms.

"I won't explain just now," he said, "why little boys must never call the fire department unless there is need, because I know you were only thinking of Christmas to-day."

[*Continued on page 694*]

5 out of 6 authorities on child care *recommend* junket!

IN five out of six books on child care, you will find junket listed in diets for children of one year and up. For fifty-two years, junket has proved to be one of the most beneficial milk-foods.

Custard-like and tempting, it provides all the valuable vitamins and soluble mineral salts found in fresh milk because the milk used in making junket is not heated or boiled.

Junket does away with tedious coaxing to "drink your milk." Children *love* its delicious creaminess and they'll *eat junket with a spoon* when they couldn't be bribed to drink milk from a glass.

Yet junket *is* milk—milk *plus* because of the enzyme* it contains.

A child can prepare junket. No eggs—no cooking. And it actually *sets in 10 minutes!*

* The ENZYME in Junket is the means provided by nature to bring about the first important step in the digestion of milk.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

and Milk

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Make Junket with either—
Junket Tablets, not sweetened or flavored; or flavored Junket, easier and quicker to use, in six tempting pure flavors:

Vanilla	Chocolate	Lemon
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Accepted—American Medical Association

Can you draw better than this?

If you can, you will like some pictures to color with paints and crayons. Send this coupon for our

FREE! Party and Painting Book

The Junket Folks, Dept. 2012 Little Falls, N. Y.
(In Canada, address The Junket Folks, Toronto, Ont.)

Please send me FREE Party and Painting Book. If I enclose 6c in stamps, please send also package of flavored Junket (what flavor?)

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Address .....
Does he sell Flavored Junket? Yes [ ] No [ ]

those
SLEEP-DISTURBING COUGHS
of children

EVERY mother is instantly awake at the sound of a child's cough at night. But what comforting relief is found in Vicks VapoRub!

Quickly Checked

Usually, just one application eases the breathing and checks the cough. Soon both mother and child are sleeping peacefully again.

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Just rubbed on throat and chest, Vicks acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster and, at the same time, it gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled direct to the air-passages.

Without "Dosing"

Mothers especially prefer this better method of treating colds, coughs and sore throat, because it cannot upset children's delicate digestions as "dosing" is so apt to do. Equally good for adults.

VICKS VAPORUB

26 21 17 OVER MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Grandmother's Noiseless Christmas

[*Continued from page 693*]

The fire chief patted Lonny.

"Never you mind, old fellow," he said. "The boys down at the fire house were all saying they never did have any fun on Christmas. But of course, you mustn't *ever* do a thing like that again."

Then, wonder of wonders, through his tears Lonny saw his grandmother, elegant in black velvet and old lace, come forward and shake hands with the fire chief.

"I think Lonny is quite right," she said. "If anyone deserves eggnog and cake and doughnuts on this cold Christmas Day, it's the firemen who guard our homes the whole year round."

She led the abashed men into the drawing room, where a blaze of pine logs and a tea table, laden with good things, welcomed them.

When they had eaten their fill of the tea she graciously served them, they rose to go.

"Good-by, Colonel," said the fire chief, who had known the children's grandfather when he had been fire commissioner. "The boys and I are much obliged."

But Lonny, when he had shaken hands with each one of his impromptu guests, had one more suggestion to make. From the front window he and Edie had been watching the big fire horses pawing the snow.

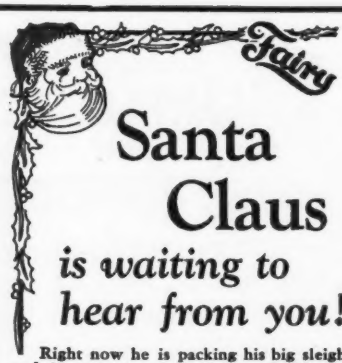
"Here," said the little boy, holding out a double handful of sugar lumps to the chief. "Here's something for Whitey and Nell and Joe."

His grandmother gasped; it looked as if he had emptied the sugar bowl.

"Take it, Chief," she smiled. "This is my grandson's party."

When the firemen had gone Lonny ran to his grandmother and threw his arms around her.

"S'cuse me, Grandma," he said. "At first, I thought you weren't like a real grandma, 'cause you didn't like noise on Christmas. Now I know you're the grandest grandmother in the world, 'cause you gave those brave firemen such a nice Christmas party!"



Santa Claus
is waiting to hear from you!

Right now he is packing his big sleigh and is anxious to bring boys and girls exactly what they want. If you will write your name and address on the coupon below and mail it to "Fairyland", you will receive promptly a pretty folder showing all the FAIRY vehicles in their beautiful, bright colors and also a *free* FAIRY Bike Button. After choosing your FAIRY, write Santa himself, telling him just which one you wish. He will be sure to bring it early Christmas morning.

Fairy CHILDREN'S VEHICLES

"FLYER" and "SILVER RING" BICYCLES

It's great to have a FAIRY. Think of all the thrilling games you can play, races and no end of fun. The new FAIRY folder pictures velocipedes, tricycles, scooters, hand cars, baby bikes and sport racers—all the latest models and finished in sparkling colors. Then there are "Flyer" and "Silver Ring" bicycles that you can ride to and from school and use for running errands.

A FAIRY is extra strong, sturdy and stylish, yet it costs no more than others. Mail the coupon today for your copy of the FAIRY folder and the *free* FAIRY Bike Button.

Mail this Coupon for a "GOOD FAIRY" Folder

To "Fairyland"

THE COLSON CO., Elyria, Ohio

Please send me one of the new FAIRY Folders and the *FREE* FAIRY Bike Button.

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***A complete railroad system. Four car* train is 45' long. Powerful locomotive has *reversible* motor. Includes, Water Tank, Semaphore, Flashing Signal, Station, 12' Tunnel and twelve feet of track. Ea. $17.50**

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Please send me your 48-page, colored Train Book Free.

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The Christmas Pudding

Directions

(See page 690)

By Clara Fahrenbach

This game is played on the open page of the magazine with buttons or checkers. Each player has one button. Two, three, or four people may play. Count out for a beginner and play in order. Use the circle at the bottom of the page to show the number of moves to make. Close your eyes and hold a pencil high over the circle, tapping the circle three times as you say, "Tick-tack-toe." Then open your eyes. The number on the section of the circle where your pencil points is the number of moves to take for that turn. If the pencil is not near a numbered space, try again. If after three trials you do not succeed, the turn goes to the next player.

Start at the lower right-hand corner and move to the left. No two players can occupy the same space at the same time. The safety zones are indicated by snowflakes. If one player captures another on any space other than a safety zone, he may send him back four spaces. The first one to reach the Christmas pudding wins the game.

Child Life Book Friends

[Continued from page 689]

QUACK! SAID JERUSHA, by Mildred Plew Merryman.....$2.00
(Sears.)

The many CHILD LIFE readers who have chuckled over Mrs. Merryman's delightful stories are going to chuckle again when they read about Jerusha, one of the funniest ducks that ever lived between the covers of a book. Younger children, especially, will like her.

THE SECOND BOOK OF BLUE RIBBON STORIES. Edited by Mabel L. Robinson.....$2.50
(Appleton.)

Two of your favorite CHILD LIFE stories—"Fringy and the Bat" by Josephine Phillips and "The Case of the Home vs. Rex," by Laura Long—are included in this excellent collection for boys and girls. The short stories in the book were selected by Dr. Robinson's advanced class in juvenile writing at Columbia as the best of the output of leading magazines during the past year.

STORIES OF THE YOUTH OF ARTISTS, by Mary Newlin Roberts....$2.50
(Crowell).

Reading these stories, several of which have appeared in CHILD LIFE, is like spending a day with twenty of the world's great artists, so vividly and beautifully does Mrs. Roberts tell us of the youth of such men as Michelangelo, Van Dyck and John Millais.

ONE HUNDRED BEST POEMS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, compiled by Marjorie Barrows.
(Whitman)

Here in an attractive but very inexpensive little volume you will find many favorite poems by Kipling, Masefield, Noyes, Yeats, James Stephens, Robert Frost, Walter de la Mare, Padraic Colum, Vachel Lindsay and other great modern poets, as well as quite a few by your favorite poets of CHILD LIFE.

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WITH a New Gem Microscope your eager child can look into amazing new worlds. A drop of stagnant water reveals dozens of strange and wonderful living things. Miracles of Nature in a fly's eye, a bit of a butterfly's wing, the head of an ant, a leaf, hundreds of everyday objects. Entertains while it instructs. Makes your child envied by friends.

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Made by America's largest manufacturers of scientific microscopes for doctors, colleges, etc. Sharp image even at 300 magnifications. Base removable, for examining large objects. Low powers show small objects entire; higher powers for tiny parts. Rack and pinion for fine adjustment—and divisible objectives, heretofore found only on higher priced instruments. Chrome nickel and black enamel rust-proof finish. In velvet lined case, with mounted object, and plain glass slide. COMPLETE SCIENCE KIT, shown below, includes Microscope and equipment for all ordinary amateur microscopy, with full directions for use. At optical stores almost everywhere or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Interesting illustrated folder free. Use coupon.

Complete Kit, as shown, with Microscope included, $28.50
Microscope, alone, $18.

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Enclosed is $_____ Please send me

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The only joy I keep is what I give away.

CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas is a happy time of year,
Full of happy Christmas cheer,
With packages hidden here and there,
And secret whisperings everywhere.
Oh, I love the Christmas cheer,
For Santa Claus will soon be here.

FRANCES CAROL FOSS,
Age 7. Pauls Valley, Okla.

FRANCES CAROL FOSS

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I have had my magazine for about four years, and some of my very best friends and playmates are the Masons, Patsy, Patty and Jimmy, and Sally Lou and Betty Sue. For a long time Mother and Daddy read the stories to me, but now I can read them.

I have six pet chickens and three kittens. I have some new traveling rings under the trees in our yard.

We have a club of little girls, who meet every Tuesday to sew and play games. Yesterday I was hostess, and I got my refreshments from "Child Life Kitchen."

An old reader,
FRANCES CAROL FOSS.

THE SNOW STORM

Inside the house
The fire is warm,
Outside, the snow
Falls in a storm.

On sleds the children
Slide down hill,
Past the pond and
Past the mill.

HARRY A. HESS,
Age 10 Athens, Ohio.

CHRISTMAS

Bells for Christmas always ring,
Little children always sing,
And the happy people bring
Gifts to one another.

EDITH HILL,
Willows, Calif.

New GAMES for Christmas

Few things give more pleasure at Christmas than games—and here are the ones all children love. Send for descriptive pamphlet of all "PLA-RITE" Games.

SPIDER WEB

A Solitaire Puzzle Game that Fascinates Young and Old.

The terrible spider and the seventeen tangled flies furnish hours of amusement for the lone player. Three different problems are present in this game, every one a puzzler. Complete in beautifully colored box with full directions. Price $1.00

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A Beautiful Game for Little Children

Attractive color treatments and a dearly loved subject. Each player is the owner of a bird's nest and must gather eggs for the basket by a most fascinating method. Simplicity, beauty and interest are combined in this game. Price $1.00

PETER PAN

Barrie's Lovely Story in Game Form

Players take the parts of Peter Pan and the other characters, while Tinker Bell directs the playing. Beautifully colored, and complete with directions. Price $1.00

"LITTLE TOUSLE HEADS"

One of the New "Pandora" Picture Puzzles

Six different subjects, each depicting an adventure of the "Little Tousle Heads," and each reproduced in gorgeous colors on heavy cardboard which is cut into large, irregular pieces forming puzzle pictures for the children to put together. Each picture is 7¼ x 9¼ in., each set wrapped in Cellophane. Price $1.00 per Set of Six Subjects.

. . . and PARCHEESI

the game that everybody has enjoyed for more than 65 years!

Standard Popular Edition . . .	$1.00
DeLuxe Cloth Covered Edition .	$2.00
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Ask for these games by their names in your favorite store. If unobtainable, we will send those desired upon receipt of price.

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"PLAY-RITE" GAMES "PANDORA" PUZZLES
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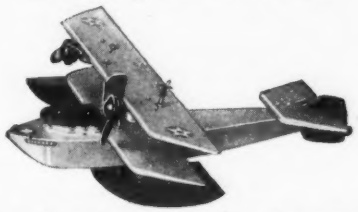
200 Fifth Avenue New York City

Tell Santa to bring you a BOAT LIKE THIS

WATCHDOG of the seas—low, speedy, grim-looking and deadly. Place one of its torpedoes in tube, touch the trigger, and away goes the projectile on its mission of destruction. 25 inches long with non-crushable, non-sinkable hull. Powerful motor gives great cruising range. Master of any pond! Price, $10.00

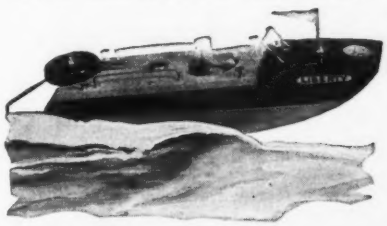
Or A Seaplane Like This



A speedy seaplane like the German fliers used on their Atlantic hop. 22 inches wing spread. Skims over the water for hundreds of feet. Powered by two husky motors driving on balanced twin propellers. Adjustable rudder steers it. Pontoons on lower wing hold plane steady in rough sea. Strongly built to resist bumps and knocks. A remarkable model—for only $5.

Also small single-motor racing seaplane—pontoon type with 14 in. wingspread. Only $3.

Or A Sea Scooter Like This



Built like a real outboard motorboat. Flashes over the waves at breath-taking speed. You can challenge any boat in the pond with this speedboat. Big Liberty motor, located well aft to tilt up prow, provides plenty of power and distance. Length overall, 14 in. $2.50 each.

If your dealer cannot supply

USE THIS COUPON

LIBERTY PLAYTHINGS, Inc.
Niagara Falls, N. Y., Dept CL.

Send me Liberty Playboats checked below. I'll pay postman the stated price, plus few cents postage. (If cash is sent with order, we pay postage.)

- ☐ No. 80 Destroyer, with FREE wheels - $10.00
- ☐ No. 22 Twin Motor Seaplane - - - - 5.00
- ☐ No. 23 Single Motor Seaplane (not shown) 3.00
- ☐ No. 10 Sea Scooter (no wheels needed) - 2.50

Name.....

Street.....P. O.....

State.....

Liberty Playboats

TO THE FAIRY

O, little fairy,
Tip-toeing, tip-toeing
As you walk,
Why do you tread so softly
As I talk?
Tell me, little fairy,
Please, please, please.

BARBARA WOLFF,
Age 8. Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

Here comes a letter from a reader whose home is in the far away Philippine Islands. How I wish your other readers could be with me in this lovely tropical land! We could ride every day in the funny two-wheeled pony carts (carametas), we would go to school every day from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty and in the afternoons (and on Saturday mornings) we could go in swimming in the pool at the Polo Club. Certainly that would be fun! Most people take a siesta after lunch, for it is usually too hot to play outside.

It you should pay me a visit you would see the carabaos, or water buffaloes, plowing the rice in the fields or swimming in the green mud. In the streets there are naked brown babies and half naked children.

During the hot months (April and May) nearly everyone goes to Baguio, which is a mountain resort. It is very cool there, but never snows. My family and I are just back from a pleasant month there. The rainy season is now beginning and everything is green and beautiful. You are one of the things I enjoy most, dear "Child Life," and I am always expecting and waiting for you.

Your devoted reader,

NANCY BROSK,
Fourth Composite Group,
Nichols Field,
Rizal, Philippine Islands.
Manila, P. I.

BETTY AND MARY CHAPMAN AND TWO FRIENDS

Dear Miss Waldo:

When I read Jimmy Fesperman's letter from Japan, I thought I would like to write, too. We lived in Jimmy's house in Takayama one summer. I think it is this house that is in the picture. I live with my father and mother and two sisters, Betty and Ernestine. We have many little Japanese friends. Betty and Ernestine go to Japanese kindergarten. I do my lessons at home with my mother.

The day the "Child Life" comes is a happy day for us.

Your friend,

MARY HARRIET CHAPMAN,
Age 7. Shingu, Japan.

THIS YEAR IT'S EASY . . . Give

BILD-A-WORD GAMES
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

No Christmas Gift you can pick will prove more popular than BILD-A-WORD GAMES . . . Outstanding in the field of educational playthings, they fill a long-felt want . . . Scientific, educational, ingenious—yet simple and loads of fun. A game for every age and every taste. Endorsed by leading educators and acclaimed by smart people everywhere . . . No home should be without them.

FOR THE CHILD
of Pre-School Age

BILD-A-WORD for TOTS

SCIENTIFICALLY based on the methods employed in the schools today, BILD-A-WORD *for* TOTS is a veritable kindergarten education in itself. It is a game as well as a toy that teaches little minds the four basic elements of schooling; —*colors, numerals, picture construction and spelling.* Every child of pre-school age should have a set. Made in two models:

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FOR JUNIORS
8 years and up

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3 years and up

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THE newest idea in illustrative puzzles. Make a picture—build a word. A game that makes it easy for little minds to learn while they play.

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EDUCATIONAL CARD & GAME CORP.
132 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.

Happy Days!

with

ARCADE CAST IRON TOYS

made by The Tiny Arcadians

"they look real"

REAL play—absorbing, character-building—depends on the right kind of toys; sturdy, movable toys that faithfully reproduce the grown-up world.

Ideal for boys and girls alike are Arcade Cast Iron Toys—hard to break, and every toy just like "the real thing".

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Monocoupe Airplane	McCormick-Deering Weber Wagon	A C F Coach
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Red Baby Dump	Caterpillar Tractor	Kitchen Set
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FREE!

A splendid fairy story in jolly rhyme of two children's adventures in the land of the Tiny Arcadians, makers of Arcade Toys. Just send us your name and address—we'll send you the story.

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1225 Shawnee St., Freeport, Ill.

Arcade Manufacturing Co.,
1225 Shawnee St.,
Freeport, Illinois

Please send me a copy of your story book, "The Arcadians".

Name.....

Street & Number.....

Town & State.....

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I live on a ranch four miles north of Independence Rock, an old landmark on the old Oregon Trail. I went to the Fourth of July centennial celebration. There were Boy Scouts from all over the United States. They each had a different color to show what state they came from. I saw some old names that some of the old pioneers put on the rock.

Every night the Boy Scouts held a meeting and Chief Decompsey sang. He was an Indian chief from Omaha, and then some Shoshone Indians danced and sang. I saw an old cave and some names put in it with blood. One Indian came up and howled like a wolf. We saw the old stage coach and some houses. There were a lot of people there. The first day we went some Boy Scouts rode their horses beside some Boy Scouts, who were just coming in on a truck. Some Boy Scouts gave me some stones from Utah. I am enclosing a picture of my little sister Barbara and me in the old stage coach taken at the Fourth of July celebration, 1930.

DOROTHY ROPER,
Age 8. Alcova, Wyo.

WALTER PAGE MITCHEL AND GRANDMOTHER

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending you a picture of my grandmother and me and a poem to go with it. I was five when this picture was taken.

WALTER PAGE MITCHEL.

I sat on the arm
Of my grandmother's chair,
As she read of St. Nick
And his pranks everywhere.

"The Night Before Christmas"
I'll never forget.
I go to my bookshelf
And take it down yet,

And look at its pictures
And verses so rare,
That I learned on the arm
Of my grandmother's chair.

WALTER PAGE MITCHEL,
Age 10. Kansas City, Mo.

KANGRU-SPRINGSHU

BETTER THAN JUMPING ON THE BED

A World of Fun
for Boys and Girls

ALMOST like flying . . . yet perfectly safe for the tiny tot of four years . . . KANGRU-SPRINGSHUS add many happy hours the year round. The tens of thousands purchasers are highly pleased with this safe and enjoyable toy.

A Wonderful Christmas Gift

KANGRU-SPRINGSHUS fit on like skates . . . but go where roller skates cannot. While the child is having fun he is strengthening leg and stomach muscles. A popular addition to any play yard for fun and exercise. Doctors recommend KANGRU-SPRINGSHUS.

Price
$3 the pair
Add 50c west of the Rockies and Canada

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Go to your DEALER
If he can't supply you—SEND COUPON

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701 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Illinois

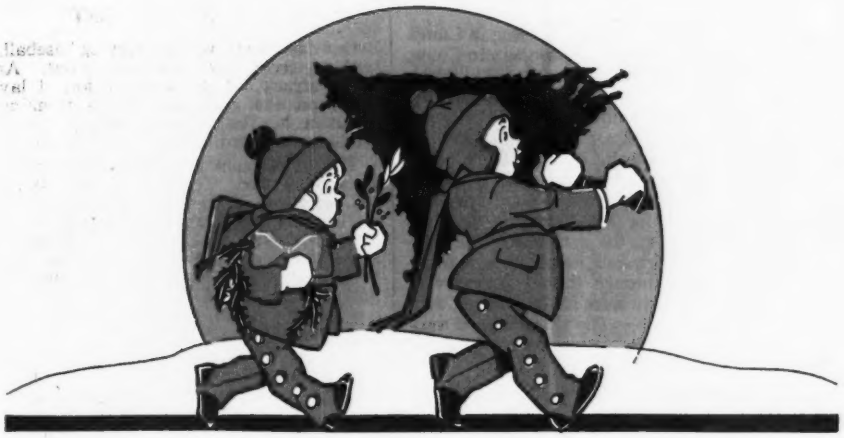
Enclosed is P. O. Money Order / Express Money Order for $.....

Please send.....pairs Rubber Sole Kangru-Springshus with the understanding that this money will be refunded if not satisfactory.

Name..... *Age*.....

Address..... *Weight*.....

City..... *State*.....



D'Ya Think He'll Bring Child Life?

"OF COURSE we'll get CHILD LIFE for Christmas! When we ask Santa for something he always brings it, doesn't he?

¶ "Remember all the fun we had with Eric and Mary Anne? There's to be a new serial about them. Jimmy and Patty of Belden Place are going to be in CHILD LIFE again, too. If you make me some more CHILD LIFE cookies from that recipe, I'll build you a doll house from the workshop plans."

¶ Will Santa bring the children CHILD LIFE for Chirstmas?

¶ Of course, he will! Not only because they want more CHILD LIFE stories, games, puzzles, recipes and workshop plans, but because Santa knows that his favorite gift, CHILD LIFE, gives only the finest ideals to boys and girls. He knows that CHILD LIFE brings as much pleasure twelve times the whole year 'round as it does on Christmas morning.

¶ CHILD LIFE fun comes any time—on a rainy afternoon, when lessons are finished, or when the children want to know "What can we do now?"

¶ Like Santa, you understand the satisfaction and joy that CHILD LIFE can give to some other boy and girl you know. Start your Christmas list with a subscription to CHILD LIFE. A colorful gift card will be sent from you.

CHILD LIFE
The Children's Own Magazine

ONE YEAR $3 TWO YEARS $5 TWO 1-YEAR GIFTS $5

CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed is $.....for.....gift subscriptions. Please send Christmas gift cards from.....

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Magazine to:

1. Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

2. Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

3. Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

No More Diaper Washing!

GONE forever is the disagreeable task of washing diapers. Soiled Downee Didees are easily disposed of like tissue. More comfortable for baby, and keep baby's clothes and bedding dry. *Absolutely prevents diaper rash.* Hospitals and physicians approve them.

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Just the thing to send to babies and mothers for Xmas or any other gift occasion. Made in three sizes: small for babies up to 4 mos., medium, 4 to 9 mos., and large, 9 mos. and older.

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I enclose $.....for .....special offer packages of Downee Didees and pads, at $2.75 each. (Check sizes wanted.) ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

Send to .....

Address .....

.....(C.L.12)

Dear CHILD LIFE:

At the present time I am living in Guam. I have just come back from a trip to China, Japan, Hongkong and the Philippine Islands.

I think I will now tell you about my trip to the Summer Palace in Peking, China. We rode in an auto for a while and finally arrived at the grounds of the Palace. Before entering the gate we paid a small sum for admission. I had my picture taken at the entrance. The windows of the Summer Palace were barred, but I looked through them. It was very beautiful. There were chairs covered with gilt colored cloth. The thing I liked very much was a silk screen which had the Empress' picture embroidered on it.

One thing that seemed very odd to me was a big room with over a hundred clocks of all sizes in it. All of them were presents to the Empress. The Chinese wanted a Navy. But all the money they gave her to make a Navy she spent on making the Palace and its grounds beautiful. At last she had a marble boat made, but it was made fast to the bottom so it would not go. Then she said, "There is your Navy." While she fooled the Chinese she was being fooled, for the men had only made it marble outside and inside was wood painted to resemble marble. We got on the boat and refreshments were being served. Then we got in a small boat and were rowed to the island in the lake where the Empress kept her son, the Prince, a prisoner for many years so he could not be Emperor. I think she was very cruel, don't you? I love my magazine.

Your little reader,
JOSEPHINE BRADLEY,
Age 8. Agana, Guam.

ROGER AT THE BAT

One day when I was out playing baseball, with my group, my team came to bat. As I had struck out the inning before, I lay down on the grass and began thinking about a big league game where I was pitching, with a big crowd looking on.

The other team made three runs while we were blanked. Then with two out, bases full, and two strikes and three balls on me, I hit a home run and won the game. Just then I felt a hand on my shoulder and a voice cried, "You're up, Roger. It's two out, bases full, and the score three to nothing in favor of them."

I got up, got my bat and took my position at the plate.

The next minute I had two strikes and three balls on me and then—C-R-A-C-K—the ball sailed over the fence for a home run—and the winning run of the game.

The crowd swarmed over the field, placed me on their shoulders and carried me triumphantly off the field.

My dream had come true.

Yours truly,
ROGER NEWBURGER,
Age 10. New York City.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

Last summer my mother, father and I took a trip to Bermuda. We boarded the *S.S. Fort Victory* and were two days on the water. What a beautiful blue sky and how calm the water was! The last morning on board everybody was up bright and early, eager to sight land. At last we sighted the coral-tinted shores of Bermuda. All around us the water was all different colors—Nile green, dark green, blue, yellow, green all fading into one another.

All was excitement and confusion and at last the boat docked. After passing the customs examination, we were ready to go to our hotel. What a change it was from our crowded streets! Why, there wasn't an auto in sight—nothing but horses, horses, and carriages, donkeys and mules. We heard a darky calling, "Elbow beach hotel! This way, please!" and made our way to a team of horses and wagon. We began to see the country as we jogged along in the wagon. Little coral houses with colored roofs and gardens were dotted here and there on the landscape. Flowers of every type were everywhere. It was like a fairyland in the Atlantic Ocean.

We arrived at our hotel, a beautiful coral building overlooking the ocean, with a long terrace that led to the pinkest beach. After dinner that day we went to see the lighthouse that overlooks all the Islands. The next week was spent in an exciting whirl of sight-seeing, including the caverns like those in Virginia, also Spanish Point, the jungle, and an inclosed pool of tropical fish where you could stand on a bridge and hand meat to the fishes by long strings.

After seeing all there was to see, we decided to stay around the hotel and bathe, golf and play tennis. We also went to Hamilton, the capital, and shopped for foreign things. At last we were ready to sail. The *S.S. Bermuda* was to be our means of conveyance this return trip. This boat was three times as big as the *S.S. Fort Victory*. There were four elevators on this boat. There was a gym, a swimming pool, a tennis court, a golf course and shuffle board. At eleven o'clock chicken broth was served on deck. At four o'clock, tea was served. Dancing on deck was wonderful. So were the meals that were served. At last the boat docked in New York and our wonderful trip was over.

RUTH ROSSMAN,
Age 10. Atlantic City, N.J.

WATCH FOR THE PICTURE SECTION IN CHILD LIFE EVERY MONTH

FROM all over the world, unusual and really fascinating photographs are being gathered just for you. Why not take your magazine to school, so that your schoolmates may enjoy your beautiful new picture section with you?

Your Child Will Love MILNE'S WINNIE-THE-POOH*

The Cutest, Most Adorable "Teddy" You Ever Saw

Of course, all good little boys and girls should have a Teddy Bear. Give your little one the very latest and cutest bear of all—this lovable reproduction of Milne's famous "Winnie-The-Pooh". It's a genuine Woolnough soft toy—the best that money can buy. If your dealer can't supply you, mail the coupon.

*Fully protected by Trade Marks and Design Patents, Stephen Slesinger, Inc., N. Y.

F. W. Woolnough Co., Inc.
45 East 17th St., New York

Gentlemen:
I enclose $..... Please send me.....Winnie-The-Pooh at $6.00 each.

Name .....

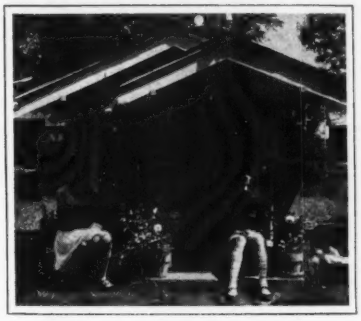
Street .....

City and State.....

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I received my membership card. One way I have of giving joy is to let my friends play in my playhouse. I am enclosing a picture of it. I am the one standing, and the other two girls are my sisters.

The house is complete. It has six windows. We have a little range stove, a dish safe, a table, piano, a bed, cradle, window



seat, two chairs, doll buggy, a little settee, a dresser, and a supply shelf with samples of groceries and little dishes on it.

My sister framed my membership card for me and we hung it in the playhouse.

With love,

JEWELLE MCCARTY,
Rogers, Ark.

THE BEAR HUNT

I live in Montana on a cattle ranch with my brother. I am twelve years old. One day I was riding around on my horse when I came upon a big, grizzly bear. He had killed a calf. The herd it belonged with was on another part of the range. I spurred my horse and ran all the way back to the ranch house. I told my father about the bear.

After the cowboys had come in, we all set out to get the bear. When we came upon the place where I had seen the bear, we tracked him to his den. One man made a fire in the mouth of the cave, then two men got on each side of the entrance to the cave. Pretty soon there was a roar and the bear rushed out. The men shot it. We had bear meat for a week.

RAY SCHENCK,
Bridger, Mont.

PHEBE SUE HARRISON

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending a picture of myself taken in Colorado with some little Indian children. The little girl has on a necklace of dimes. Their mother and father make rings and bracelets for a living. The children will not let you take their picture unless you pay them money.

A Child Life Reader,
PHEBE SUE HARRISON,
Age 9. Herington, Kans.

NEW BORZOI BOOKS for BOYS and GIRLS

THE PAINTED PIG
By ELIZABETH MORROW
Illustrated by René d'Harnoncourt
The attempt made by two little Mexican children to buy a toy pig. Ages 5-10 $2.00

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Told and illustrated in color
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Children can put on these self-help snow suits for recess unassisted. Three zipper style fasteners make it easy. And mothers know that Betty and Junior are snugly protected with no gaps for Jack Frost to penetrate. Klad-Ezee Snugovers are smartly tailored from warm, durable materials. They are becoming and practical from the standpoints of health and economy. Send coupon for Snugover on approval.

Klad-Ezee Garment Company
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Please send me.....Snugover Suits as checked on approval. I will either remit full price or return the suit within 3 days.

☐ Mohair Pile Fabric. ($12.50) Size.....
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☐ *Send me your income increasing plan for acting as your representative here.*

Name .....

Address..... *City*.....
(To be signed by parent, not a child.)

Here they are!

CUT-OUTS of CHRISTOPHER ROBIN

and his friends

What fun! Here's Christopher Robin and his seven friends, dear old Pooh and Piglet and the others. They are cut-out on heavy cardboard, in full colors and make such happy playthings. Each cut-out stands up by itself, too, because it's got a flange at the bottom.

FREE with these Milne Books

These cut-outs of lovable characters from A. A. Milne's Books which are probably the most popular and well known children's characters of today, come *free* with two Milne books in a box:—

"When We Were Very Young" and "Now We Are Six" (Verse) } Boxed $4.00

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A Plaything Children Never Tire of—

Like a Fairyland cottage, this cunning JACKBILT playhouse fulfills the fondest dreams of childhood . . . It is *real* . . . It is colorful, strong and durable. There are eight windows with a large dormer in the pretty bright green roof. Each window has a colorful awning overhead. A red chimney protrudes from the top, making the entire house as genuine as mother's own.

A Play Problem Solved for Mother—

And just think—it is big enough for several youngsters to play in. Really, you can forget your kiddies for long hours during the day when they are busy with their JACKBILT playhouse. It holds their attention, keeping them out of mischief. No wonder—the JACKBILT playhouse makes an imaginative center for *all* their play. They never tire of it! Also, the JACKBILT playhouse is collapsible and easy to move. Only $3 complete, (west of the Mississippi and Canada $3.50.

Go to your DEALER
If he can't supply you
SEND COUPON

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Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find $..... for which send me at once, transportation charges prepaid the JACKBILT Playhouse.

Name.....

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With one Mould you can make many HUNDREDS OF CASTINGS. Whole armies. Outfits, including material for casting, enamel paints and everything complete $5.00. Easy enough for any boy to make and great fun for grown-ups. Sport for the whole family.
Write for illustrations of dozens of patterns you can make.

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Scenes from the Movies in beautiful colors. Four (4) Puzzles in the box, mounted on very heavy board, size 10x15 inches

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Introductory Price **$1.00**

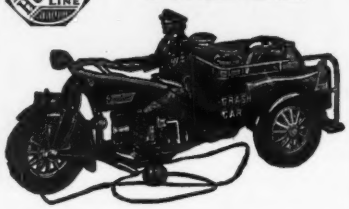
Wilder Manufacturing Company

717 N. Main Street St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

HUBLEY TOYS

"They're Different"

CRASH CAR



YOU'LL like this Indian Crash Car toy—it is 11½" long and is painted in the same colors you see on the big Indians. It carries two axes, hose reel and hose and other supplies, and when you pull it you can hear a noise like a real motor. The driver can be lifted off too. If you do not find it at your toy store send us $2.50 and we'll send it postpaid. (If west of the Mississippi send $2.75

THE HUBLEY MANUFACTURING CO.
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Be a Genie to the Child You Love!

Thousands of kiddies—at Xmas, birthdays, and special parties—have been made happy with "Fairy City"—it is fascinating and educational. 120 multi-colored pieces—ready to set up—no pasting. Includes complete circus—train, steamboat, airplane, bridge, public buildings, stores, tradespeople—a *complete city*. On heavy cardboard. Retails, $3.50. Sent postpaid in U. S. $2 ea., 6 for $10—12 for $18, to separate addresses. FREE—22 page Fairy Tale "Giants of Lilliputania" included with each "Fairy City". Order now for Xmas—satisfaction or money refunded.

THE BAKER CO., 310 Pearl St., New Albany, Ind.

MOTHER GOOSE GIFT BOOK

Well loved verses for children. Beautiful binding, 8" x 10¼". Exquisite pictures in four colors. Ordinarily not found in shops. Exceptional value, post paid $1.60.

CHARLES W. LAUT & COMPANY, *Publishers*
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STRUCTO TOYS *are loaded with fun!*

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Standard Steam Shovel
13" x 18¾"
Each $1.25

His favorite toy because of its speedy action—it swivels and dumps automatically

There is a complete line of 27 numbers to choose from, from $1.00 to $6.00. The Standard Steam Shovel illustrated here is typical of all Structo Toys. It *looks* and *works* just like the real thing. It features:

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5. **Enamel Finish:** All Structo Toys are finished in brilliant automobile enamels.

EVERY boy wants Structo Toys this Christmas. Go to your dealer's and select the Structo Toys that appeal to you.

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2219-39 South Halsted Street, Chicago
Makers of the Nationally Famous American Flyer Trains

STRUCTO TOYS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

STRUCTO TOYS ARE BUILT TO LAST A PLAYTIME AGE

BOYS!
SEND TODAY FOR THE
$1.25

LOTS OF FUN

POP 'EM OFF!

Five old-time Robbers; just begging to be knocked over the wall!

The thrill of a real Shooting Gallery with 17-inch harmless Popgun in a classy box, size 9 inches by 17 inches.

Buy from your local dealers. If not in stock, order direct from us. We pay postage.

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Individual Name **PENCIL SETS** **$1.00** Post Paid

"De Luxe" genuine embossed leather case, coin pocket, gold trimmed as illustrated. Fine ruler, penholder and colorful assortment of pencils. *Any name engraved in 18 Kt. Gold.* Point Protector and Sharpener included.

SUPREME IN ITS CLASS
FOR ADULTS—Twelve Pencils in beautiful gift box. *Any name engraved in 18 Kt. Gold.* **$1.00**

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A Unique Xmas Gift!

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25½"x15½"x20" high. Attractive light green enamel finish. Colorful mattress. $1.50 with postage paid in U. S. Send orders to:

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Some Susie and Jimmikin
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Two Sizes
17 inch $2 each $22 a pair
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For Christmas

Let's go to These Wonder-lands

Here's a toy that tells you about the wonders of the world a million years ago, the strange land beneath the sea, how ants build homes, about flowers and birds, and the flags of nations and heaps of other things. And what thrills you will have when you ask this toy questions about these wonderful things and places and get the correct answer by a mysterious buzzing sound! It's like going on glorious adventures. Comes complete with battery and 15 cards. At all stores.

$3.50
(Denver and West $3.75)

FREE! Send coupon for folder describing this Wonder Toy and additional cards.

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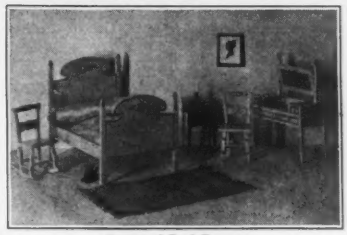
☐ Send FREE folder on the Questioner, cards and other Knapp Toys.

☐ Send Knapp Electric Questioner $3.50 (Denver & West $3.75). ☐ Money enclosed. ☐ I'll pay postman.

Name.....

Address.....



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dainty, yet serviceable furnishings in miniature size

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Every Piece a Reproduction of a Genuine Antique Model
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with garden and running water. Wired for electricity.			
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Front drops and forms yard.			

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Through holly green there trips a queen
In spangled ivy clad,
While in her train a sweet refrain makes
All the world seem glad.

Who is this queen that I have seen—
Ah, if you will only wait,
She'll pass this way on Christmas day
In royal robes of state.

EVA VERTES,
Age 11. Crafts, Putnam Co., N. Y.

MY PET PUPPY

One night my father called for me at school with his car. When I climbed in he said, "Son, I have something fine for you at home." I guessed and guessed—a sled, a rabbit, a bicycle—but he laughed and told me I wasn't a good guesser.

We drove into the garage. I leaped out and rushed to the house. When I opened the door, a nimble, dancing, puppy greeted me. Gee, I was glad, for I wanted just such a doggie. I am the only child at home and have no playmates there, except Daddy and he was a boy too long ago.

The dog is a Boston bull. He is beautiful in color and as lively as he can be. He is full of fun and tricks, so I called him Tricksie.

I just have to laugh at him as he runs about the house. He chews Mother's rugs and chairs. One day he found one of her silk stockings and had lots of fun tearing it in pieces. Mother didn't like that. I think now he is getting better and is not so naughty.

One day I came home and could not find my dog. I looked and looked for him. At last I went to the stables, and there he was fast asleep in the straw.

When I go sliding Tricksie pulls at my coat and often turns me over, sled and all. I slide to the creek. One day Tricksie was running so fast he went headlong onto the ice. The ice broke and he got dripping wet in the water. I took him home and dried him off by the fireplace.

He sleeps in a box by the furnace, and is always up early in the morning. He is a fine playmate. I like him a lot. I hope and pray he lives forever.

GRANT H. WILSON, JR.,
Age 9. Lyons, N. Y.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

When I was two years old we took a boat from Montreal to Antwerp. My father was connected with the Army of Occupation. This was in 1920. We moved to Coblenz and lived there two years. My father and mother traveled all over Europe and my brother and I stayed with the maids. I remember going up to the Castle Stelzenfels on a donkey. When we arrived at the door we were given slippers, so as not to harm the floors. We also visited Queen Victoria's bed chamber. I also went to Burgeltz where the legend of Sleeping Beauty was originated. We spent one summer in Czechoslovakia.

I knew the German language perfectly but it has all slipped away. My father made a collection of etchings and books. Mother and Father saw the Passion Play and became very well acquainted with Anton Lang, the Christ of the last three Passion Plays. We receive a letter from him about every two months.

We returned when I was four. I have taken "Child Life" for the last three years and enjoy it very much.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT PAGE,
Age 12. White Plains, N. Y.

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SWABS

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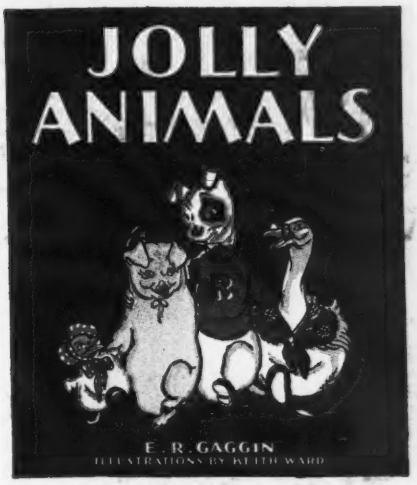

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